THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrat Magazine
Founded Franklin

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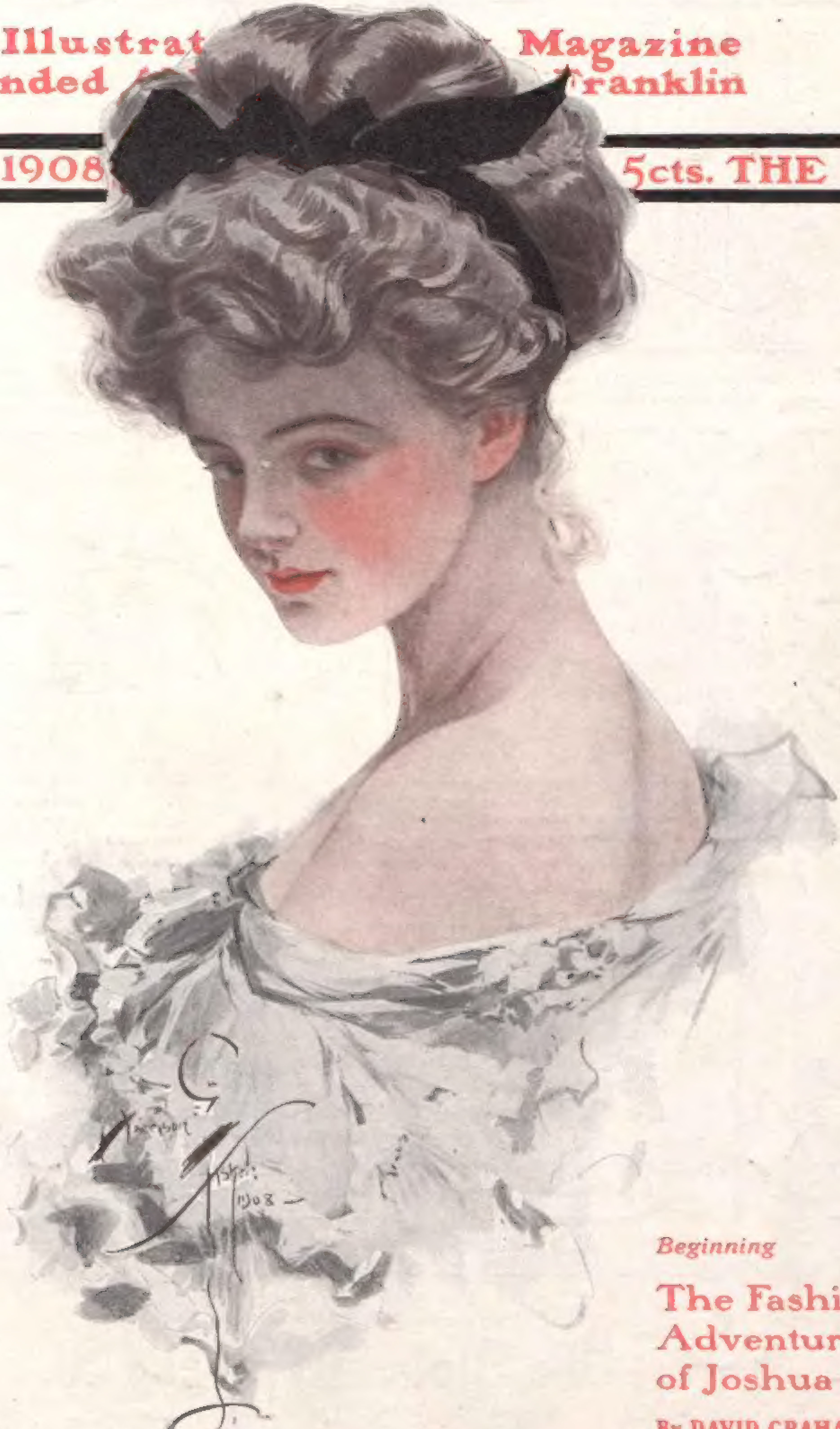

Beginning

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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of Globe-Wernicke Libraries

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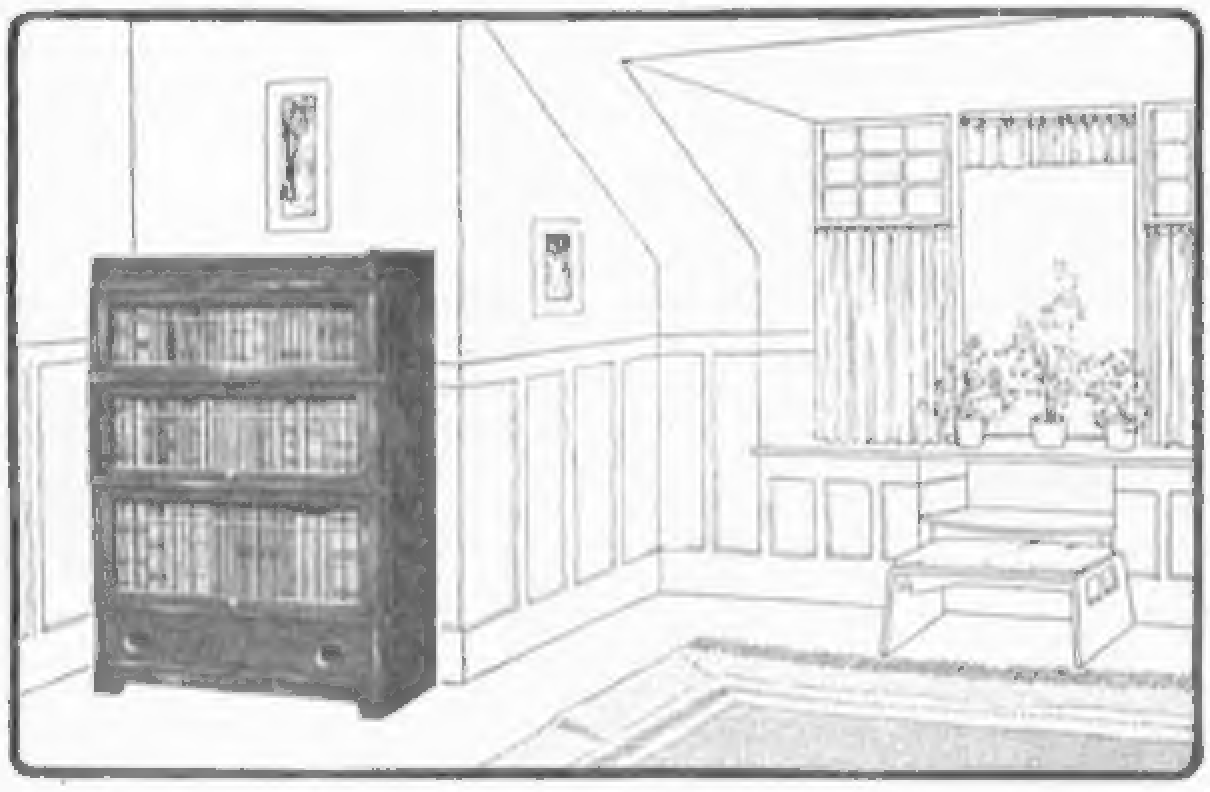
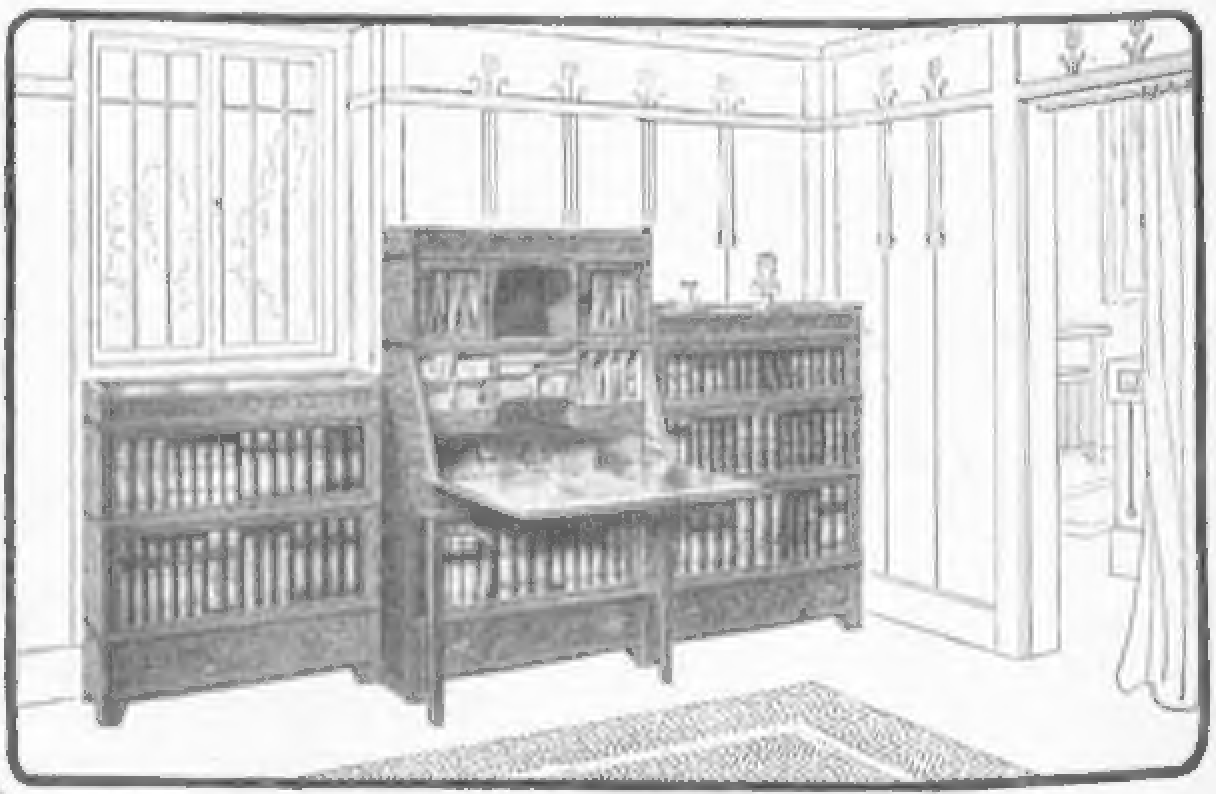
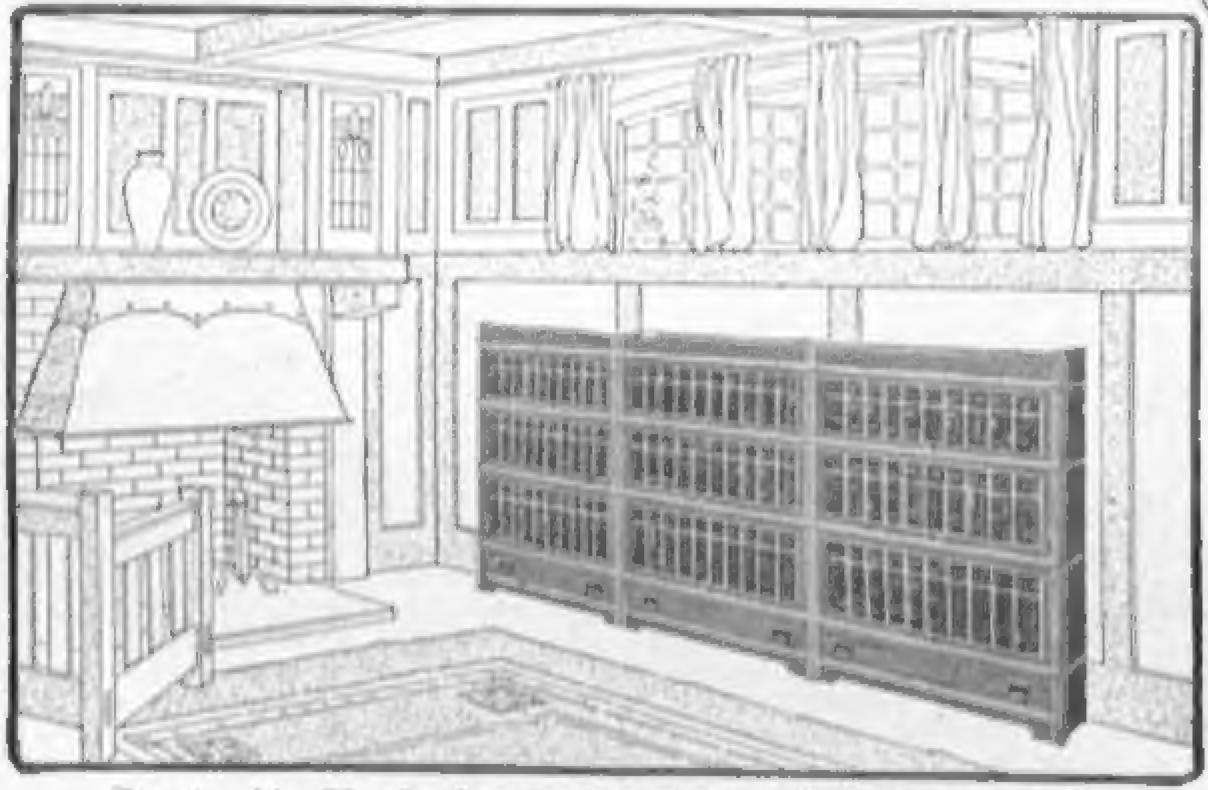


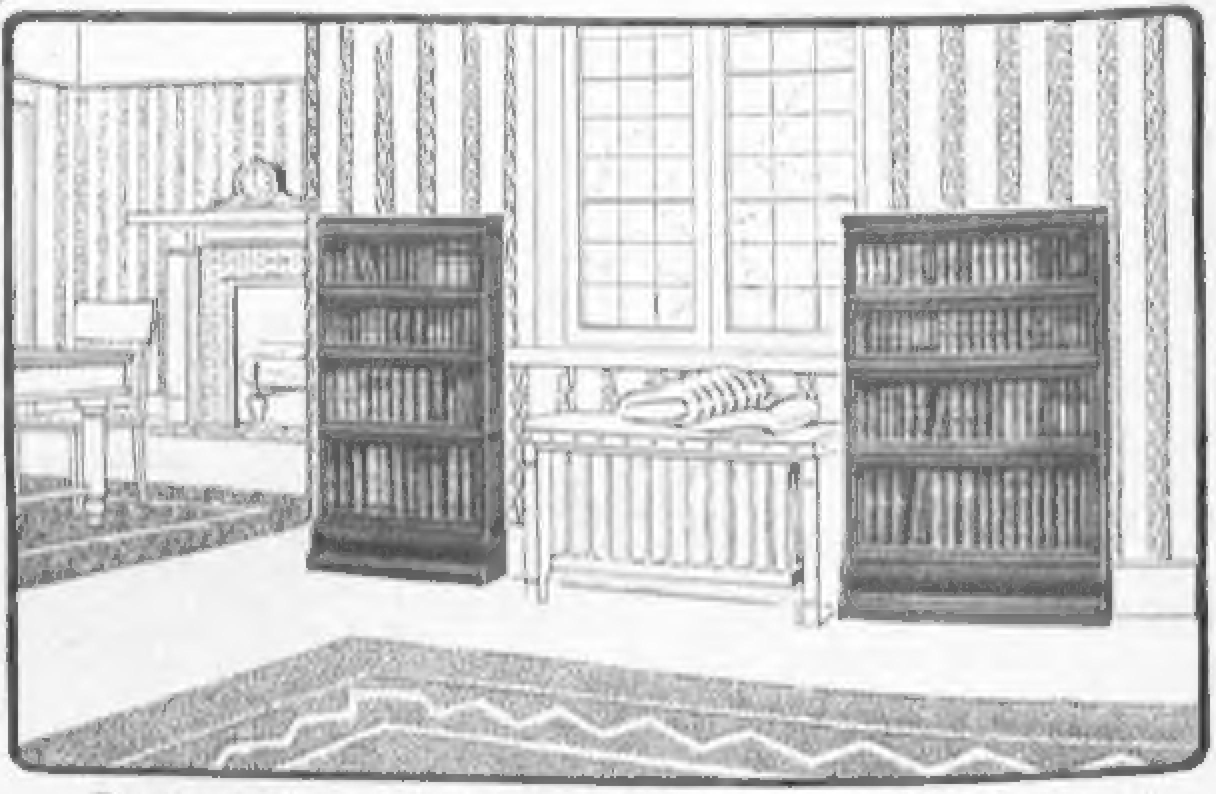
Drawing A. Showing a very simple but attractive arrangement for a cottage where the wall space is limited.



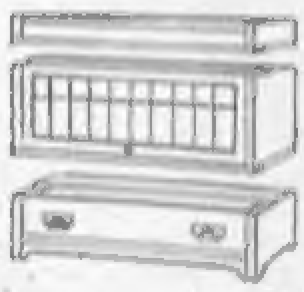
Drawing C. This combination shows an artistic arrangement of the Mission type of Globe-Wernicke Book-case, Desk and Locker units, utilizing all available space without sacrificing the light.



Drawing H. The Book case in this inviting library has a capacity of **24 feet** book space, yet occupies a floor space of only **8 feet 6 inches long and 11 inches deep.**



Drawing J. There is both light and warmth expressed in this cozy library which illustrates the advantage of the Globe-Wernicke three quarter and full length sections.



HERE are four reprints selected from twenty-five original designs illustrating a series of home libraries.

The cost of each sketch was $20.00, representing an expenditure of $500.00 for the complete set of drawings.

We have reproduced the entire collection in catalogue form and will mail ***one*** copy free of cost to any interested party.

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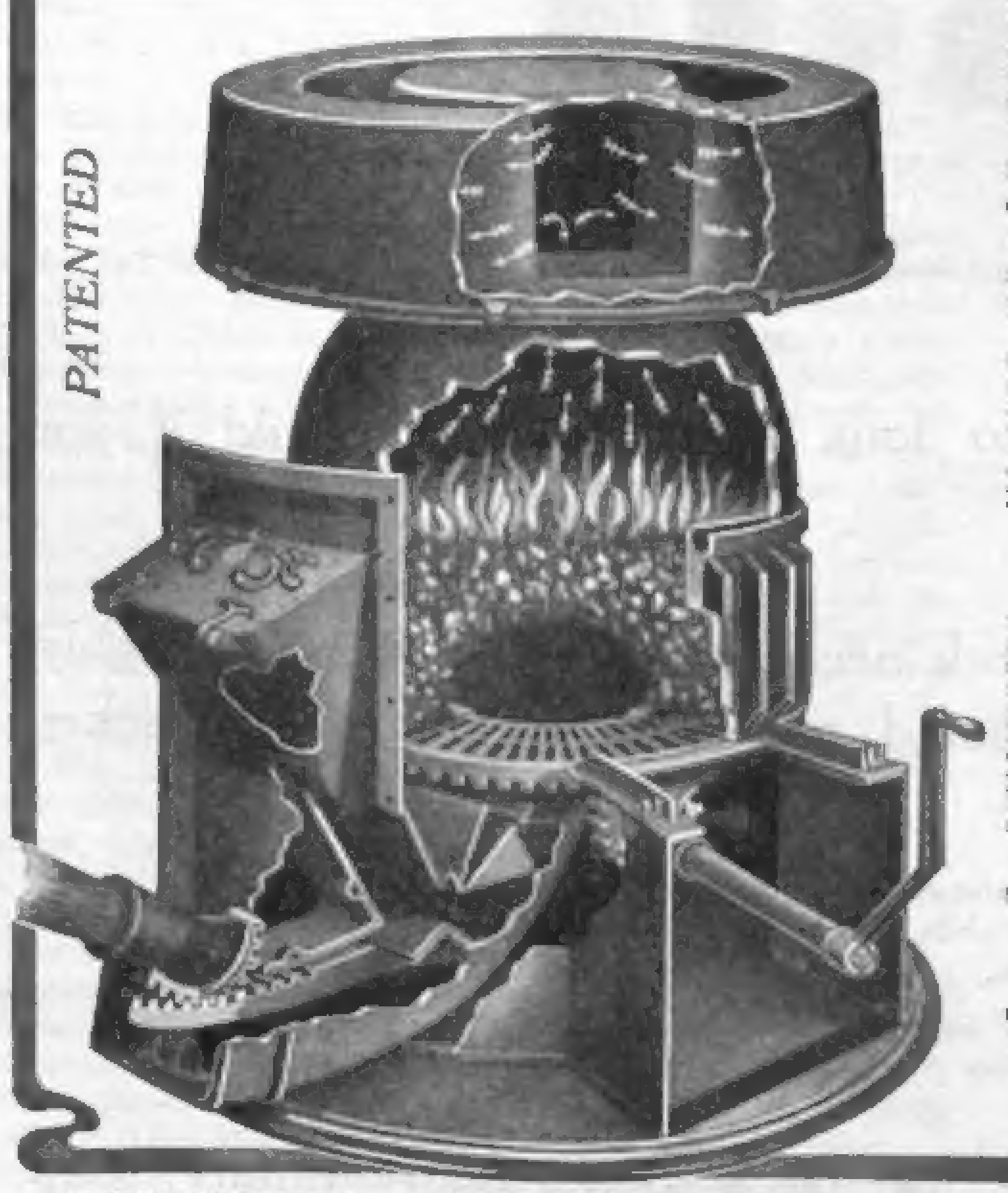
Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



The Underfeed is the ***only*** furnace which acts as smoke consumer, as well as hot-air heater. ***Cheapest*** slack yields as much ***clean, even*** heat as the ***highest priced*** anthracite. Fed from below, ***all the fire is on top*** and smoke and gases ***must*** pass thru the flames and are thus consumed and turned into heat units. Ashes are few, and as fresh coal is pumped up under the fire, ashes are thrown to outside of grate and are removed by shaking the grate bar, as in ordinary furnaces.

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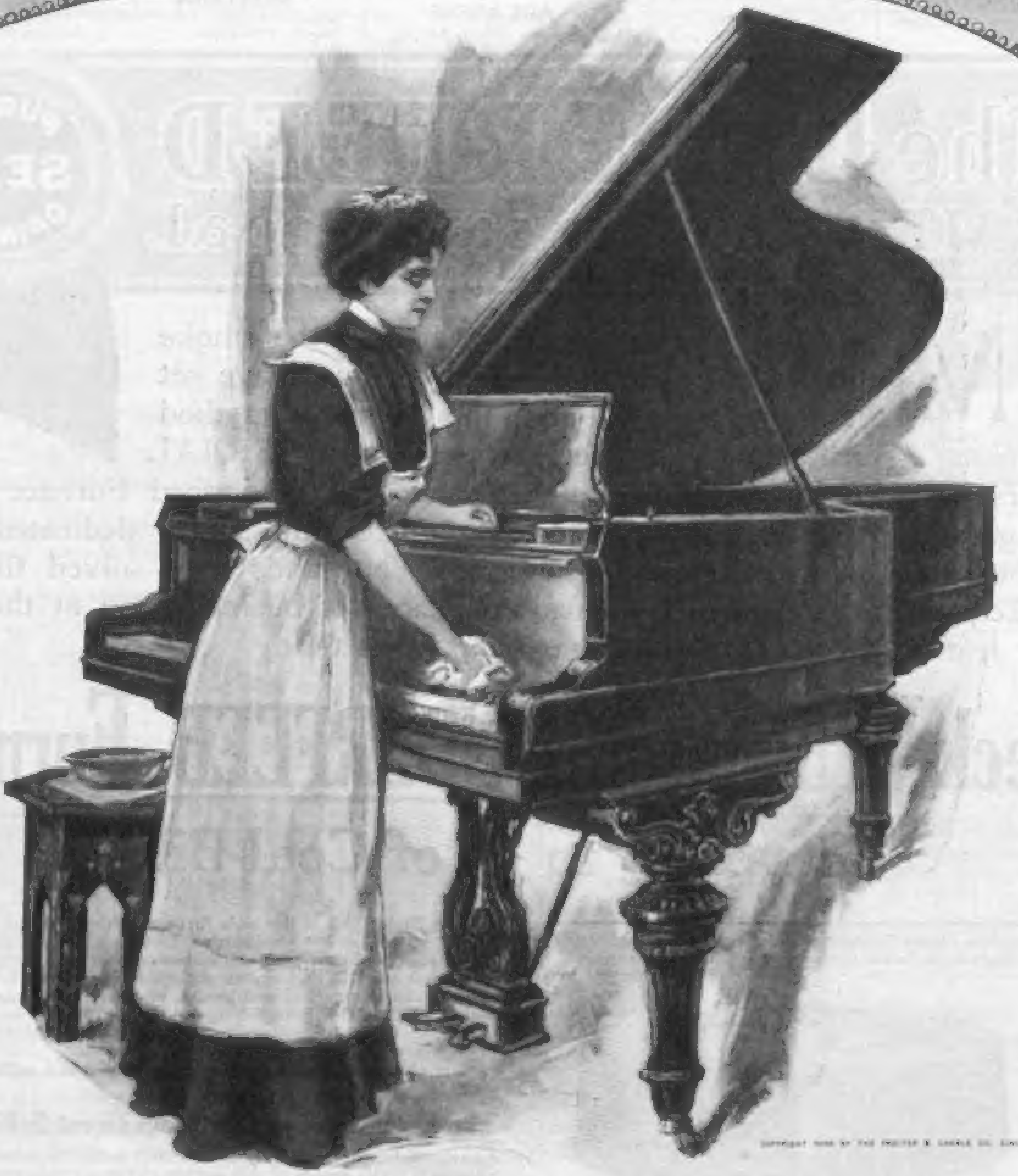

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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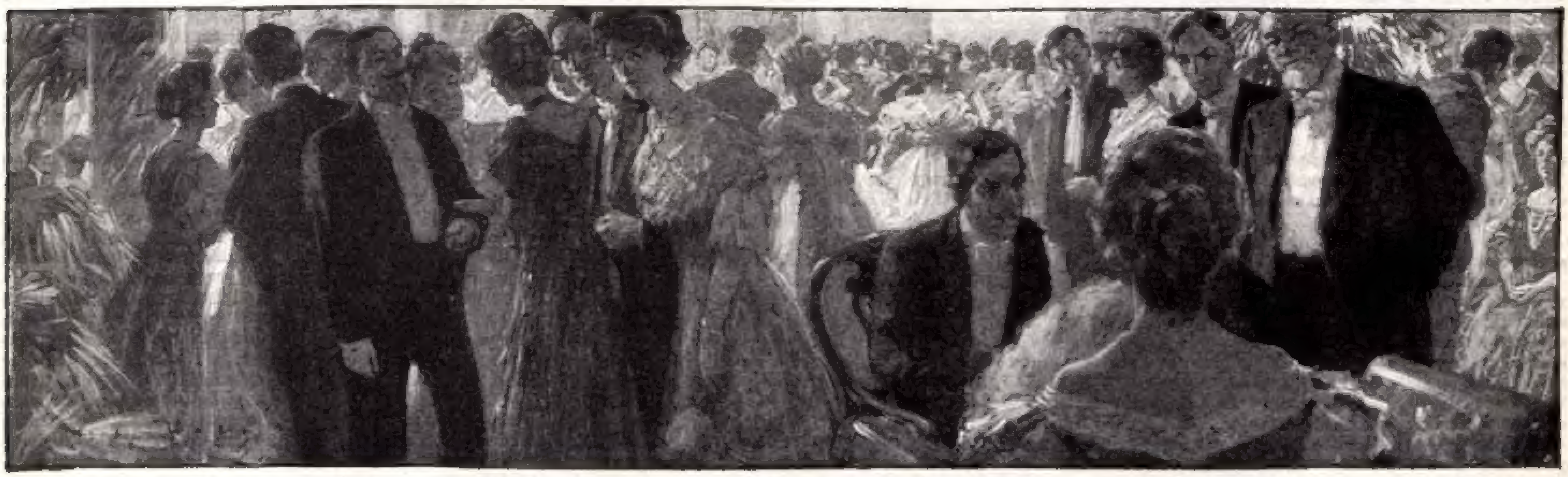
THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG



By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL

I

IT WAS one of the top-floor-rear flats in the Wyandotte, not merely biggest of Washington's apartment hotels, but also "most exclusive"—which is the elegant way of saying most expensive. The Wyandotte had gone up before landlords grasped the obvious truth that in a fire-proof structure locations farthest from noise and dust should and could command highest prices; so Joshua Craig's flat was the cheapest in the house. The ninety dollars a month loomed large in his eyes, focused to little-town ideas of values; it was, in fact, small for shelter in "the *de luxe* district of the *de luxe* quarter," to quote Mrs. Senator Mulvey, that simple, far-Western soul, who, finding snobbishness to be the chief distinguishing mark of the Eastern upper classes, assumed it was a virtue, acquired it laboriously, and practiced it as openly and proudly as a preacher does piety. Craig's chief splendor was a sitting-room, called a parlor and bedecked in the red plush and Nottingham that represent hotel men's probably shrewd guess at the traveling public's notion of interior opulence. Next the sitting-room, and with the same dreary outlook, or, rather, downlook, upon disheveled and squalid back yards, was a dingy box of a bedroom. Like the parlor, it was outfitted with furniture that had degenerated upward, floor by floor, from the spacious and luxurious first-floor suites. Between the two rooms, in dark mustiness, lay a bathroom with suspicious-looking, wood-inclosed plumbing; the rusted iron of the tub peered through scuffs and seams in the age-grayed porcelain.

Arkwright glanced from the parlor where he was sitting into the gloom of the open bathroom and back again. His cynical brown-green eyes paused upon a scatter of clothing, half-hiding the badly-rubbed red plush of the sofa—a mussy flannel nightshirt with mothholes here and there; kneed trousers, uncannily reminiscent of a rough and strenuous wearer; a smoking-jacket that, after a youth of cheap gayety, was now a frayed and tattered wreck, like an old tramp, whose "better days" were none too good. On the radiator stood a pair of wrinkled shoes that had never known trees; their soles were curved like rockers. An old pipe clamored at his nostrils, though it was on the table near the window, the full length of the room from him. Papers and books were strewn about everywhere. It was difficult to believe these unkempt and uncouth surroundings, and the personality that had created them, were actually being harbored behind the walls of the Wyandotte.

"What a hole!" grumbled Arkwright. He was in evening clothes, so correct in their care and in their carelessness that even a woman would have noted and admired. "What a mess! What a hole!"

"How's that?" came from the bedroom in an aggressive voice, so penetrating that it seemed loud, though it was not, and much roughened by open-air speaking. "What are you growling about?"

Arkwright raised his tone: "Filthy hole!" said he. "Filthy mess!"

Now appeared in the bedroom door a tall young man of unusual strength and nearly perfect proportions. The fine head was carried commandingly; with its crop of dark, matted hair it suggested the rude, fierce figurehead of a Viking galley; the huge, aggressively-masculine features proclaimed ambition, energy, intelligence. To see Josh Craig was to have instant sense of the presence of a personality. The contrast between him standing half-dressed in the doorway and the man seated in fashionable and cynically-critical superciliousness was more than a matter of exteriors. Arkwright, with features carved, not hewn as were Craig's, handsome in civilization's over-trained, overbred extreme, had an intelligent, superior look also. But it was the look of expertness in things hardly worth the trouble of learning; it was aristocracy's highly-prized air of the dog that leads in the bench show and tails in the field. He was like a firearm polished and incrusted with gems and hanging in a connoisseur's wall-case; Josh was like a battle-tested rifle in the sinewy hands of an Indian in full war-paint. Arkwright showed that he had physical strength, too; but it was of the kind got at the gymnasium and at gentlemanly sport—the kind that wins only where the rules are carefully refined and amateurized. Craig's figure had the solidity, the tough fibre of things grown in the open air, in the cold, wet hardship of the wilderness.

Arkwright's first glance of admiration for this figure of the forest and the teepee changed to a mingling of amusement and irritation. The barbarian was not clad in the skins of wild beasts, which would have set him off superbly, but was trying to get himself arrayed for a fashionable ball. He had on evening trousers, pumps, black cotton socks with just enough silk woven in to give them the shabby, shamed air of having been caught in a snobbish pretense at being silk. He was buttoning a shirt torn straight down the left side of the bosom from collar-band to end of tail; and the bosom had the stiff, glassy glaze that advertises the cheap laundry.

"Didn't you write me I must get an apartment in this house?" demanded he.

"Not in the attic," rejoined Arkwright.

"I can't afford anything better."

"You can't afford anything so bad."

"Bad!"

Craig looked round as pleased as a Hottentot with a string of colored glass beads. "Why, I've got a private sitting-room *and* a private bath! I never was so well-off before in my life. I tell you, Grant, I'm not surprised any more that you Easterners get effete and worthless. I begin to like this lolling in luxury, and I keep the bell-boys on the jump. Won't you have something to drink?"

Arkwright pointed his slim cane at the rent in the shirt. "What are you going to do with that?" said he.

"This? oh!"—Josh thrust his thick backwoodsman's hand in the tear—"very simple. A safety-pin or so from the lining of the vest—excuse me, waistcoat—into the edge of the bosom."

"Splendid!" ejaculated Arkwright. "Superb!"

Craig, with no scent for sarcasm so delicate, pushed on with enthusiasm: "The safety-pin's the mainstay of bachelor life," said he rhetorically. "It's his badge of freedom. Why, I can even repair socks with it!"

"Throw that shirt away," said Arkwright, with a contemptuous switch of his cane. "Put on another. You're not dressing for a shindy in a shack."

"But it's the only one of my half-dozen that has a bang-up bosom."

"Bang-up? That sheet of mottled mica?"

Craig surveyed the shiny surface ruefully. "What's the matter with this?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," replied Arkwright, in disgust. "Only, it looks more like something to roof a house with than like linen for a civilized man."

Craig reared. "But, damn it, Grant, I'm not civilized. I'm a wild man, and I'm going to stay wild. I belong to the common people, and it's my game—and my preference, too—to stick to them. I'm willing to make concessions; I'm not a fool. I know there was a certain amount of truth in those letters you took the trouble to write me from Europe. I know that to play the game here in Washington I've got to do something in society. But"—here Josh's eyes flashed, and he bent on his friend a look that was impressive—"I'm still going to be myself. I'll make 'em accept me as I am. Dealing with men as individuals, I make them do what *I* want, make 'em like me as I am."

"Every game has its own rules," said Arkwright. "You'll get on better—quicker—go further—here if you'll learn a few elementary things. I don't see that wearing a whole shirt decently done up is going to compromise any principles. Surely you can do that and still be as common as you like. The people look up to the fellow that's just a little better dressed than they."

Josh eyed Arkwright in the way that always made him wonder whether he was in full possession of the secret of this strenuous young Westerner. "But," said he, "they love and trust the man who will have nothing which all may not have. The shirt will do for this evening." And he turned back into the bedroom.

Arkwright reflected somewhat uncomfortably. He felt that he himself was right; yet he could not deny that "Josh's cheap demagoguery" sounded fine and true. He soon forgot the argument in the study of his surroundings. "You're living like a wild beast here, Josh," he presently called out. "You must get a valet."

A loud laugh was the reply.

"Or a wife," continued Arkwright. Then, in the voice of one announcing an inspiration, "Yes—that's it! A wife!"

Craig reappeared. He had on his waistcoat and coat now, and his hair was brushed. Arkwright could not but admit that the personality took the edge off the clothes; even the "mottled mica"—the rent was completely hid—seemed to have lost the worst of its glaze and stiffness. "You'll do, Josh," said he. "I spoke too quickly. If I hadn't accidentally been thrust into the innermost secrets of your toilet I'd never have suspected." He looked the Westerner over with gentle, friendly patronage. "Yes, you'll do. You look fairly well at a glance—and a man's clothes rarely get more than that."

Craig released his laugh upon his fastidious friend's judicial seriousness. "The trouble with you, Grant, is you've never lived a human life. You've always been sheltered and pampered, lifted in and out of bed by valets, had a suit of clothes for every hour in the day. I don't see how it is I happen to like you." And in Craig's face and voice there was frankly the condescension of superior to undoubted inferior.

Arkwright seemed to be wavering between resentment and amused disdain. Then he remembered the circumstances of their first acquaintance—those frightful days in the Arizona desert, without food, with almost no water, and how this man had been absolute ruler of the party of lost and dying men; how he had forced them to march on and on, with entreaties, with curses, with blows finally; how he had brought them to safety—all as a matter of course, without any vanity or boasting—had been leader by divine right of strength of body and soul. Grant turned his eyes from Craig, for there were tears in them. "I don't see why you like me, either, Josh," said he. "But you do—and—hang it all, I'd die for you."

"I guess you'll come pretty near dying of shame before this evening's over," laughed Craig. "This is the first time in my life I ever was in a fashionable company."

"There's nothing to be frightened about," Grant assured him.

"Frightened!" Josh laughed boisterously—Arkwright could have wished he would temper that laugh. "I—frightened by a bunch of popinjays? You see, it's not really in the least important whether they like me or not—at least, not to me. I'll get there, anyhow. And when I do, I'll deal with them according to their deserts. So they'd better hustle to get solid with me."

In the two years since he had seen Craig, Arkwright had almost forgotten his habit of bragging and blowing about himself—what he had done, what he was going to do. The newspapers, the clippings Josh sent him, had kept him informed of the young Minnesotan's steady, rapid rise in politics; and whenever he recalled the absurd boasting that had made him feel Craig would never come to anything, he assumed it was a weakness of youth and inexperience which had, no doubt, been conquered. But, no; here was the same old, conceited Josh, as crudely and vulgarly self-confident as when he was twenty-five and just starting at the law in a country town. Yet Arkwright could not but admit there had been more than a grain of truth in Craig's former self-laudations, that there was in victories won a certain excuse for his confidence about the future. This young man, not much beyond thirty, with a personality so positive and so rough that he made enemies right and left, rousing the envy of men to fear that here was an ambition which must be downed or it would become a tyranny over them—this young man, by skill at politics and by sympathetic power with people in the mass, had already compelled a President who didn't like him to appoint him to the chief post under an Attorney-General who detested him.

"How are you getting on with the Attorney-General?" asked Arkwright, as they set out in his electric brougham.

"He's getting on with me much better," replied Craig, "now that he has learned not to trifle with me."

"Stillwater is said to be a pretty big man," said Arkwright warningly.

"The bigger the man, the easier to frighten," replied Josh carelessly, "because the more he's got to lose. But it's a waste of time to talk politics to you. Grant, old man, I'm sick and worn out, and how lonesome! I'm successful. But what of that, since I'm miserable? If it wasn't for my sense of duty, by Heaven, I sometimes think I'd drop it all and go back to Wayne."

"Don't do that, Josh!" exclaimed Arkwright. "Don't let the country go rolling off to ruin!"

"Like all small creatures," said Craig, "you take serious matters lightly, and light matters seriously. You were right a moment ago, when you said I needed a wife."

"That's all settled," said Grant. "I'm going to get you one."

"A woman doesn't need a man—if she isn't too lazy to earn a living," pursued Craig. "But what's a man without a woman about?"

"You want a wife, and you want her quick," said Arkwright.

"You saw what a condition my clothes are in. Then, I need somebody to talk with."

"To talk to," corrected Grant.

"I can't have you round all the time to talk to."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Arkwright. "You never talk about anything but yourself."

"Some day, my boy," said Josh, with his grave good humor of the great man tolerating the antics of a mountebank, "you'll appreciate it wasn't the subject that was dull, but the ears. For the day'll come when everybody'll be thinking and talking about me most of the time."

Arkwright grinned. "It's lucky you don't let go before everybody like that."

"Yes, but I do," rejoined Craig. "And why not? They can't stop my going ahead. Besides, it's not a bad idea"—he nodded, with that shrewdness which was the great, deep-lying vein in his nature—"not at all a bad idea, to have people think you a frank, loose-mouthed, damn fool—*if* you ain't. Ambition's a war. And it's a tremendous advantage to lead your enemies to underestimate you. That's one reason why I *always* win. . . . So you're going *to try* to get me a wife?"

"I'm going to get you one—one of the sort you need. You need a woman who'll tame you down and lick you into shape."

Craig smiled scornfully.

"One who'll know how to smooth the enemies you make with your rough-and-tumble manners; one who'll win friends for you socially ——"

Josh made a vehement gesture of dissent. "Not on your life!" cried he. "Of course, my wife must be a lady, and interested in my career. But none of your meddling politicians in petticoats for me! I'll do my own political manœuvring. I want a woman, not a bad imitation of a man."

"Well, let that go," said Arkwright. "Also, she ought to be able to supply you with funds for your political machinery."

Josh sat up as if this were what he had been listening for. "That's right!" cried he. "Politics is hell for a poor man, nowadays. The people are such thoughtless, short-sighted fools ——" He checked himself, and in a different tone went on: "However, I don't mean exactly that——"

"You needn't hedge, Josh, with me."

"I don't want you to be thinking I'm looking for a rich woman."

"Not at all—not at all," laughed his friend.

"If she had too much money it'd be worse for my career than if she had none at all."

"I understand," said Arkwright.

"Enough money to make me independent—if I should get in a tight place," continued Josh. "Yes, I must marry. The people are suspicious of a bachelor. The married men resent his freedom—even the happily married ones. And all the women, married and single, resent his not surrendering."

"I never suspected you of cynicism."

"Yes," continued Craig, in an instantly and radically changed tone, "the people like a married man, a man with children. It looks respectable, settled. It makes 'em feel he's got a stake in the country—a home and property to defend. Yes, I want a wife."

"I don't see why you've neglected it so long."

"Too busy."

"And too—ambitious," suggested Arkwright.

"What do you mean?" demanded Josh, bristling.

"You thought you'd wait to marry until you were nearer your final place in the world. Being cut out for a king, you know—why, you thought you'd like a queen—one of those fine, delicate ladies you'd read about."

Craig's laugh might have been confession, it might have been mere amusement. "I want a wife that suits me," said he. "And I'll get her."

It was Arkwright's turn to be amused. "There's one game you don't in the least understand," said he.

"What game is that?"

"The woman game."

Craig shrugged contemptuously. "Marbles! Jacks!" Then he added: "Now that I'm about ready to marry, I'll look the offerings over." He clapped his friend on the shoulder. "And you can bet your last cent I'll take what I want."

"Don't be too sure," jeered Arkwright.

The brougham was passing a street lamp that for an instant illuminated Craig's face. Again Arkwright saw the expression that made him feel extremely uncertain of the accuracy of his estimates of the "wild man's" character.

"Yes, I'll get her," said Josh, "and for a reason that never occurs to you shallow people. I get what I want because what I want wants me—for the same reason that the magnet gets the steel."

Arkwright looked admiringly at his friend's strong, aggressive face.

"You're a queer one, Josh," said he. "Nothing ordinary about you."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed Craig. "Now for the plunge."

II

GRANT'S electric had swung in at the end of the long line of carriages of all kinds, from coach of ambassador and costly limousine of multi-millionaire to humble herdic wherein poor, official grandee's wife and daughter were feeling almost as common as if they had come in a street car or afoot. Josh Craig, leaning from the open window, could see the grand entrance under the wide and lofty porte-cochère—the women, swathed in silk and fur, descending from the carriages and entering the wide-flung doors of the vestibule; liveries, flowers, lights, sounds of stringed instruments, intoxicating glimpses of magnificence at windows, high and low. And now the electric was at the door. He and Arkwright sprang out, hastened up the broad steps. His expression amused Arkwright; it was intensely self-conscious, resolutely indifferent—the kind of look that betrays tempestuous inward perturbations and misgivings. "Josh is a good deal of a snob, for all his brave talk," thought he. "But," he went on to reflect, "that's only human. We're all impressed by externals, no matter what we may pretend to ourselves and to others. I've been used to this sort of thing all my life and I know how little there is in it, yet I'm in much the same state of bedazzlement as Josh."

Josh had a way of answering people's thoughts direct which Arkwright sometimes suspected was not altogether accidental. He now said: "But there's a difference between your point of view and mine. You take this seriously through and through. I laugh at it in the bottom of my heart, and size it up at its true value. I'm like a child that don't really believe in goblins, yet likes the shivery effects of goblin stories."

"I don't believe in goblins, either," said Arkwright.

"You don't believe in anything else," said Josh.

Arkwright steered him through the throng, and up to the hostess—Mrs. Burke, stout, honest, with sympathy in her eyes and humor in the lines around her sweet mouth. "Well, Josh," she said in a slow, pleasant monotone, "you *have* done a lot of growing since I saw you. I always knew you'd come to some bad end. And here you are—in politics and in society. Gus!"

A tall, haughty-looking young woman, standing next her, turned and fixed upon Craig a pair of deep, deep eyes that somehow flustered him. Mrs. Burke presented him, and he discovered that it was her daughter-in-law. While she was talking with Arkwright, he examined her toilette. He thought it startling—audacious in its display of shoulders and back—until he got over his dazed, dazzled feeling, and noted the other women about. Wild horses could not have dragged it from him, but he felt that this physical display was extremely immodest; and at the same time that he eagerly looked his face burned. "If I do pick one of these," said he to himself, "I'm jiggered if I let her appear in public dressed this way. Why, out home women have been white-capped for less."

Arkwright had drifted away from him; he let the crowd gently push him toward the wall, into the shelter of a clump of palms and ferns. There, with his hands in his pockets, and upon his face what he thought an excellent imitation of Arkwright's easy, bored expression of thinly-veiled cynicism, he surveyed the scene and tried to judge it from the standpoint of the "common people." His verdict was that it was vain, frivolous, unworthy, beneath the serious consideration of a man of affairs such as he.

But he felt that he was not quite frank, in fact was dishonest, with himself in this lofty disdain. It represented what he ought to feel, not what he actually was feeling. "At least," said he to himself, "I'll never confess to any one that I'm weak enough to be impressed by this sort of thing. Anyhow, to confess a weakness is to encourage it. . . . No wonder society is able to suck in and destroy so many fellows of my sort! If *I* am tempted what must it mean to the ordinary man?" He noted with angry shame that he felt a swelling of pride because he, of so lowly an origin, born no better than the machine-like lackeys, had been able to push himself in upon—yes, up among—these people on terms of equality. And it was, for the moment, in vain that he reminded himself that most of them were of full as lowly origin as he; that few indeed could claim to be more than one generation removed from jack-boots and jeans; that the most elegant had more relations among the "vulgar herd" than they had among the "high folks."

"What are you looking so glum and sour about?" asked Arkwright.

He started guiltily. So his mean and vulgar thoughts had been reflected in his face. "I was thinking of the case I have to try before the Supreme Court next week," said he.

"Well, I'll introduce you to one of the justices—old Towler. He comes of the 'common people,' like you. But he dearly loves fashionable society—makes himself ridiculous going to balls and trying to flirt. It'll do you no end of good to meet these people socially. You'll be surprised to see how respectful and eager they'll all be if you become a recognized social favorite. For real snobbishness give me your friends, the common people, when they get up where they can afford to put on airs. Why, even the President has a sneaking hankering after fashionable people. I tell you, in Washington *everything* goes by social favor, just as it does in London—and would in Paris if fashionable society would deign to notice the Republic."

"Introduce me to old Towler," said Craig, curt and bitter. He was beginning to feel that Arkwright was at least in part right; and it angered him for the sake of the people from whom he had sprung, and to whom he had pledged his public career. "Then," he went on, "I'm going home. And you'll see me among these butterflies and hop-toads no more."

"Can't trust yourself, eh?" suggested Arkwright.

Craig flashed exaggerated scorn that was confession.

"I'll do better than introduce you to Towler," proceeded Arkwright. "I'll present you to his daughter—a dyed and padded old horror, but very influential with her father and all the older crowd. Sit up to her, Josh. You can lay the flattery on as thick as her paint and as high as her topknot of false hair. If she takes to you your fortune's made."

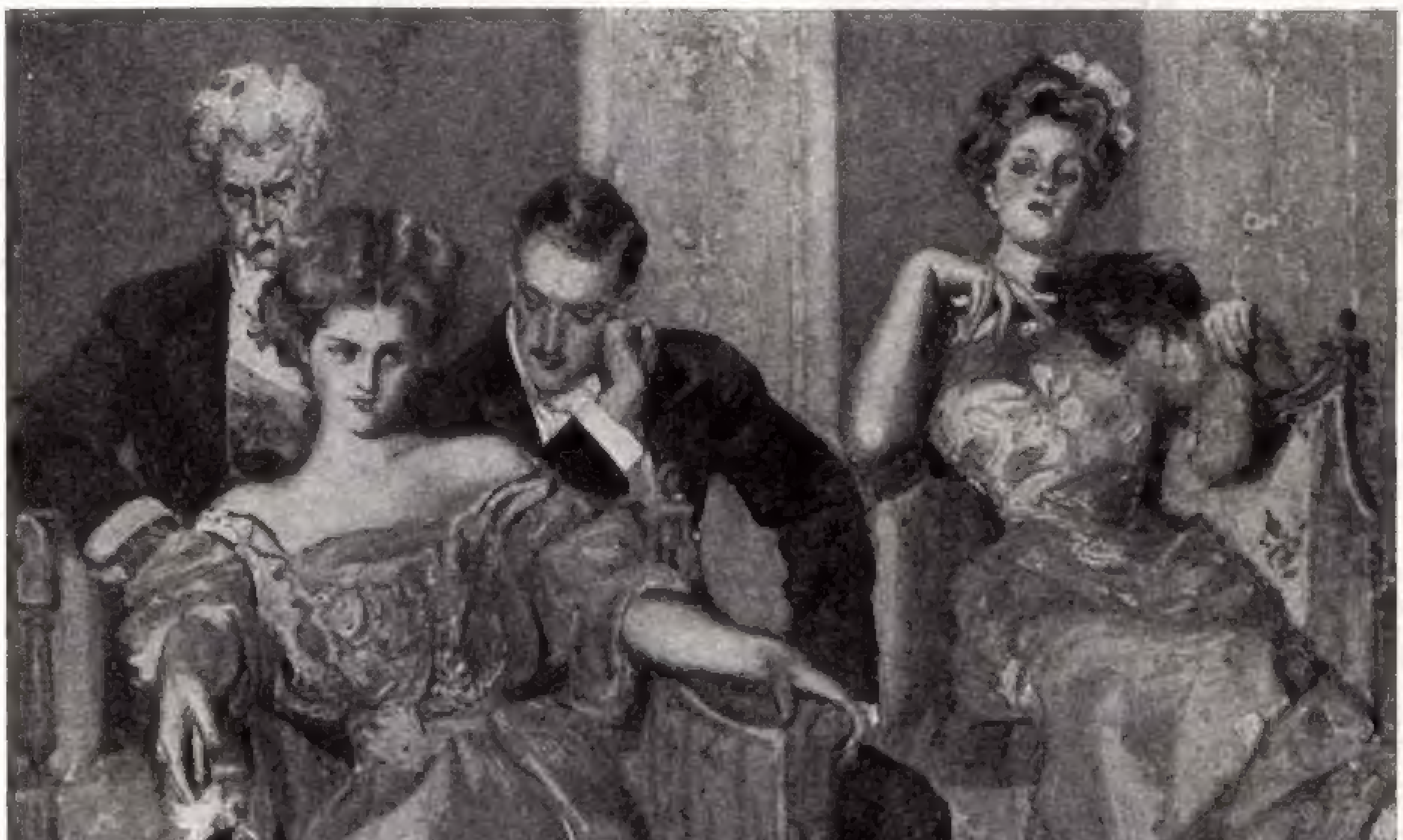
"I tell you, my fortune is not dependent on——" began Craig vehemently.

"Cut it out, old man," interrupted Arkwright. "No stump speeches here. They don't go. They bore people and create an impression that you're both ridiculous and hypocritical."

Arkwright left Josh with Towler's daughter, Mrs. Raymond, who was by no means the horror Arkwright's language of fashionable exaggeration had pictured, and who endured Craig's sophomoric eulogies of "your great and revered father," because the eulogist was young and handsome, and obviously anxious to please her. As Arkwright passed along the edge of the dancers a fan reached out and touched him on the arm. He halted, faced the double line of women, mostly elderly, seated on the palm-roofed dais extending the length of that end of the ballroom.

"Hel—*lo!*" called he. "Just the person I was looking for. How is Margaret this evening?"

"As you see," replied the girl, unfurling the long fan of eagle plumes with which she had tapped him. "Sit down. . . . Jackie"—this to a rosy, eager-faced youth beside her—"run away and amuse yourself. I want to talk seriously to this elderly person."



"It Would be Wiser—if One Dared be Wise," Pursued the Girl, "to Marry a Man Who Could Get Money. That Kind of Man is Safest"

"I'm only seven years older than you," said Arkwright, as he seated himself where Jackie had been vainly endeavoring to induce Miss Severence to take him seriously.

"And I am twenty-eight, and have to admit to twenty-four," said Margaret.

"Don't frown that way. It makes wrinkles; and what's more unsightly than a wrinkled brow in a woman?"

"I don't in the least care," replied the girl. "I've made up my mind to stop fooling and marry."

"Jackie?"

"If I can't do better." She laughed a low, sweet laugh, like her voice; and her voice suggested a leisurely brook flitting among mossy stones. "You see, I've lost that first bloom of youth the wife-pickers prize so highly. I'm not unsophisticated enough to please them. And I haven't money enough to make them overlook such defects as maturity and intelligence—in fact, I've no money at all."

"You were never so good-looking in your life," said Grant. "I recall you were rather homely as a child and merely nice and fresh-looking when you came out. You're one of those that improve with time."

"Thanks," said the girl dryly. She was in no mood for the barren blossom of non-marrying men's compliments.

"The trouble with you is the same as with me," pursued he. "We've both spent our time with the young married set, where marriage is regarded as a rather stupid joke. You ought to have stuck to the market-place until your business was settled."

She nodded a thoughtful assent. "Yes, that was my sad mistake," said she. "However, I'm going to do my best to repair it."

He reflected. "You must marry money," he declared, as if it were a verdict.

"Either some one who's got it or some one who can get it."

"Some one who's got it, I'd advise."

"Bad advice," commented the girl, her hazel eyes gazing dreamily, languorously into the distance. She looked a woman on romance bent, a woman without a mercenary thought in her head. "Very bad advice," she went on. "Men who've got money may lose it and be unable to make any more. What a helpless thing *you'd* be but for what you have inherited and will inherit. Yet you're above the average of our sort."

"Humph!" said Arkwright, with an irritated laugh. Humor at his expense was a severe strain upon him. It always is to those whose sense of humor is keen; for they best appreciate the sting that lies in the pleasantest jest.

"It would be wiser—if one dared be wise," pursued the girl, "to marry a man who could get money. That kind of man is safest. Only death or insanity can make him a disappointment."

Arkwright eyed her curiously. "What a good head you've got on you, Rita," said he. "Like your grandmother."

The girl shivered slightly. "Don't *speak* of her!" she exclaimed, with an uneasy glance around. And Grant knew he was correct in his suspicion as to who was goading and lashing her to hasten into matrimony.

"Well—have you selected your——"

As Arkwright hesitated she supplied, "Victim." They laughed, she less enthusiastically than he. "Though," she added, "I assure you, I'll make him happy. It takes intelligence to make a man happy, even if he wants the most unintelligent kind of happiness. And you've just admitted I'm not stupid."

Arkwright was studying her. He had a sly instinct that there was a reason deeper than their old and intimate friendship for her reposing this extreme of confidence in him. No doubt she was not without a vague hope that possibly this talk might set him to thinking of her as a wife for himself. Well, why not? He ought to marry,

(Continued on Page 45)

THE BOSSLETS' BOSS

What Happens When the People Back Up a Just Man

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

"I WANT to see the Governor," said an Up-State Man to William Barnes, Junior, the Boss of Albany, one day last winter.

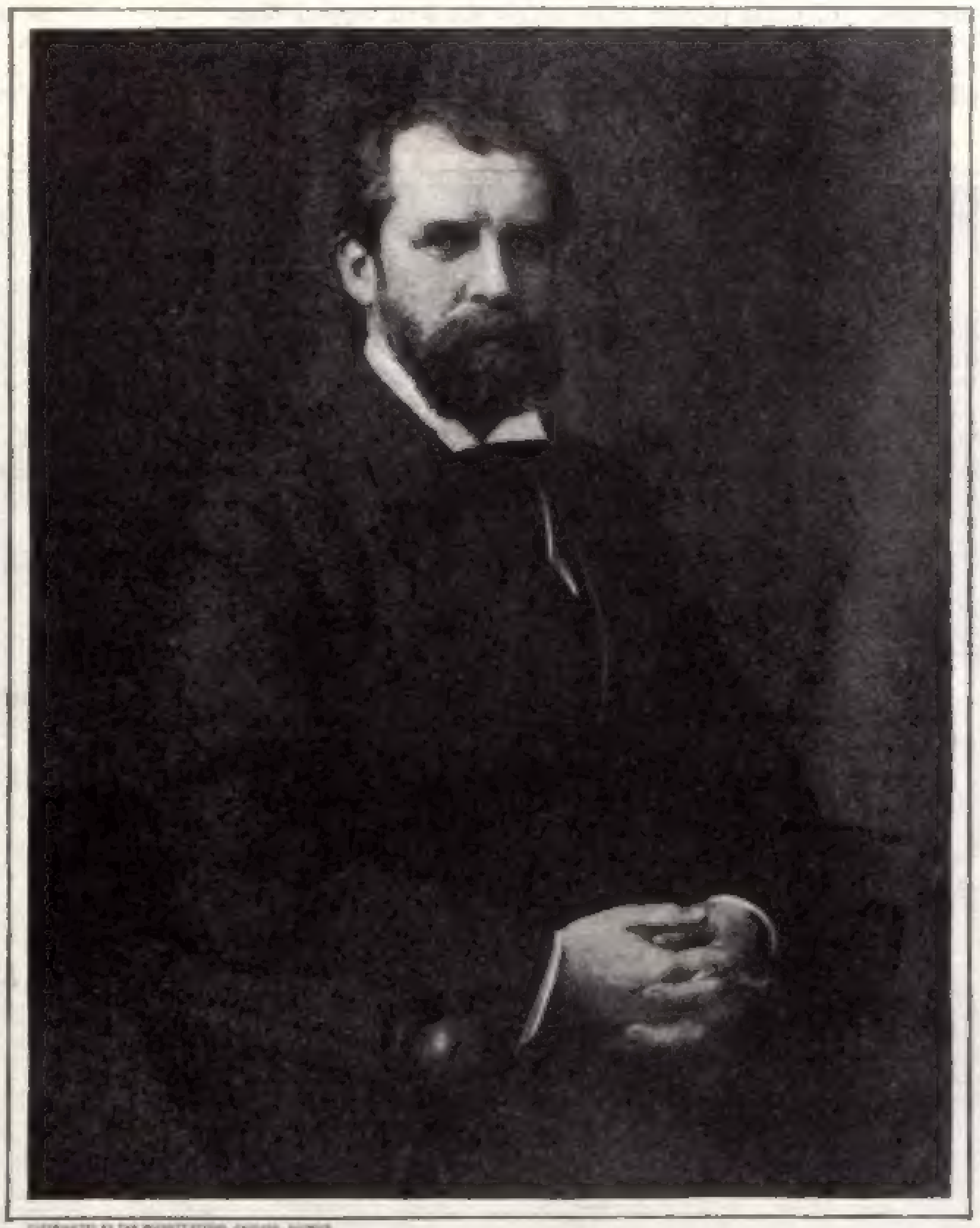
"There he is," and Barnes pointed to the tall and whiskered Hughes.

The Up-State Man stared. "Why don't you shave him?" he asked.

"We can't catch him," sighed Barnes.

Nor have they caught him yet, although they have had nets, traps and birdlime out in every direction. Instead, the Governor has caught them, caught as typical a collection of bosslings and bosslets as ever infested a State, and has them securely cooped. They are beating against the bars, croaking raucously about what they will do to Hughes in November, but the only attention they attract is voiced by an occasional derisive "Ya-h-h-h!" from one of the folks who helped to put them where they are.

It is possible, if there had been one real, overtopping, powerful boss in the Republican party in New York State this summer, Hughes could have been beaten for the nomination at Saratoga. It is possible, but not probable; but when his opposition, bitter, vicious and vengeful as it was, was centred in a group of bosses, each with interests of his own, there was no more chance of beating him than there was of nominating Tim Woodruff. The boss business is gradually playing out in politics. They have hung on longer in New York than elsewhere. Crimps put in various gentlemen in various States, during the past half-dozen years, show the profession is in disrepute. Men who have been accustomed to dictating nominations, to controlling caucuses, to swaying conventions, have been taken by the crops of their necks and deposited in the Has-Been Heap, and what has happened to them because of the system of direct nomination in the primaries is painful to contemplate—from their side—the outside.



Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York

Now, this may be a trend, or it may be a current, or a tidal wave. .The most reasonable explanation of it is that the people are tired of taking their politics in packages, as handed to them by the bosses, with simple trust that what the bosses say is within, and have formed the rude habit of tearing open the packages and seeing for themselves. Political bosship has always been predicated on confidence, and most political bosses have been confidence-men. If the people will not take the gold brick and advance their votes on it without the disconcerting and suspicious application of acid, the political boss instantly comes into bad case. The more vital a thing is to a man, the easier it is to get it away from him, and the most vital things the people have had, or have, is their votes. Thus, if they seek to discover the disposition of their votes, or to deposit them themselves, the political boss goes out of the back door into oblivion, instead of coming in the front door into patronage and perquisites.

Letting the Bosslets Eat Off the Floor

THE nomination of Hughes, at Saratoga, for a second term as Governor of New York, was brought about by a demand, by the people of the State, that Hughes should be renominated—a demand unorganized, but insistent. Having secured this nomination, the people went no further. They did not insist on a State ticket that measured up with Hughes. They paid no attention to any other detail. The beaten bosses filled the rest of the list with little chaps from different parts of the State, amenable to them, and each boss saw to it that he got something. They produced a platform that had nothing to say, of any length or strength, about the policies and projects of Governor Hughes, and opposed none of them. They worked out such schemes as they had as best they could; they grabbed all the crumbs. Having deprived them of seats at the table, the people, apparently, did not care how much they browsed on the floor, nor what they found there.

This movement in New York is interesting and important, but it is not conclusive. It shows what the people can do, if they start out to do it; but it does not prove they will do what they can do, whenever the occasion demands. It is always well to watch new converts for a time before making predictions as to their future course. The people of New York are very new at this sort of business. Then, too, they must make their work effective by electing their man. The bosslets may try to defeat him. If they do defeat him, the people who nominated him will snap right back to their old position of being bossed. The mere nomination of Charles E. Hughes for Governor of New York against the opposition of the men in control of the party machinery does not eliminate boss control in the Republican party in that State. The bosses will come back if they get half a chance.

Still, the situation, both before and since the nomination, is one of the most remarkable that has developed in American politics in many years. Moreover, instead of being a local situation, it was a national one. The bosses who opposed Hughes did not realize this, being New Yorkers and thoroughly insular. The whole country knows about Hughes and that he is strong with Republicans in every part of the United States. The people outside New York looked on Hughes' fights for his various reforms as Republican fights, redounding to the good of the party; while the little bosses in New York State consider about everything Hughes has done as directed at themselves.

The truth of it is that so far as fighting the bosses is concerned Hughes has no time and no inclination for such puny warfare; nor has he time or inclination for the punier business of supporting them. So far as bosses are concerned, either state or national, Hughes pays no heed to them. Having been elected Governor, in the first instance, by the people and in spite of the bosses, and having the firm conviction that, inasmuch as the people elected him, he is responsible to the people and not to any set or faction of politicians, he has steadfastly adhered to the principle that he is the people's Governor, "the attorney for the people," as he put it himself, and has been Governor along those lines.

A man who is intimately concerned with the Taft campaign, and who was very active in the pre-convention fight, said: "If Hughes had had an organization throughout the country he would have been nominated for President by the Republicans and nobody could have stopped it." Apparently, it did not occur to Hughes to create an organization, or to let his friends create one. Nor has he built up any personal machine in New York State. He had no organization at Saratoga. A few men were there, but they had no powers. Once Hughes had finally said he would take a renomination, he let it go at that. He made no canvass. He tried to get no delegates. He put his case in the hands of the people, and the people conducted it for him.

Naturally, this indifference of Hughes to the politicians forced the politicians to be against him. A politician creates nothing. He lives on what is handed to him and what he can, in turn, hand to others. Hughes was elected a Governor of New York when at the head of the Republican ticket. This fact made the bosses think they had a mortgage on him. Hughes viewed it differently. While he knew he had been a candidate on the Republican ticket, he knew, also, that he was elected in spite of the bosses of the Republican party, instead of by their efforts. He knew he was elected by a party vote, but with the addition of many votes not from the party he represented; for all his associates on the ticket, in 1906, were defeated.

The Squawks of Leaders Ignored

STILL, the bosses tried to control him, to dictate nominations and policies to him, and, when they found Hughes paid no attention to their demands and appeals, sought revenge by trying to defeat the reforms he proposed. They defeated some and held up others, but they lost on the most essential points. Hughes passed his Public Service Commission Bill, and he passed his Anti-Race-Track Gambling Bill. He did not get his Direct Nominations Bill, and there are some other things he did not get. He got enough, however, to assure the bosses that he had ample power and to make them extremely fearful of what he would get if he had a second term.

During the first year of his governorship the bosses came to realize that while Hughes had no antipathy to them as persons, he had no use for them as bosses. He refused to ally himself with them. That was his main fault, in their eyes. He ignored them as factors. That is what hurt. They had no part in the game, in his view, other than that played by any other citizen who had a vote and was for the good of the State. If Barnes or Woodruff or Hendricks or Aldridge asked for an appointment, sometimes they got it, if their man was fit, not because they were Barnes or Hendricks or Woodruff or Aldridge, but because they presented a suitable candidate. Having nothing to reward them for, Hughes distributed no rewards.

This neglect of the bosses, as functionaries possessed of powers, incited anger, disgust, alarm. The bosses could do nothing. They squawked about the organization, and Hughes appointed whom he pleased to place and power, unmindful whether the organization indorsed or protested. During that first year Hughes displeased about every Republican in New York who has been active in party affairs, beginning with President Roosevelt himself. The story of his swing away from the President has been told. It began with the apparent indifference of Hughes to what the President thought he had done for Hughes in the matter of forcing his nomination and of securing his election in 1906, and culminated in the cold refusal of Hughes to allow the President to help him in New York State with the use of that tremendous lever, Federal patronage. At the end of Hughes' first year he was universally execrated by the political class in the Republican party, but he seemed to have the power, nevertheless, to get a fair share of the things he deemed the people wanted.

This is no argument to show Hughes is not a politician himself. He may be, or he may not be. If he is, he is a politician of a new type, and has methods some of the decaying bosses might well adopt. What he is, without argument, is a clear-visioned, high-principled man, with a determination to do what he thinks his constituents want done, and a fixed idea that those constituents have delegated their powers and rights to no set of politicians, or bosses, or boss.

In his second year he stopped race-track betting. It took a tremendous fight to do this, for the race-track interests were strong and had much at stake. Stopping race-track betting seemed to be, judging from the wild cries that went up, some kind of a high crime and misdemeanor, although the constitution of the State prohibits gambling. However, the specific law was passed. Then there came threats, principally from New York City, that Hughes must not be nominated—that if he was nominated he would be overwhelmingly defeated. The bosses, already incensed against Hughes for his lack of appreciation of their positions and power, listened eagerly. What was said on Broadway and at the race tracks, they insisted, must be the voice of the people. Instead of being impolitic, from their viewpoint, to nominate Hughes because of his utter indifference to the organization—personally impolitic, that is—the situation took on a deeper significance. It would be suicidal. He could not be elected. New York City would be against him. If he were defeated the organization would be defeated, also. That meant the bosses would not get even the few crumbs Hughes had dropped for them. The Grand Old Party would go down in the dust. Hence, leaving aside all the personal dislike and hatred, forgetting the venom, not considering the firm belief that Hughes is not a Republican because he will not do what Woodruff and Barnes want him to, it was decided that no party could carry Hughes, weighted down with that terrible assault of his on race-track gambling.

Broken Slates and Disgruntled Bosses

HUGHES had not said whether he would or would not take a second nomination. It was known his inclination was against it, for personal reasons. The salary of the Governor of New York is ten thousand dollars a year. It costs even the most economical Governor twice that much to live each year. Hughes has a growing family, and not much of a private fortune. He could not practice law while Governor. He felt it a duty to make money for his family.

The bosses thought he would not run. They began slate-making. Various candidates appeared. It was held that Hughes was afraid to make the race. It was asserted he was tired, knew he would be defeated, and that he wanted to get out of it and back to his law office. Hughes said nothing. He was waiting to find out a particular thing. That particular thing related to the liquidation of the affairs of his law firm, then going on. He did not think there would be enough resulting to allow him to remain as Governor, that he would get enough so he could afford to stay away from the law another two years, if he should be elected. The liquidation was completed. It was discovered that a number of claims that were considered worthless had been paid. Hughes came into more money than he expected from the assets. Then he gave out an announcement saying that, although his inclination, in justice to himself and his family, was to return to the law, if the people wanted him to make the race again he could do it and would do it. He didn't say anything about organization. He said "people."

The bosses were stunned. They thought Hughes was out of the way. They had fondly imagined the storm about the stopping of race-track gambling had scared him. They held excited conferences. They shouted that Hughes never, never, never would be nominated, that they wouldn't let him, that they would beat him, that they must keep the organization intact, and that no such person as this unsympathetic Governor would be given another two years at Albany if they could stop it, and they thought they could. Watch them.

Personally, Hughes did little more than issue his announcement. He spoke at several county fairs, defending his policies, and made a speech for Taft at Youngstown, Ohio, which was, up to that time, the clearest exposition of Republican principles, nationally considered, that had been made, and was so considered by the newspapers of the country. His friends were active. They formed Hughes clubs and held Hughes meetings. The bosses, local and district, controlled the conventions, for the most part; but the Big Boss, the People, saw to it that the bosses and the delegates they selected knew exactly what the temper of the folks who would be depended upon to do the voting was.

Meantime, a good index of public sentiment was presented to the bosses. Five of the eight Republican Senators who voted with the Democrats against Hughes' Anti-Race-Track Gambling Bill were defeated for renomination. The people took their first crack at the bosses, the organization, which was opposed to the Hughes bill, through its heads, right then and there. Meantime, also, President Roosevelt, not liking Hughes at all, took pains to let it be known that, in his opinion, Hughes should be renominated, having some skill as a politician himself, together with a clearer view of national conditions, as related to the success of Mr. Taft, than the little men in New York who were so affected by the Broadway and Forty-second-Street clamor, where the passage of the anti-gambling bill was considered a heinous crime. President Roosevelt was supported in this view by Chairman Hitchcock, Representative Sherman, candidate for Vice-President with Taft, and by the insistence, from outside New York, that the national ticket should not be sacrificed in New York State to whet the spite of the little New York bosses.

The people demanded Hughes. The little bosses, the oligarchy that seized on the Republican machine after Platt and Odell went out, squirmed and declared they would never consent. It would be suicide, they said. The ticket would be beaten. "All right," said the people, "beat it if you dare, but don't dare not to nominate him." They went to Saratoga, bosses who said they had enough delegates to defeat Hughes, but delegates who said nothing. It was an amazing situation. The bosses controlled the delegates. They could do anything they liked with them, anything but make them vote against Hughes. The delegates knew the temper of the people back home. They knew what would happen to them if they went back and said they had to nominate some one else because the bosses told them to.

A Campaign Without an Organization

THE expiring agonies of the bosses were wonderful to see. They couldn't control their delegates, although they elected them. They evolved the remarkable proposition of defeating Hughes for the nomination with a Hughes man. All they wanted was to eliminate Hughes. They could get no one, they thought, who would treat them worse, and they wanted to take a chance on getting something better. They tried to seduce Elihu Root, and they, at last, settled on David Jayne Hill, Ambassador to Germany, without going through the formality of telling Mr. Hill about what they had in mind. It was no use. True to their instincts as bosses, little bosses, they all had their own personal aggrandizements in view; and once again the immortal truth was proved—the immortal truth that you cannot beat a candidate with no candidate.

Besides this, numerous little bosses had eyes on the United States Senatorship that is to be vacant in New York State when Senator Platt retires next March. The legislature that is to elect that Senator will be chosen in November. Frank S. Black came out one day, a time before the convention, and threw panic among the bosses by saying that, in his opinion, Governor Hughes should be renominated. That put Black in a fine strategic position for the senatorship, and Tim Woodruff wept bitter tears. Herbert Parsons, head of the New York City Republican organization, himself with senatorial leanings, blew hot and cold. He led Barnes and Woodruff and the rest along, and then he took his strategic position in the senatorial race, because his delegates "are Hughes'," or many of them, at any rate. The frantic other little bosses, thinking either Black or Platt might snatch the senatorial biscuit, because the support of a Governor, in a contest like that, is a mighty asset, whirled around like howling dervishes and howled.

There was no Hughes organization there. The Hughes sentiment was lacking among the delegates; but the delegates and the bosses knew that the Hughes sentiment was a very vital thing among the people back home, and they wilted. They, the little bosses, did not acknowledge it, but there never was a chance of nominating any person other than Hughes since Hughes said he would run. Hughes was nominated. Two candidates stayed in the race; but they had little support. The people were running that convention, and they ran it, so far as Hughes was concerned. After that was accomplished, the little bosses scraped together what they could in the way of nominations for the minor offices. And Hughes, instead of pulling wires from Albany that day, was up at Warsaw making a speech at a county fair. I talked with him, at Albany, on the day before the nomination; and the matter of his selection was, apparently, a most impersonal affair. He was willing to run if the people wanted him to. That is all there was to it.

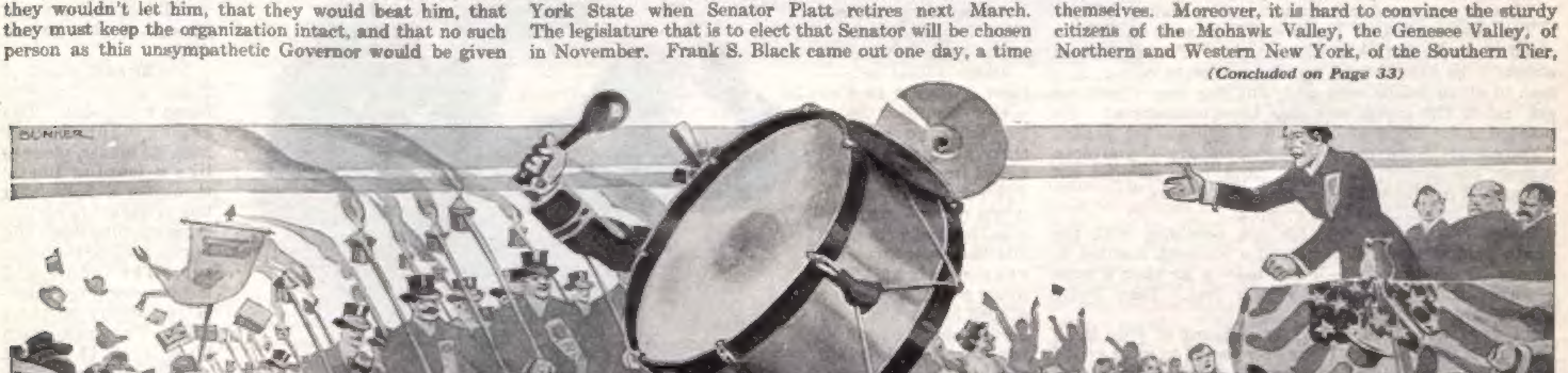
How Barnes Went Down

BARNES, the Boss of Albany, made a protest in the convention. He fought to the last. All the other bosses had quit. Barnes has no yellow in him. He is a man of backbone. Frankly against Hughes, because Hughes is not for the organization, Barnes went down with colors flying; and his fight was the one redeeming feature of a squalid, disgusting, personal struggle of a lot of little men who have party principles so far subordinated to selfish ones that they never think in any other terms than: "What is there in it for me?"

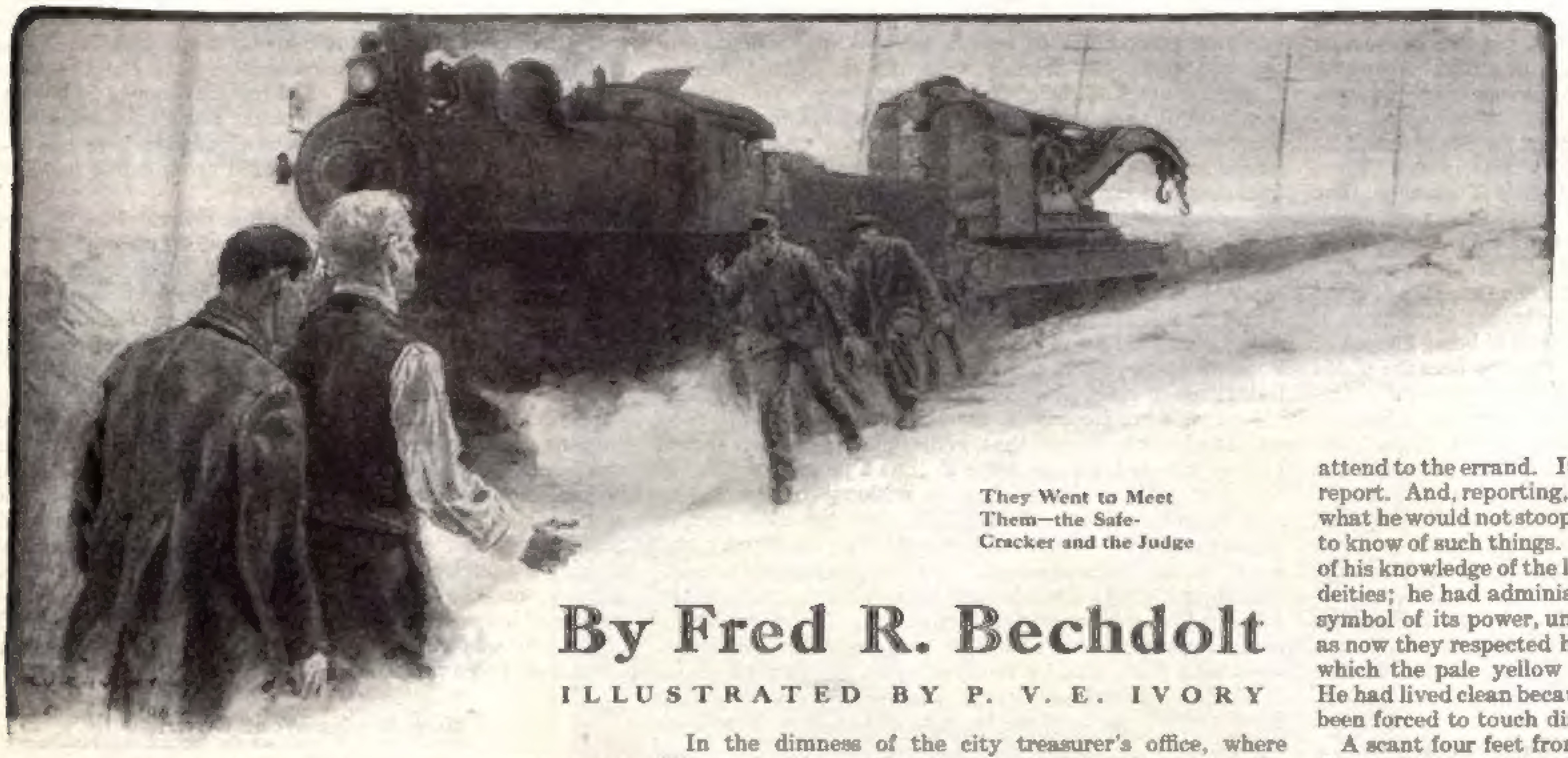
Combined, also, with the personal animosities of the little bosses in the Republican party in New York, their fear—or hope—that Hughes will be defeated because, they say, he has interfered with personal liberty in stopping race-track gambling, because he has ignored their organization, is that dreadful cloud that hangs over them, that portentous, frowning cloud of direct nominations. The little bosses all know that Hughes favors direct nominations by the people. He has tried to get such a law, but has failed, more from the multiplicity of the reforms he has advocated than for any other reason; but he has a most disconcerting habit of getting what he wants sooner or later. If the Governor should pass a Direct Nominations Law the little bosses would be obliged to go out of business, sure enough. Direct nominations are fatal to bosses. The manipulative part of politics is in conventions and caucuses. It is hard to manipulate a primary such as is provided by a Direct Nominations Law as demanded by Hughes. If he is reëlected there is no doubt he will demand the forthcoming legislature shall pass such a law.

The Hughes Campaign Committee, composed of the people of the State, knew about this, and are quite anxious to see how it works out. They are a trifle tired of being convention-ruled. They want a say about nominations themselves. Moreover, it is hard to convince the sturdy citizens of the Mohawk Valley, the Genesee Valley, of Northern and Western New York, of the Southern Tier,

(Concluded on Page 33)



An Accessory Before the Fact



They Went to Meet Them—the Safe-Cracker and the Judge

By Fred R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

OUTSIDE it stormed, angry rain and gusts of biting sleet, a black night which drove even the cabmen to cover. Few saw the yellow gleam from a third-floor window in the City and County Building, and none caught the stealthy shadow which occasionally slipped across a broad pane in the tier beneath. Shimmo and Judge Elliott realized this, and each was thankful.

Judge Elliott sat in the room whence came the yellow gleam, a committee-room off the supervisors' chamber. He faced a thick-jawed man, the owner of the city's government. He had left the bench, which he had dignified for years, to become chief counsel for a transcontinental railroad system. He had grown old and finely austere tracing the law's intricacies, oblivious of all else but the tracing, even its purpose.

The thick-jawed man dealt, among other things, in franchises. The two had talked a long time, with a heap of typewritten papers on the broad table between them. Suddenly silence had come, and now they sat looking evenly into each other's faces.

Downstairs, in the city treasurer's office, Shimmo sweated in silence before the steel doors of the city treasurer's vault. He crouched as he toiled, his dripping fingers clutching the knob and handle of a patent ratchet brace. Shimmo blew safes for a living.

The ornate clock in the supervisors' chamber struck midnight.

"Well?" said the thick-jawed man. In his voice was the sort of inquiry one makes who thinks himself master of the situation. He lighted a cigar, noisily scratching the match, and settled himself in his chair. Judge Elliott moved forward from his hips until his seat was as stiff as that of a German cavalryman. His voice was even with contempt as he answered:

"I wish you would make your meaning plainer."

The other smiled. "That's easy," he said, and blew a cloud of smoke from him with a sigh. "You want those streets"—he named them rapidly, corner to corner, as a man to whom details come easily and stay long—"you can get 'em if the supervisors pass these ordinances." He pointed a fat finger at the heap of typewritten papers. "You can get them, too, if"—he spoke slowly—"you hire a lawyer: one lawyer, that's *me*. And"—he snapped out the rest—"my fee will be ten thousand dollars."

He rose and buttoned his overcoat.

Judge Elliott rose, too, his lips trembling with the wrath behind them. They stood a moment, startled to silence by a dull sound—it was more a jar than a noise—which came from beneath their feet. Then Judge Elliott said:

"I understand you, sir. I have heard of your kind; but this is the first time I was ever forced to meet one of you. You talk of a fee"—he drawled out the syllable with scorn—"why don't you speak plain English? A fee? A bribe, you mean!"

They left the room, the thick-jawed man puffing hard at the cigar, Judge Elliott behind him, very straight and very cold. And as they emerged into the corridor the dull sound came again, not so heavy as it had been before—a thud, while the other had been a jar—following it, three more like it.

In the dimness of the city treasurer's office, where Shimmo had been diligently pursuing his calling, the steel doors of the vault swung sullenly open. Save for the muffled impacts—the first from a light charge of black powder placed near the combination knob; the others from a lead-capped hammer, wielded with suppressed and careful ferocity—there had been no noise. Shimmo picked up his long, blue-barreled revolver from the floor beside him, entered the vault, and, a moment later, he emerged with several packages of one-hundred-dollar bills in his pockets. He slipped from his face a mask of black cloth and dropped it in the breast pocket of his overcoat as he left the place. It was the same pocket in which he carried his revolver. As he turned the street corner he heard a police whistle, and he knew the watchman had come upon his work. He did not have time to follow his usual custom of dropping the mask—a menace, now, if captured—into some unnoticed nook. He quickened his pace, turned other corners, ran down a black alley, and, as he gained his goal, the railroad yards, almost knocked down a tall, spare old man who walked with his head bent into the teeth of the blast. This was Judge Elliott.

A moment later the two of them boarded a private car, whose locomotive stood panting as though eager to dash into the darkness ahead. They boarded the car at the same moment. Shimmo swung to the rods beneath; Judge Elliott climbed to the step, a little stiffly, assisted by a blue-garbed, brown-faced porter. And neither saw the other. Then the locomotive coughed once and glided from the glare of the arc lights, splitting the gale that hurled itself at the boiler-head.

Judge Elliott settled himself in a wicker chair as the car rolled evenly through the yard's web of trackage. He was very weary, but it was not the weariness that calls sleep. His beardless lips were very straight. The brown-faced porter slipped in like a cat and moved about on velvet feet, then vanished into another compartment. The conductor passed through, his green lantern on his arm, slammed a door and vanished, too. A single, long shriek from the locomotive; the barely perceptible tension of increasing speed; the car rocked ever so slightly. The sleet and rain drummed steadily on the window-panes, hissing at intervals as though in bursts of the storm's anger. Judge Elliott did not move. He sat with his head on his thin, pale hand, feeling the torture of shame; for he had touched dirt that evening. And he prided himself that he was very clean.

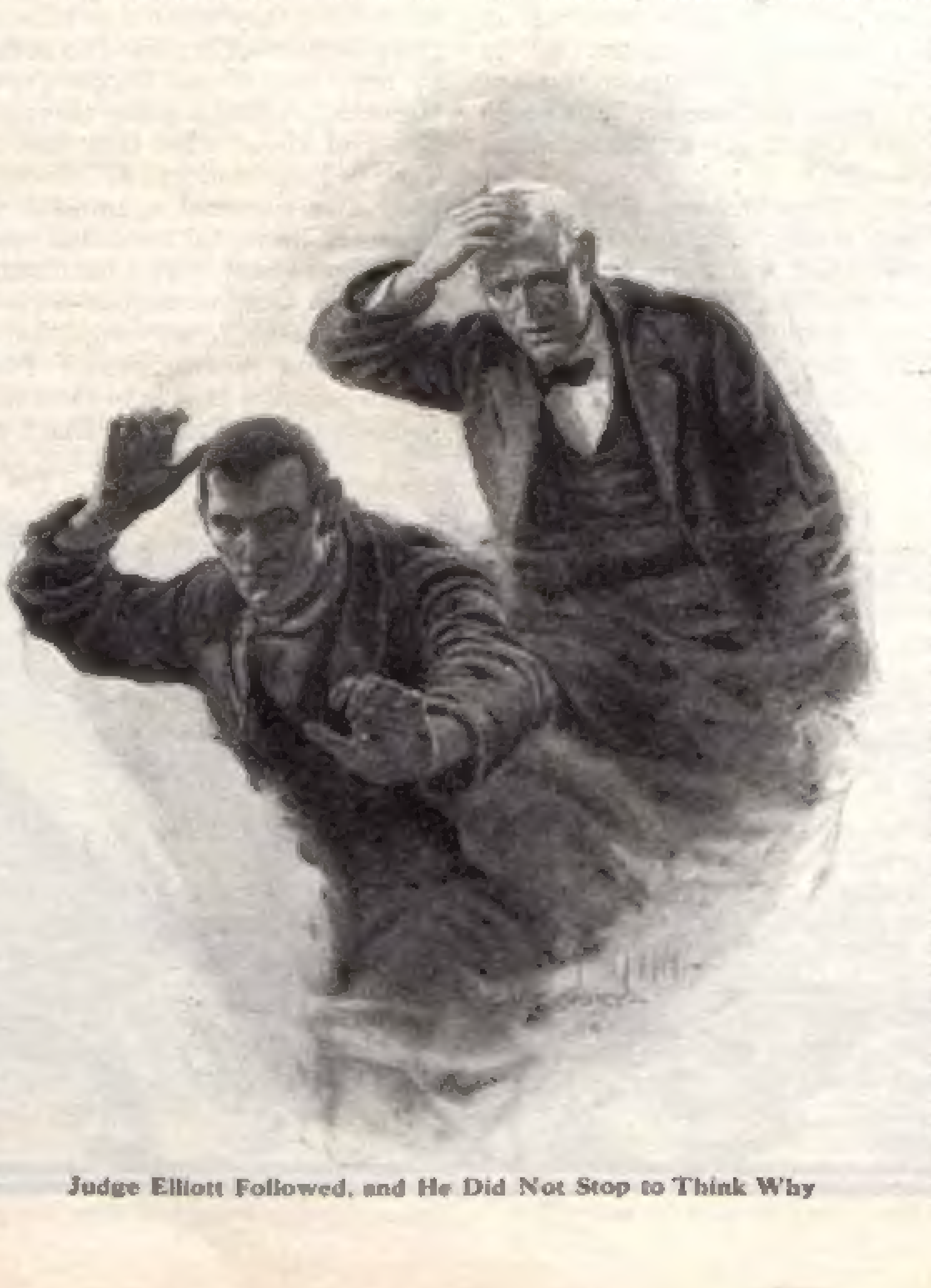
He had done what they had sent him to do until it had come to a point where he could go no further. Thank God, he did not have to soil his hands with such affairs! He resented the fact that they had asked him to attend to the errand. It was not his business. And he must report. And, reporting, he must know that others would do what he would not stoop to do. That was it. He did not like to know of such things. He dealt in the law—he was proud of his knowledge of the law; the law and its finesses were his deities; he had administered the law; had been the living symbol of its power, until men had respected him as such, as now they respected him for his knowledge of the tangles which the pale yellow volumes in his library contained. He had lived clean because he hated dirt. And now, having been forced to touch dirt, he was a little sick.

A scant four feet from Judge Elliott, Shimmo crouched. Huddled in the car's running-gear, he clung with numbing hands to a thin, cold rod of steel. His jaw was so tight that the skin of his wan face seemed strained to the point of cracking by the bones beneath. His eyes were closed to a hail of pelting grit, and a thousand blended noises smote his ears. The click of wheels on the rail-joints, the shriek of rubbing flanges, the rattle of loose and swinging parts, the crash of ponderous metal striking metal—these and a myriad of other sounds united in a roar which the buffeting air masses hurled upon him and, even as they hurled, carried from him, through the shadowed space where he lay, out into the black night. Into his nostrils, clogged with sand and fine cinders, came the stench of the hot oil in the journals. His very bones shook. He clung, hand and limb and foot, an inch from mangling death, and he liked it.

It was a fight; he had often endured it; an incident in his business, his chosen calling. He congratulated himself on his luck. It was not always one could catch a train thus handily on a job's completion. "A clean job," he muttered through clenched teeth—"a clean job an' a clean getaway." His mind went to the speed: "Sixty miles; I'll be in town in two hours."

The roar grew; each component noise swelled. The car rocked, hurtling behind the trembling locomotive through the night. In its soft-lighted interior the judge sat, head bent, sick at the thought of his evening's work. On its forward truck the thief, smitten by winds that would beat him down from where he clung with knotted fingers, smiled into the shotlike cinder rain and thought of what he had done.

The forward wheels of the locomotive climbed a loose rail-joint. The engine snapped away from its tender, plunged like a leaping horse; then, like a horse that has missed his stride, came crashing down and buried itself to the boiler top. The tender and baggage-car threw themselves sickly on their sides. The single coach flew over them. It passed ten feet above the track, turned in mid-flight, spilling two men whose limbs sprawled grotesquely as they fell, and it smashed down on the half-buried locomotive, enfolding it. Steam hissed; then belched in a



Judge Elliott Followed, and He Did Not Stop to Think Why thick cloud. A tongue of flame showed faint, flared red and lighted the chaos. In the glare the twisted forms of the two men showed, a heap of clothes by the trackside.

The heap lay still a long time. Then it stirred; then heaved and a groan came from its depths. The man who lay beneath was fighting to escape from him above. It was Judge Elliott, and, as he struggled to lift from him the senseless form of Shimmo, he found that his left arm was broken near the shoulder. The knowledge came to him in a sudden stab of pain, then went from him with all else in the world. When he recovered from his swoon the safe-cracker was lying prone beside him. After several minutes the two struggled to a posture, half-sitting, half-lying, each resting his weight on one arm implanted in the sand

The flames from the burning coach billowed red and reddened the place. It was a desolate stretch of bare sand-dunes; from a distance came the hollow sound of surf pounding a gravel beach. In the fire's glare, with twisted rail-lengths lying like sprawling, glistening serpents before it, the baggage-car loomed. Shimmo and Judge Elliott saw these things and, crouching, they looked into each other's faces. Above the thief's low forehead a cut gaped in the close-cropped hair, and from it crawled a dark thread which spread upon the cinder-blackened face, pain-twisted. The features of the judge, set now to the throb of the broken bone-ends, were masked red with blood from that gash. The two men looked at each other; then, comprehending it all—the lurid glow, the mangled wreckage, and their own presence in this dreary place, fire-lighted—both spoke together two words:

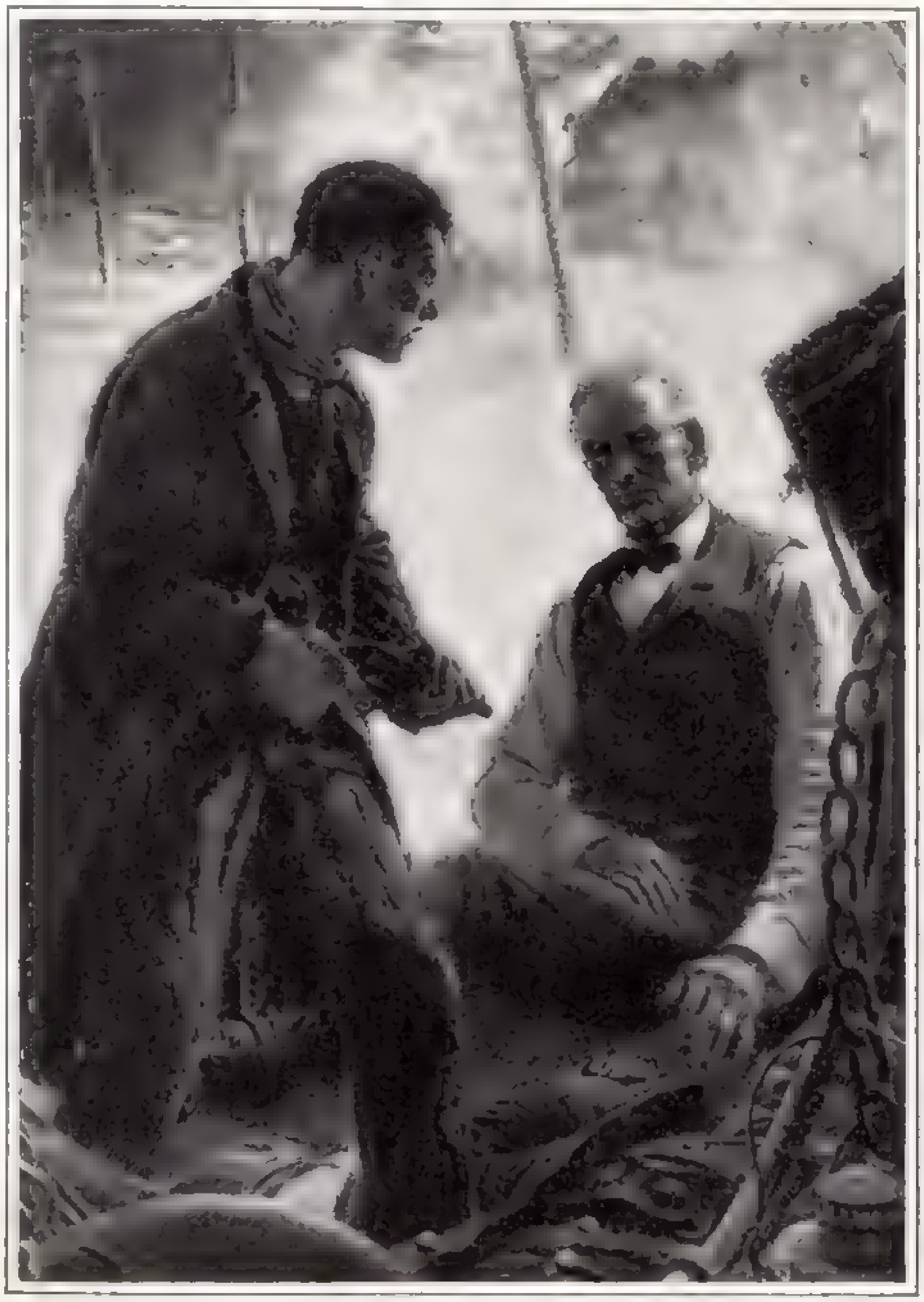
"My God!"

It was not an oath. It was an outcry. And the voice of each was pathetic. Like an answer came to them another cry, shrill, long-drawn, the voice of a man whom pain and awful fear had stricken. It came from the burning coach. Slowly the safe-cracker and the judge arose on shaking limbs.

Shimmo stood a moment, then staggered down the red-lit track. When he had gone a few paces he looked back over his shoulder at Judge Elliott still standing on the spot where the two of them had lain. "Come on, Fellow!" he shouted gruffly, and then ran on without further look, as though he knew the other would obey. Judge Elliott followed, and he did not stop to think why. The cry was constant now, shrill in agony of fear, and accompanying it in sullen undertone the billow of fire swished and cracked. They ran toward it.

Enveloping the locomotive, the coach had split in twain, and the flame-mass, rising from its rear end, moved steadily, hungrily toward the pilot. It was marching eagerly, yet without any uncertainty of movement, upon the place where the cry, unceasing, like the shriek of a distressed engine whose whistle cord has been tied down, rose and fell, rose and fell. Shimmo dashed round the flaming coach end, Judge Elliott at his heels. The red wave bit their faces as they passed; their hair crisped in its breath. They gained the goal, scorched and panting.

Shimmo threw himself upon the shattered car-side and thrust his lean, eager face into a broken window. He drew up his knees and crouched there trembling; Judge Elliott beside him, his head bent close to the cropped head of the thief. The fire-billow, driven by a gust from the sea, swooped toward them. Smoke puffed in a dingy cloud from the window next to that at which they knelt, and white lines of smoke rose from cracks in the splintered woodwork. Shimmo glanced at the belching cloud; then flashed one sharp look at his companion. He dove into the black cavern of the rended coach, and his limbs dragged across the glass at the window edges as he vanished.



"Yes, I Told You to Mend Your Ways." He Half-Smiled Wearily "Apparently." He Went on, "You Didn't Heed the Warning"

The cry ceased. Save for the swish of the approaching fire the place was silent. Judge Elliott crouched alone in the glare, motionless. From the depths came the voice of the thief, stern, abrupt:

"Quick, an axe, up front on the platform!"

The Judge leaped to the command; he did not question it; he had waited for it; he was looking up to this other mind, his master in action; his mind was set on carrying it out.

From the front of the boiler rose a cloud of steam. It came through the wrapping coach, white, smothering. He entered it on hands and knees, his limp arm dangling by his side. It enwrapped him—oppressing, blinding, shutting out sense of all else, deadening him with its dripping heat. He penned his breath in his lungs; he shut his eyes. Teeth tight together, he crawled, grimly, doggedly. His head swam and seemed about to burst; his chest ached; his limbs became leaden. Slowly he dragged them after him, forged forward inch by inch, fighting himself for each movement. Effort made hours out of moments; and, when he emerged, he had forgotten all else save this mantling, killing whiteness. He lay limp on the broken woodwork, sucking in great drafts of fresh air which burned his lungs like hot iron. Then he remembered and began groping for the glass case where the wrecking tools were kept. He found it, broke the pane with his elbow and started on his journey back.

When he came to the window the voice of the thief was calling him, weak now: "Quick, Fellow! Quick!"

He threw himself forward and thrust the axe through the window. He felt a hot touch on his cheek; he looked over his shoulder. The wave of fire was drawing close. He rose and faced it. Tiny tongues were licking at the woodwork; he stamped upon them desperately. Beneath his feet he heard the axe, steadily, with eloquence of effort in every stroke, pound, pound, pound. It stopped. Only the sound of the flames chewing the dry woodwork came, their red alignment, united before a driving wind, above his head.

"Quick! Here! A hand ——"

He thrust his well arm into the window and he leaned upon the broken shoulder doing it. He almost fainted at the pain. But he felt the hand touch Shimmo's coat collar, and he united all his waning faculties in one great, grim effort, born of will; and he hauled the safe-cracker to the air.

The flame-wave, almost upon them, had paused as though waiting a brief moment before overwhelming them. They could hardly breathe for the heat. Shimmo turned his black and blood-reddened face toward the fire and drew back his lips in a snarl. With a savage, eager sob he threw himself face down and began fighting with something beneath the broken window. Then he hauled forth a half-senseless man. It was the negro porter. They dragged him away as the flames leaped upon the place, hiding it from them

A half-hour later the safe-cracker rose from where he had lain and stood, his feet wide apart, half-leaning against the slope of a sand-dune; Judge Elliott sat beside him, sickly. Before them stood the negro porter, his clothing torn half from him, but his battered cap still clinging to his head, jammed down, framing the upper part of his brown face, whose lower part was grotesquely inclosed by the dangling ends of his linen collar jerked loose from their fastenings.

Shimmo looked at him a moment; then in the voice of one who has from necessity abrogated leadership:

"You ain't hurt."

The porter nodded dazedly.

"Listen!" the thief went on sternly; "an' get what I'm tellin' you. The next station's twelve miles down the line—a blind sidin' wit' a telegraph office. See? Hike, now, quick! an' tell them. Hit it up! No time fer foolin'."

The porter nodded as he began and kept on nodding all through, mechanically. "Yessir," he said; "yessir; yessir." And at once he was gone.

Shimmo's eyes went to the wreckage and a scowl cleft his forehead. "D - this road!" he growled; "this is the second time they ditched me here."

He glanced sharply toward the baggage car. "Come on!" he said tersely to Judge Elliott without looking at him. "We'll see if there's any more left."

They passed the fiery heap where the locomotive and coach were becoming red cinders. The safe-cracker shook his head at the glowing framework of the cab. "No time fer them two to jump," he muttered. His foot struck something in the sand, and he picked up a trainman's lantern. "Get a bit o' fire," he ordered, and he lighted it with a flaming splinter which Judge Elliott brought.

The baggage car lay at the edge of the light-circle, a sombre heap, raised at one end where it had telescoped the tender. Shimmo explored it and finally held the lantern, looking a long time beneath it. He pointed, and Judge Elliott, when his eyes had become accustomed to the dimness, saw in the shadows the upper half of a man's body wrapped round a wheel.

"That's one o' them," said Shimmo grimly; "an'—look here—here's another." He raised his foot. Almost beneath it was the body of the conductor. It lay half-buried in the sand and the face was turned toward the sky It was very black with dirt and oil, ground in; and yet in this black was a strange, waxlike suggestion, the sharp, clear smoothness which death so often brings. The eyes looked upward uncompromisingly. The arms were a-sprawl. They sat down beside it, and Shimmo looked at Judge Elliott thoughtfully.

"Five hours to daylight. An' no help for four hours, anyway. We're up against the real thing."

The judge nodded in silent acquiescence. Shimmo's eyes suddenly narrowed toward the dangling arm. "Broke?" he queried.

"I think so." Judge Elliott's voice shook with the pain.

"Sit still," Shimmo commanded kindly. "I won't hurt you more'n I can. Easy now"—he was pulling off the coat, gently, slowly. "There! Easy—easy ——" He took the arm in his two hands, feeling the broken bone-ends, and he raised his eyes to the face of the other, twitching, with sweat beads upon it. "Hell!" he said pityingly; "there—be still where you are."

He ran toward the fire and returned with the back of a broken, leather lounging chair. "Lean again' this," he ordered quietly. "Now I'll wrap it up a bit an' make it easier. See?" He stooped over and, as he busied himself with the broken limb, there slipped from his breast overcoat pocket, falling into the lap of the judge, the big, long-barreled blue revolver from whose butt, unwrapping as it fell, fluttered the black cloth mask.

Both men recoiled.

The eyes of the Judge widened with swift realization, and then, as he looked into the face of the other, grim now,

(Continued on Page 42)

The Advantages of Adipose

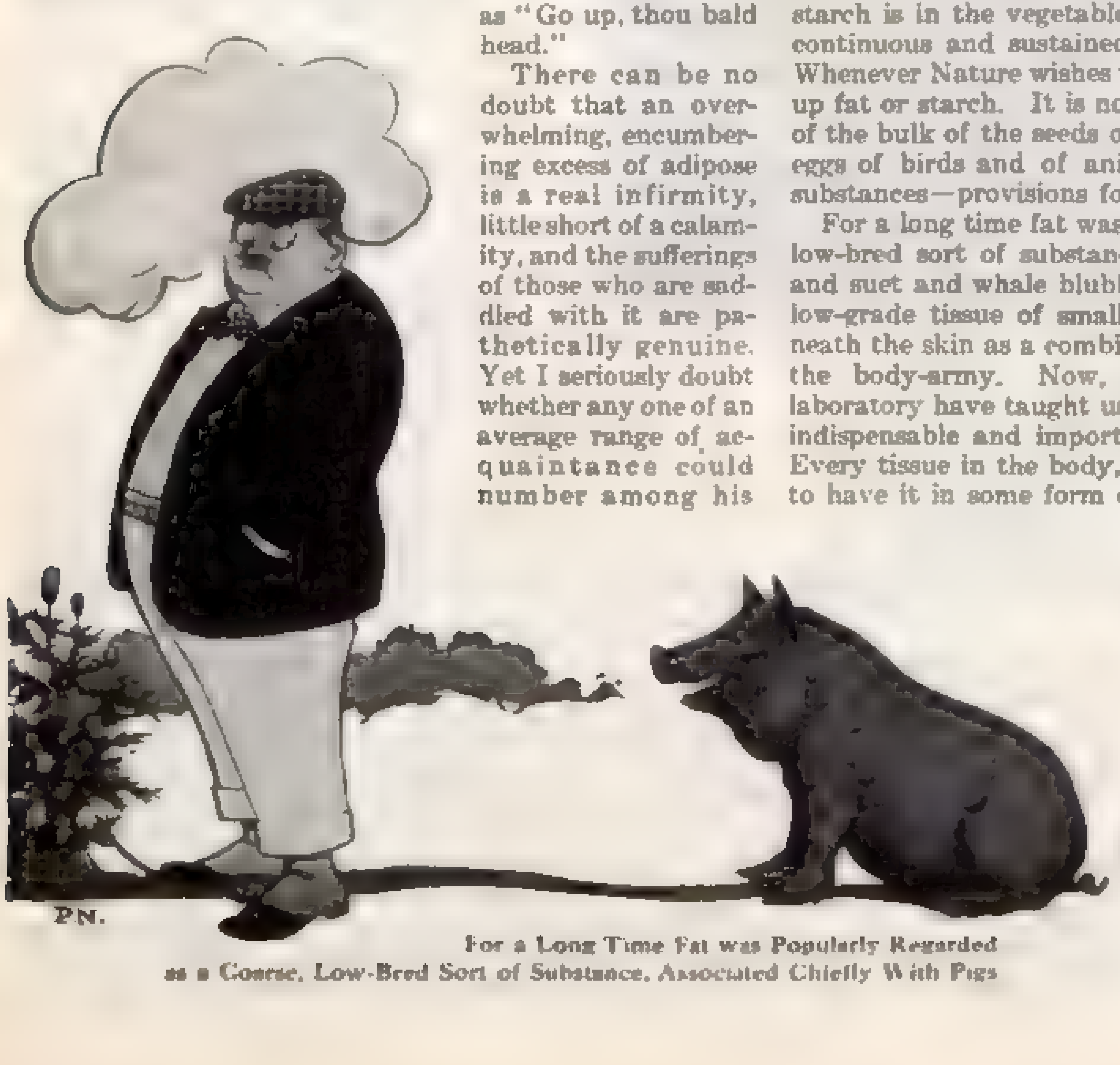
HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH FAT

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IT IS natural to desire to be different. Whatever we are, or have, we would like to be something else. The really desirable thing is always precisely what we have not got. Properly balanced, this instinct is one of the mainsprings of progress. A reasonable amount of discontent is wholesome, but an excess of it is the greatest murderer of happiness known. Nowhere is this tendency better exemplified than in the matter of our bodily proportions. The tall girl is quite sure that her giraffe-like proportions render her unduly conspicuous. The short man, in spite of his bantam-like brag and bluster, "that it is your small men, sir, that have made history," would give his ears to be tall. The thin woman compares her willowy outlines to a lath or a scantling, while the plump and comfortable maiden thinks of herself as a barrel or a flour-sack. So that we must be prepared to discount many of the complaints of the corpulent, of the wails of the well padded, as having little more substantial basis than this perverse tendency of human nature to hanker after the unattainable, to insist on placing the Delectable Land just below the horizon, or, as the Kerry peasant puts it, "back of the Beyant."

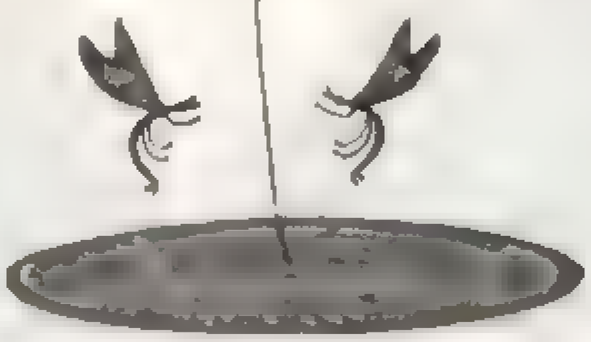
In at least half the cases of self-styled obesity which clamor for relief and sympathy, their fatness, like the Emersonian's Boston, is not a place, but a state of mind. Easily another twenty-five per cent. are chiefly concerned over their increased generosity of outline on account of the real or imaginary loss of sylphlike grace and slender symmetry; and if they could be reassured upon this point would not be a pin the worse, and often many points better, for their increase in weight. Not more than twenty-five per cent. of those who bewail their amplitude of growth are in any serious way disabled or discomforted by it. Yet fully fifty per cent. of the human race live in dread that they are or will some day become unwieldy, gross, "lubberly," "tubby," "pussy," "roly-poly," "mountains of fat," "human haystacks," or any one of the score of picturesque, metaphoric terms in which our vernacular is so fertile. To be "fat and scant o' breath" has been counted a reproach from the days of Falstaff, while "fatty" is as ancient and classic a term of derision as "Go up, thou bald head."



For a Long Time Fat was Popularly Regarded as a Coarse, Low-Bred Sort of Substance, Associated Chiefly With Pigs

There can be no doubt that an overwhelming, encumbering excess of adipose is a real infirmity, little short of a calamity, and the sufferings of those who are saddled with it are pathetically genuine. Yet I seriously doubt whether any one of an average range of acquaintance could number among his total circle more individuals who are afflicted in this way than could be counted on his ten fingers. Not more than five or ten persons in the thousand are distressingly and disablingly fat, and yet every one who begins to round out his curves and lay on flesh, be it ever so slightly, is absolutely sure that he is destined to be one of those horrible examples. It is not so much what they are now that the corpulent complain of, as the dread they have of what they may grow into, as they get older. It is the calamities that never happen that turn our hair gray and grave the wrinkles. The plump have the same horror of even the mildest increase in weight that the Prohibitionist has of the first drink—for fear of what it may lead to.

One would think that fatness was a disease, a deadly plague, which, when once it had got foothold in the system, would go steadily on to destroy it, and whose earliest appearance and slightest symptoms were a danger signal and a cause for alarm. Few things could be further from the physiological fact. Nine times out of ten it is a mark, not of disease, but of health. It is an indication that the system, by good management and good housekeeping, has brought its expenditures within its income and is able to lay by a little, against a rainy day. Fat is Nature's savings-bank, a hoard which can be drawn upon in times of scarcity or of need. Fat is in the animal economy what starch is in the vegetable—a reserve fuel without which continuous and sustained activity would be impossible. Whenever Nature wishes to provide for the future she lays up fat or starch. It is no mere accident that nine-tenths of the bulk of the seeds of plants and of the yolks of the eggs of birds and of animals is composed of these two substances—provisions for the life that is to come.



For a long time fat was popularly regarded as a coarse, low-bred sort of substance, associated chiefly with pigs and suet and whale blubber, and scientifically even as a low-grade tissue of small vitality, deposited chiefly beneath the skin as a combination of blanket and bacon for the body-army. Now, however, the microscope and laboratory have taught us to regard it as one of the most indispensable and important tissues of the entire body. Every tissue in the body, except the teeth and nails, has to have it in some form or proportion if it is to be kept in health. "Fat-headed" or "fat-witted" is a term of reproach, yet nearly half of the bulk of our boasted brain and nerves is made up of a delicate, fatty substance known as *lecithin*. So intimate a part of their structure is it that the well-known sleep-producing, anæsthetic effects of ether and chloroform are believed to be due to their affinity for the fatty substances of the nerve centres. Fat lubricates the movements of the muscles, pads over the prominences of the bones so that the skin can play smoothly over them without stretching or cracking; the eyeballs rotate upon a cushion of fat; not only are the hollows of our bones filled with it (yellow marrow), but the spongy portions of them are packed with a so-called red marrow, also largely fat, in which some of the most vital and important processes of blood-formation are carried out.

From a physiological point of view it is about as irrational to object to a fair amount, or even a moderate excess, of fat as it would be to too much muscle or too many brains, or, from a financial point of view, too much money in the bank. And in eight cases out of ten its accumulation will not go beyond comparatively reasonable limits. Moreover, like money, where it can be accumulated, it can also be spent. Indeed, the purpose of its accumulation is for future spending, and this spending usually takes place within the lifetime of the individual. Nature is seldom so foolish as to be a miser and to accumulate for the mere pleasure of hoarding. In either case a margin is a good thing to have. You never have quite enough until you have a little too much.

Supposing that fat in perfectly healthy conditions constitutes ten per cent. of the body weight; what are the causes that determine its accumulation in excess of this? In animals this is simplicity itself, and fattening can be produced at will by increasing their food supply, particularly in starchy or fatty substances, without increasing their exercise. In a state of nature a change of this sort occurs every fall, and is of obvious value as a preparation for the cold and probable food-scarcity of winter. There is, however, nothing prophetic about it, as the old argument of design was wont to hold, for it simply depends upon the fact that the trees and plants that have formed the habit of maturing their seeds at this time of year will leave offspring that have a chance of surviving the winter, and by feeding upon these fruits, grains and nuts the animal most selfishly grows fat.

Protection Against the Frosts of Old Age

OUR own species has almost completely lost this seasonal variation, its only survival being among farming populations, who, instead of laying on weight in the fall and losing it in the winter, gain weight in winter and lose it in spring. Animals in a state of nature and savages subsist usually in such a hand-to-mouth fashion and upon so narrow a dietetic margin that any marked increase of their food supply is promptly embraced as an opportunity of insuring themselves against the next famine by laying on fat. Civilized man, however, has had, for generations past, so comparatively equable a food supply the year around that he has, in large measure, lost this tendency to respond promptly to increases in his food by laying on flesh. Unless his appetite be first improved by life or exercise in the open air, travel or change of scene, an increase of food is more likely to make him bilious than to fatten him. In fact, the relation to-day between fatness and feeding is far less intimate than is usually supposed. Individual peculiarity, hereditary tendencies and special habits of life are much more apt to be concerned in it than either quantity or quality of food.

There is, however, one natural tendency to weight variation which still survives, and that is the inclination to gain weight with increasing years, after adult stature has been reached. The average healthy, vigorous man or woman, after reaching and holding a comparatively constant weight from the twenty-fifth year on for a decade or two, somewhere from the thirty-fifth to the fiftieth year is apt to show an inclination to put on from fifteen to thirty pounds of additional avoirdupois.

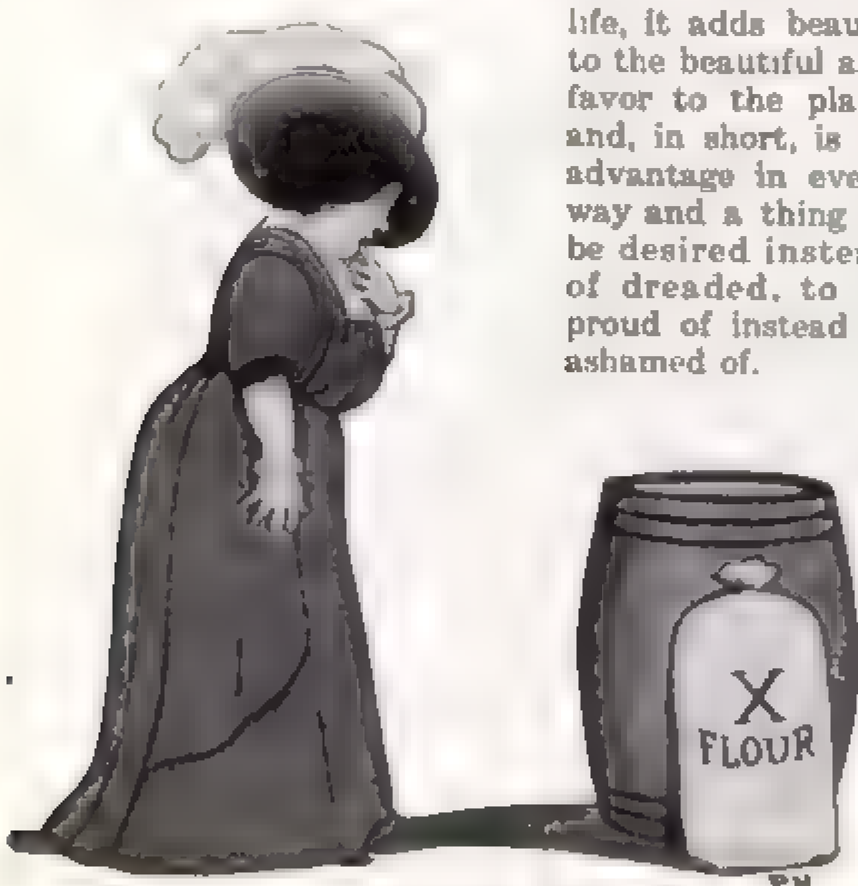
This is a perfectly normal, natural tendency, roughly parallel with the animal habit of getting fat in the fall in preparation for winter. Fifteen or twenty pounds of adipose is as valuable a protection against the frosts of old age as it would be against the blasts of Boreas. So far as this tendency being regarded as anything abnormal or cause for uneasiness, it is, on the contrary, its absence which should cause us to worry.

If it does not occur we had better look about for the reason why. The stout and comfortable middle-aged man or woman will stand the worry and strain of middle life, and have at least a ten to twenty per cent. better chance of survival to a good old age than the thin, spare and nervous one. Like every natural accumulation of adipose, it is stored up only to be spent, and this fifteen to thirty pounds increase in the fourth or fifth decade is almost certain to be lost again in the sixth or seventh. "The shrunk shank," and "lean and slipper'd pantaloon" are as characteristic marks of the sixth Age of Man as the "fair round belly, with good capon lin'd" is of the fifth.

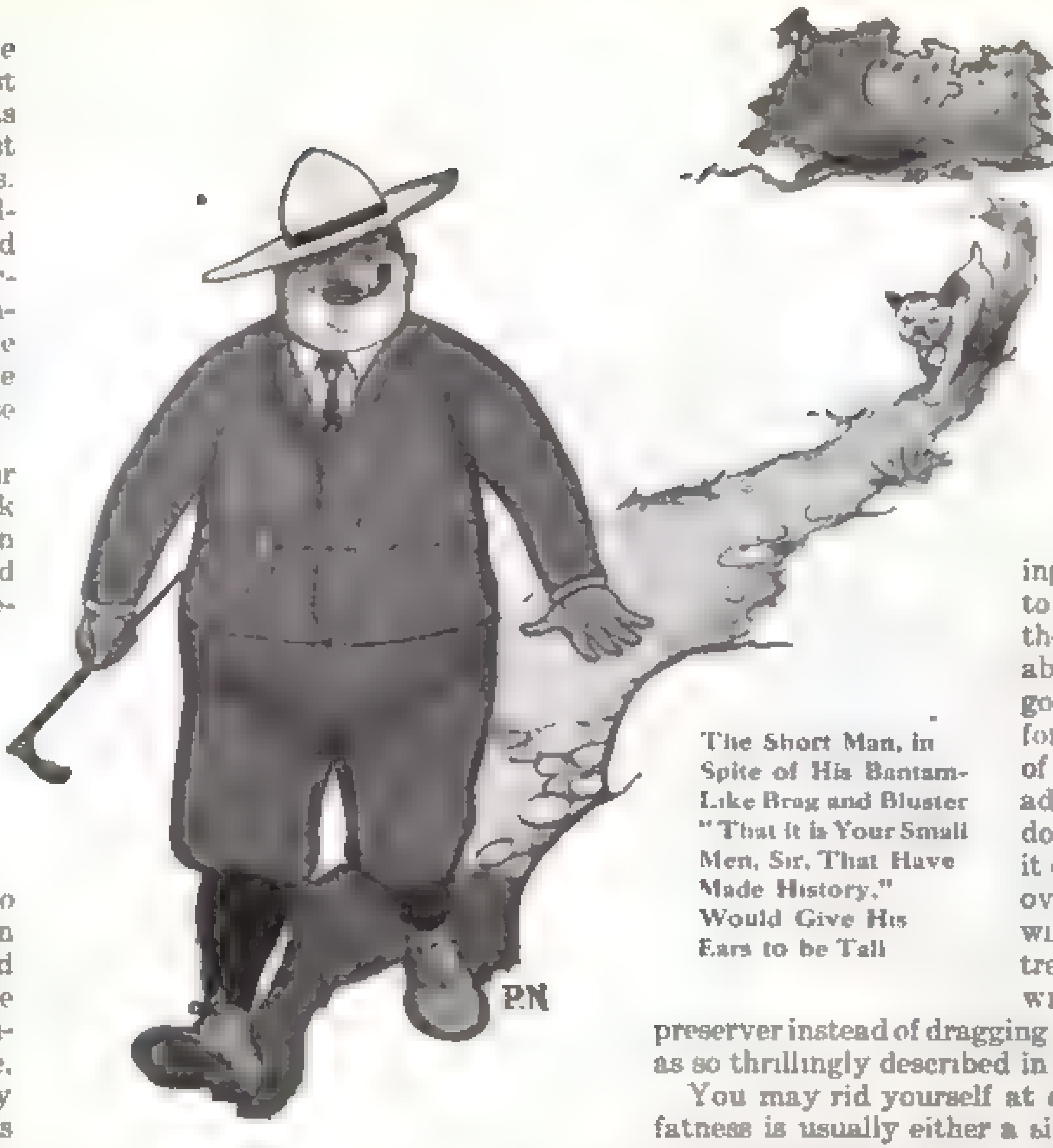
But it is not only in middle life that a fair degree of adipose—yes, of plain fatness—is both a sign of health and an asset for the future, but in earlier life as well. It is nearly twenty per cent. safer to be ten pounds over than ten pounds under the normal or standard weight for your height at any age. The statistics of our insurance companies years ago revealed the curious fact that, while those applicants for insurance, of consumptive family history who were ten pounds or more under weight showed a marked susceptibility to the disease, those who were fortunate enough to be ten pounds or more over the standard weight showed, not only no higher susceptibility than the average of the community, but a slightly lower one. In other words, an increase of ten pounds in weight had overbalanced the dangers of the hereditary tendency. One of our principal aims in the open-air treatment of consumption is to increase our patient's weight. When once he has fairly started to get fat we feel that half the battle against the disease is over. Merely to find a young man or woman remarkably under weight for their height arouses a suspicion at once of possible tuberculosis.

Fat the Foe of Neurasthenia

ONE of the most successful methods of treating neurasthenia and nervous bankruptcy, the celebrated Weir Mitchell treatment, consists chiefly of rest and overfeeding, and its object is to make the patient fat. So that a growth of healthy fat up to or even slightly in excess of twenty per cent. of your former weight is a protection against disease, a buffer against the shocks and a shield against the darts and pin-pricks of fortune, a lubricator of all the frictions of life, it adds beauty to the beautiful and favor to the plain, and, in short, is an advantage in every way and a thing to be desired instead of dreaded, to be proud of instead of ashamed of.



The Plump and Comfortable Maiden Thinks of Herself as a Barrel or a Flour-Sack



The Short Man, in Spite of His Bantam-Like Brag and Bluster "That it is Your Small Men, Sir, That Have Made History," Would Give His Ears to be Tall

My advice, therefore, to the vast majority of those who are anxious to lose weight, to get thin, is like Punch's famous advice to those about to get married: "*Don't.*" Your balance in the body bank may be a trifle unpoetic in the matter of waistline, may show a regrettable preference for accumulating where the miners used to carry their gold, under the belt, but do not worry about it. You will have a good time spending it before very long, and most of the means that you can adopt to get rid of it will do you far more harm than it ever will or can. Moreover, unlike the gold, it will float, and in the extreme emergency of shipwreck will act as a life-preserver instead of dragging you down to destruction, as so thrillingly described in the Shilling Shockers.

You may rid yourself at once of the spectre that fatness is usually either a sign of disease or a cause of disease. Statements to this effect are abroad on every hand, dating back to a most respectable antiquity, one of them, indeed, attributed to the great Father of Medicine. If he ever said it it is simply another addition to the numerous illustrations of the truth that great Jove himself sometimes nods. But in whatever mists of antiquity the saying may have started, it is little better than pure superstition, and its principal vogue at the present day is due to the shameless and unscrupulous exploitation of it in the columns of the newspapers by quacks and charlatans who have anti-fat remedies to sell. The business of these harpies, of course, is to fatten on the fears and superstitions of the people, and their jeremiads upon the dangers and terrors of fatness are as false as their claims to cure. The only weight their remedies can be relied upon to reduce is that of their victims' purse.

The vast majority of diseases are marked by thinness and emaciation, not by fatness and increase in weight; and fatness is one of the rarest symptoms of disease, instead of the commonest. A few conditions which diminish the power of the individual to take exercise, while at the same time the appetite and powers of nutrition are not impaired, may be accompanied by an increase in weight. A few other conditions in which there is an imperfect elimination of waste, or in which mildly narcotic poisons are either produced in the body or, like alcohol, introduced into it from without, may, by a perversion of the chemical activities of the body, result in a general choking, so to speak, of combustion and a consequent accumulation of flabby fat. But all these disease conditions put together would not account for five per cent. of the instances of positive corpulence which we meet, and in none of them does the mere increase of fatty tissue constitute a serious complication of the disease. There is another somewhat larger group of diseases, chiefly those involving the heart or the kidneys, in which there is a marked increase in body weight and bulk, such as is commonly known as "bloating," but this is due, not to an accumulation of fat, healthy or unhealthy, but simply of water in the tissues—a genuine "*waterlogging*" of the body-hulk.

Another ghastly delusion which has a wide circulation is that if ordinary healthy fat be allowed to go on accumulating it will finally "gather round the heart and choke you." This has about as much foundation as the equally widespread belief that if you lift up a guinea-pig by its tail its eyes will drop out. *Fat around the heart* and a *fatty heart* are as different as a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse. A moderate increase of the normal adipose tissue upon the surface of the heart does occur in some cases of general obesity, but this does not interfere in any appreciable way with the movements of the organ, except, to a slight degree, in the same way that it does those of the rest of the body—by increasing its weight and bulk. The real *fatty heart* is a degeneration or decay of the heart muscle itself, in the course of which its muscular substance is turned into fat, much the same as the curd of cheese is turned into fat in the process of ripening. This, of course, is an exceedingly serious diseased condition, but has no relation whatever to the fatness or thinness of the individual in whom it occurs; in fact, is quite as often found in thin and emaciated people as in stout and corpulent ones.

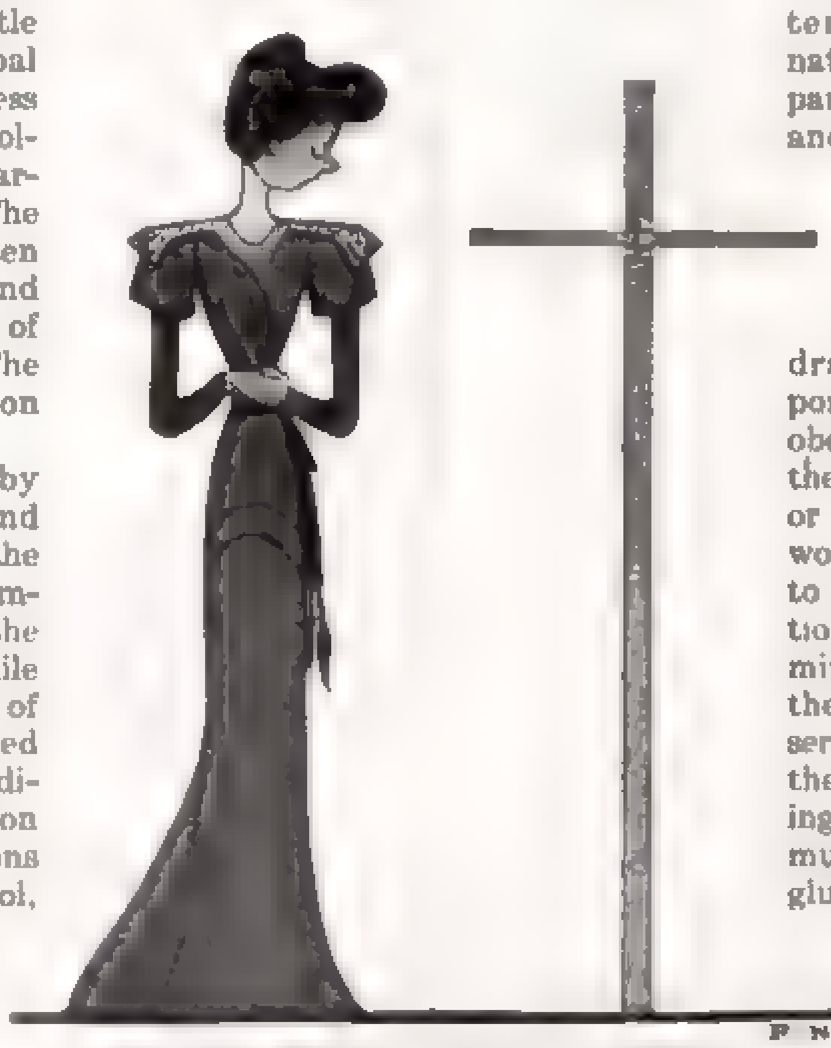
But all this, while it may, to some degree, relieve their fears for the future and mitigate the horrors of their situation, is but scant comfort for the fifteen or twenty per cent. of self-styled sufferers from obesity, who really have an accumulation of adipose excessive enough to interfere with both comfort and efficiency, and who can echo from the bottom of their hearts the aspiration of the poet:

Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt!

What can be done for them? That will depend entirely upon the cause of their unwelcome riches—their swollen fortunes. With fully half of them this will be found to be something for which they are not in the least responsible and which, also, is almost entirely beyond their control—a natural tendency to lay on flesh, to increase in weight, upon a diet and under conditions in which the average individual would remain thin and slender. We must frankly admit that we know little or nothing of the nature of this tendency any more than we do of the similar ones—to grow tall or short, to have blue or brown eyes, to be blond or brunette, except that, like all of these, it is very apt to be hereditary.

Why Some of Us Take on Fat

A CERTAIN percentage of the members of some families, seldom more than twenty or thirty per cent., exhibit a well-marked tendency to grow stout and corpulent, some in young life, but more after a certain age has been reached. Our ability to modify this condition is almost as limited as our understanding of it. About all that can be done is to urge these unfortunate individuals to keep up as active habits of exercise and outdoor life as possible, to refrain from excess in the matter of sugar and starches, and, of course, avoid alcoholic beverages, and to encourage them to cultivate that cheerful tendency which, fortunately, usually accompanies this bodily habit, and try to make the best of it. It is perfectly idle for them to starve themselves, to drain their tissues with drastic cathartics, to poison themselves with obesity cures, to sweat themselves into a hectic, or to walk in the sun or work in the gymnasium to the verge of exhaustion. Let them clear their minds of the dread that their fat is ever going to seriously injure them; rid themselves of the haunting sense that this accumulation is due to either gluttony or laziness, and hence is something in itself disgraceful; eat a good variety of foods, particularly fresh vegetables, meat and acid fruits; indulge in all the pleasurable kinds of exercise that they can be sure to find.



The Thin Woman Compares Her Willowy Outlines to a Lath and a Scantling

In short, stop punishing themselves for what is not their own fault, and worrying over a condition which they cannot cure and which will, probably, one day disappear of itself, and they will find their lot a tolerable and usually even an enjoyable one. A small group in whom fatness is due to some definite disease-condition, some perversion of the body metabolism, will have, of course, causations as varied as their diseases, and will each require individual treatment by a competent physician.

This leaves a considerable group of Falstaffs and "Fair, fat and forties," whose condition is due largely to the aggravation either of slight hereditary tendencies or of the normal weight-increase of approaching middle life, by careless or bad habits on their part. The first and far the commonest cause of the trouble among these is the dropping of regular habits of exercise in the open air, such as is very apt to occur after the age of twenty-five in both men and women under modern conditions. Conventional and commercial influences have about equal weight.

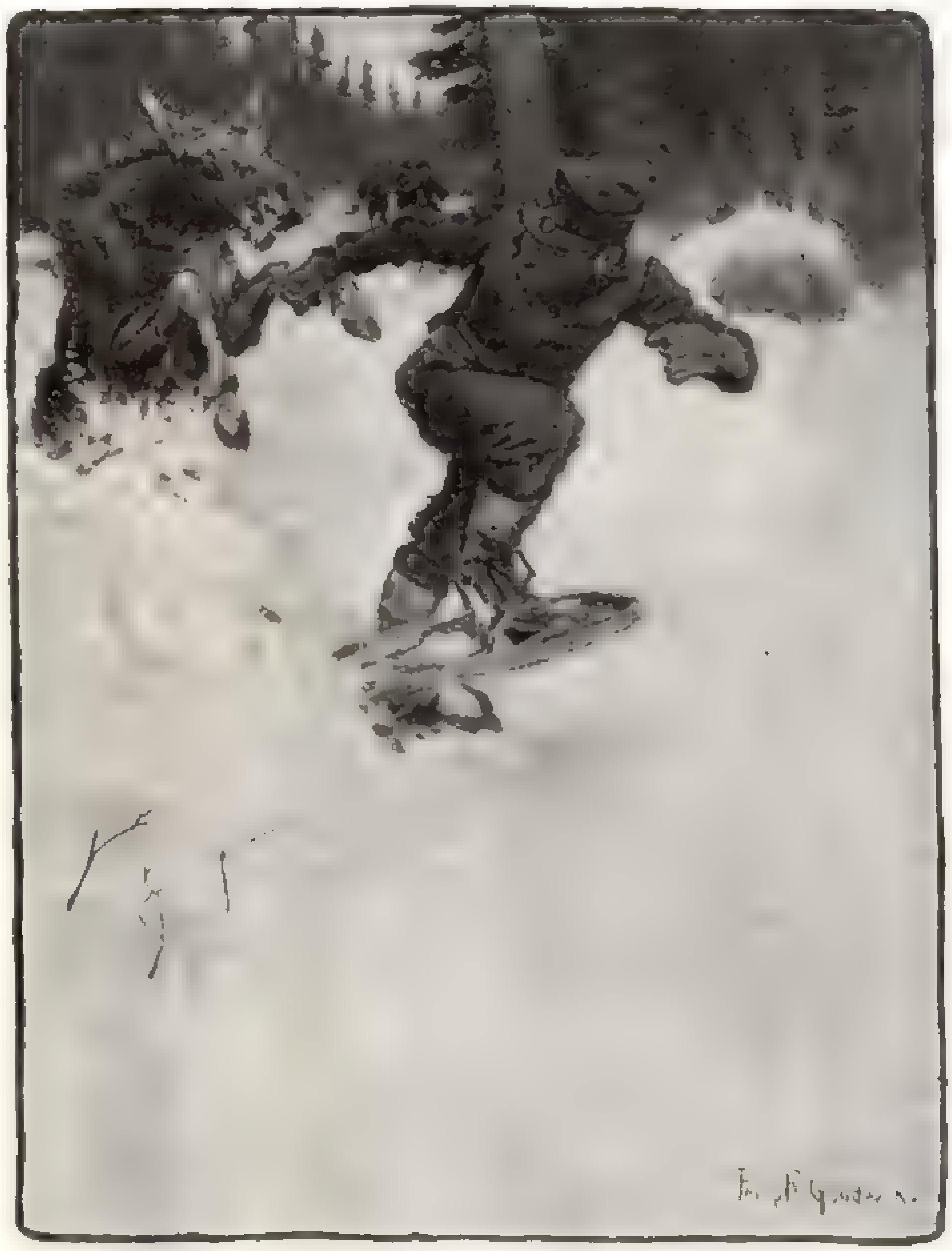
The boy who has completed his period of studies, of apprenticeship and of experimentation, and settled down to his trade, his business or his profession, is taught that it is beneath his dignity and will interfere with his reputation for steadiness and reliability in the community to continue his baseball, football or tennis, and, except at

(Continued on Page 32)

The Monarch of Park Barren

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN



For Perhaps Thirty or Forty Yards the Bull was Able to Keep Up This Almost Incredible Pace

I

FROM the cold spring lakes and sombre deeps of spruce forest, over which the bald granite peak of Old Sangamank kept endless guard, came reports of a moose of more than royal stature, whose antlers beggared all records for symmetry and spread. From a home-coming lumber-cruiser here, a wandering Indian there, the word came straggling in, till the settlements about the lower reaches of the river began to believe there might be some truth behind the wild tales. Then—for it was autumn, the season of gold and crimson falling leaves, and battles on the lake shores under the white full moon—there followed stories of other moose, seen fleeing in terror, with torn flanks and bleeding shoulders; and it was realized that the prowess of the great bull moose was worthy of his stature and his adornment. Apparently he was driving all the other bulls off the Sangamank ranges.

By this time the matter became of interest to the guides. The stories came in from different quarters, so it was hard to guess just where the gigantic stranger was most likely to be found. To north and northeast of the mountain went the two Armstrongs, seeking the stranger's trail, while to south and southeastward explored the Crimmins boys. If real, the giant bull had to be located; if a myth, he had to be exploded before raising impossible hopes in the hearts of visiting sportsmen.

Then suddenly arrived corroboration of all the stories. It came from Charley Crimmins. He was able to testify with conviction that the giant bull was no figment of Indian's imagination or lumberman's inventive humor. For it was he whose search had been successful.

In fact, he might have been content to have it just a shade less overwhelmingly successful. That there is such a thing as an embarrassment of success was borne in upon him when he found himself jumping madly for the nearest tree, with a moose that seemed to have the size of an elephant crashing through the thickets close behind him. He reached the tree just in time to swing well up among the branches. Then the tree quivered as the furious animal flung his bulk against it. Crimmins had lost his rifle in the flight. He could do nothing but sit shivering on his branch, making remarks so uncomplimentary that the great bull, if he could have appreciated them, would probably have established himself under that tree till vengeance was accomplished. But, not knowing that he had been insulted, he presently grew tired of snorting at his captive, and wandered off through the woods in search of more exciting occupation. Then, indignant beyond words, Charley descended from his retreat, and took back his authoritative report.

At first it was thought that there would be great hunting around Old Sangamank till those tremendous antlers should fall a prize to some huntsman not only lucky but rich. For no one who could not pay right handsomely for the chance could hope to be guided to the range where such an unequaled trophy was to be won. But when the matter, in all its authenticated details, came to the ears of Uncle Adam, dean of the guides of that region, he said "*No!*" with an emphasis that left no room for argument. There should be no hunting around the slopes of Sangamank for several seasons. If the great bull was the terror they made him out to be, then he had driven all the other bulls from his range, and there was nothing to be hunted but his royal self. "Well," decreed the far-seeing old guide, "we'll let him be for a bit, till his youngsters begin to grow up like him. Then there'll be no heads in all the rest of New Brunswick like them that comes from Old Sangamank." This decree was accepted, the New Brunswick guides being among those who are wise enough to cherish the golden-egged goose.

In the course of that season the giant moose was seen several times by guides and woodsmen, but, usually, from a distance, as the inconsiderate impetuosity of his temper was not favorable to close or calm observation. The only people who really knew him were those who, like Charley Crimmins, had looked down upon his grunting wrath from the branches of a substantial tree.

Upon certain important details, however, all observers agreed. The stranger (for it was held that, driven by some southward wandering instinct, he had come down from the wild solitudes of the Gaspé Peninsula) was reckoned to be a good eight inches taller at the shoulders than any other moose of New Brunswick record, and several hundredweight heavier. His antlers, whose symmetry and palmation seemed perfect, were estimated to have a spread of sixty inches, at least. That was the conservative estimate of Uncle Adam, who had made his observations with remarkable composure from a tree somewhat less lofty and sturdy than he would have chosen.

In color the giant was so dark that his back and flanks looked black, except in the strongest sunlight. His mighty head, with long, deeply-overhanging muzzle, was of a rich brown, while the under parts of his body and the inner surfaces of his long, straight legs were of a rusty fawn-color. His "bell"—as the long, shaggy appendage that hangs from the neck of a bull moose, a little below the throat, is called—was of unusual development, and the coarse hair adorning it peculiarly glossy. To bring down such a magnificent prize, and to carry off such a trophy as that unmatched head and antlers, the greatest sportsmen of America would have begrudged no effort or expense. But, though the fame of the wonderful animal was cunningly allowed to spread to the ears of all sportsmen, its habitat seemed miraculously elusive. It was heard of on the Upsalquitch, the Nepisiguit, the Dungarvon, the Little Sou'west, but more, by some strange chance, in the country around Old Sangamank. Visiting sportsmen hunted, followed great trails and brought down splendid heads; but no stranger with a rifle was allowed to see the proud antlers of the Monarch of Sangamank.

The right of the splendid moose to be called the Monarch of Sangamank was settled, beyond all question, one moonlight night when the surly old bear who lived in a crevasse far up under the stony crest of the mountain came down and attempted to dispute it. The wild kindred, as a rule, are most averse to unnecessary quarrels. Unless their food or their mates are at stake, they will fight only under extreme provocation, or when driven to bay. They are not ashamed to run away rather than press matters too far and toward a doubtful issue. A bull moose and a bear are apt to give each other a wide berth, respecting each other's prowess. But there are exceptions to all rules—especially where bears, the most individual of our wild cousins, are concerned. And this bear was in a particularly savage mood. Just in the mating season he had lost his mate, who had been shot by an Indian. The old bear did not know what had happened to her; but he was ready to avenge her upon any one.

Unluckily for him, it was the great moose who crossed his path; and the luck was all Charley Crimmins', who chanced to be the spectator of what happened there beside the moonlit lake.

Charley was on his way over to the head of the Nepisiguit, when it occurred to him that he would like to get another glimpse of the great beast who had so ignominiously discomfited him. Peeling a sheet of bark from the nearest white birch he twisted himself a "moose-call," then climbed into the branches of a willow which spread out over the edge of the shining lake. From this concealment he began to utter persuasively the long, uncouth, melancholy call by which the moose cow summons her mate.

Sometimes these vast northern solitudes seem, for hours together, as if they were empty of all life. It is as if a wave of distrust had passed simultaneously over all the creatures of the wild. At other times the lightest occasion suffices to call life out of the stillness. Crimmins had not sounded more than twice his dreadful call when the bushes behind the strip of beach crackled sharply. But it was not the great bull that stepped forth into the moonlight. It was a cow moose. She came out with no effort at concealment, and walked up and down the beach, angrily looking for her imagined rival

When the uneasy animal's back was toward him Crimmins called again, a short, soft call. The cow jumped around as if she had been struck, and the stiff hair along her neck stood up with jealous rage. But there was no rival anywhere in sight, and she stood completely mystified, shaking her ungainly head, peering into the dark undergrowth, and snorting tempestuously as if challenging the invisible rival to appear. Then suddenly the angry ridge of hair sank down, she seemed to shrink together upon herself and with a convulsive bound she sprang away from the dark undergrowth, landing with a splash in the shallow water along shore. At the same instant the black branches were burst apart, and a huge bear, forepaws upraised and jaws wide open, launched himself forth into the open.

Disappointed at missing his first spring, the bear rushed furiously upon his intended victim; but the cow, for all her apparent awkwardness, was as agile as a deer. Barely eluding his rush, she went shambling up the shore at a terrific pace, plunged into the woods and vanished. The bear checked himself at the water's edge, and turned, holding his nose high in air, as if disdaining to acknowledge that he had been foiled.

Crimmins hesitatingly raised his rifle. Should he bag this bear, or should he wait, and sound his call again a little later, in the hope of yet summoning the great bull? As he hesitated, and the burly, black shape out in the moonlight also stood hesitating, the thickets rustled and parted almost beneath him, and the mysterious bull strode forth, with his head held high.

He had come in answer to what he thought was the summons of his mate; but when he saw the bear his rage broke all bounds. He doubtless concluded that the bear had driven his mate away. With a bawling roar he thundered down upon the intruder.

The bear, as we have seen, was in no mood to give way. His small eyes glowed suddenly red with vengeful fury, as he wheeled and gathered himself, half crouching upon his haunches, to meet the tremendous attack. In this attitude all his vast strength was perfectly poised, ready for use in any direction. The moose, had he been attacking a rival of his own kind, would have charged with antlers down; but, against all other enemies, the weapons that he relied upon were his gigantic hoofs, edged like chisels. As he reached his sullenly-waiting antagonist he reared on his hindlegs, towering like a black rock about to fall and crush whatever was in its path. Like pile-drivers his forehoofs struck downward, one closely following the other.

The bear swung aside as lightly as a weasel, and eluded —but only by a hair's-breadth—that destructive stroke. As he wheeled he delivered a terrific swinging blow with his armed forepaw upon his assailant's shoulder.

The blow was a fair one. Any ordinary bull moose would have gone down beneath it, with his shoulder-joint shattered to splinters; but this great bull merely staggered, and stood for a second in amazement. Then he whipped about, and darted upon the bear with a sort of hoarse scream, his eyes flaming with a veritable madness. He neither reared to strike nor lowered his antlers to gore, but seemed intent upon tearing the foe with his teeth, as a mad horse might. At the sight of such resistless fury Crimmins involuntarily tightened his grip on his branch, and muttered: "That ain't no *moose!* It's a——" But before he could finish his comparison, astonishment stopped him. The bear, unable with all his strength and weight to withstand the shock of that straight and incredibly swift charge, had been rolled over and over down the gentle slope of the beach. At the same moment the moose, blinded by his rage and unable to check himself, had tripped over a log that lay hidden in the bushes, and fallen headlong on his nose.

Utterly cowed by the overwhelming completeness of this overthrow, the bear was on his feet again before his conqueror and scurrying to refuge like a frightened rat. He made for the nearest tree—and that nearest tree, to Crimmins' dismay, was Crimmins' tree. The startled guide swung himself hastily to a higher branch, which stretched well out over the water.

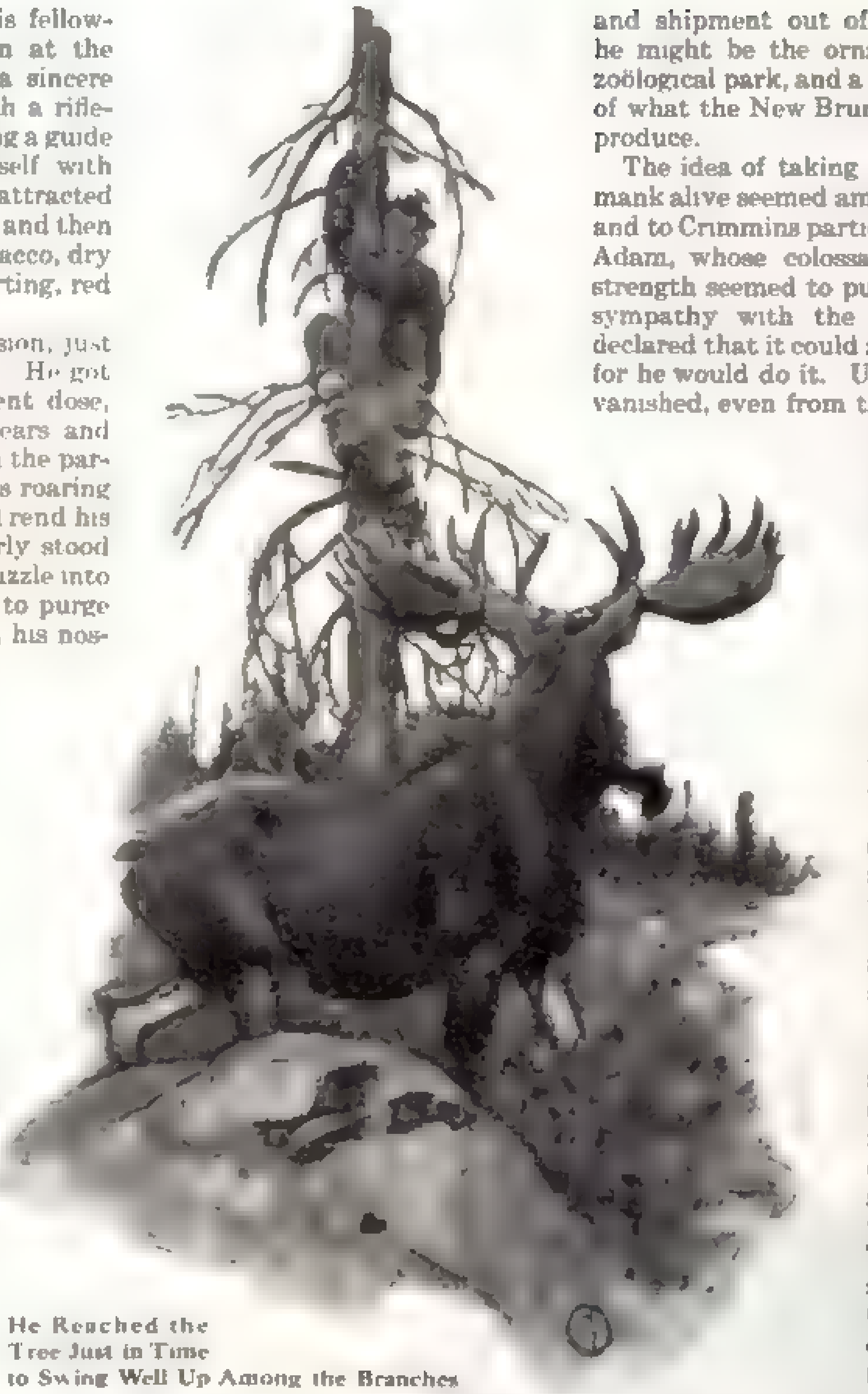
Before the great bull could recover his footing the fugitive had gained a good start. But, desperately swift though he was, the doom that thundered behind him was swifter, and caught him just as he was scrambling into the tree. Those implacable antlers plowed his hindquarters remorselessly, till he squealed with pain and terror. His convulsive scrambling raised him, the next instant, beyond reach of that punishment; but, immediately, the great bull reared, and struck him again and again with his terrible hoofs, almost crushing the victim's maimed haunches. The bear bawled again, but maintained his clutch of desperation and finally drew himself up to a safe height, where he crouched on a branch, whimpering pitifully while the victor raged below.

At this moment the bear caught sight of Crimmins, eying him steadily. To the cowed beast this was a new peril menacing him. With a frightened glance he crawled out on another branch, as far as it could be trusted to support his weight. And there he clung, huddled and shivering like a beaten puppy, looking from the man to the moose, from the moose to the man, as if he feared they might both jump at him together.

But the sympathies of Crimmins were now entirely with the unfortunate bear, his fellow-prisoner, and he looked down at the arrogant tyrant below with a sincere desire to humble his pride with a rifle-bullet. But he was too far-seeing a guide for that. He contented himself with climbing a little lower till he attracted the giant's attention to himself, and then dropping half a handful of tobacco, dry and powdered, into those snorting, red nostrils.

It was done with nice precision, just as the giant drew in his breath. He got the fullest benefit of the pungent dose, and such trivial matters as bears and men were instantly forgotten in the paroxysms which seized him. His roaring sneezes seemed as if they would rend his mighty bulk asunder. He fairly stood upon his head, burrowing his muzzle into the moist leafage, as he strove to purge the exasperating torment from his nostrils. Crimmins laughed till he nearly fell out of the tree, while the bear forgot to whimper as he stared in terrified bewilderment. At last the moose stuck his muzzle up in the air and began backing blindly over stones and bushes, as if trying to get away from his own nose. Plump into four or five feet of icy water he backed. The shock seemed to give him an idea. He plunged his head under, and fell to wallowing and snorting and raising such a prodigious disturbance that all the lake shores rang with it. Then he bounced out upon the beach again, and dashed off through the woods, as if a million hornets were at his ears.

Weak with laughter, Crimmins climbed down out of his refuge, waved an amiable farewell to the stupefied bear, and resumed the trail for the Nepisiguit.



He Reached the
Tree Just in Time
to Swing Well Up Among the Branches

II

FOR the next two years the fame of the great moose kept growing, adding to itself various wonders and extravagances, till it assumed almost the dimensions of a myth. Sportsmen came from all over the world in the hope of bagging those unparalleled antlers. They shot moose, caribou, deer and bear, and went away disappointed only in one regard. But at last they began to swear that the giant was a mere fiction of the New Brunswick guides, designed to lure the hunters. The guides, therefore, began to think it was time to make good and show their proofs. Even Uncle Adam was coming around to this—when, suddenly, word came from the Crown Land Department at Fredericton that the renowned moose must not be allowed to fall to any rifle. A special permit had been issued for his capture and shipment out of the country, that he might be the ornament of a famous zoölogical park, and a lively proclamation of what the New Brunswick forests could produce.

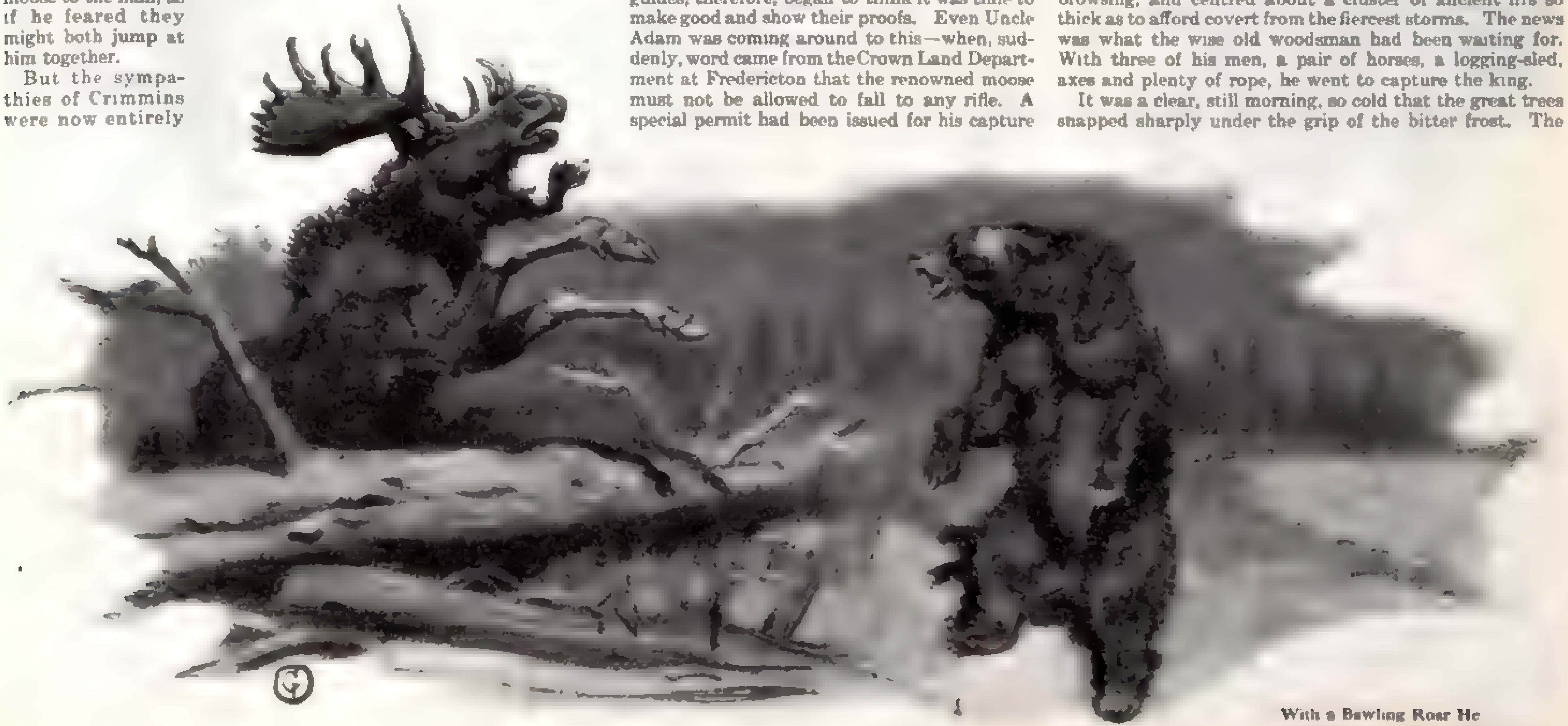
The idea of taking the King of Sangamank alive seemed amusing to the guides, and to Crimmins particularly. But Uncle Adam, whose colossal frame and giant strength seemed to put him peculiarly in sympathy with the great bull moose, declared that it could and should be done, for he would do it. Upon this skepticism vanished, even from the smile of Charley Crimmins, who voiced the general sentiment when he said:

"Uncle Adam ain't the man to bite off any more than he can chew!"

But Uncle Adam was in no hurry. He had such a respect for his adversary that he would not risk losing a single point in the approaching contest. He waited till the mating season and the hunting season were long past, and the great bull's pride and temper somewhat cooled. He waited, moreover, for the day to come—along toward midwinter—when those Titanic antlers should loosen at their roots, and fall off at the touch of the first light branch that might brush against them. This, the wise old woodsman knew, would be the hour of the king's least arrogance. Then, too, the snows would be lying deep and encumbering over all the upland slopes whereon the moose loved to browse.

Along toward mid-February word came to Uncle Adam that the monarch had "yarded up," as the phrase goes, on the southerly slope of Old Sangamank, with three cows and their calves of the previous spring under his protection. This meant that, when the snow had grown too deep to permit the little herd to roam at will, he had chosen a sheltered area where the birch, poplar and cherry, his favorite forage, were abundant, and there had trodden out a maze of deep paths which led to all the choicest browsing, and centred about a cluster of ancient firs so thick as to afford covert from the fiercest storms. The news was what the wise old woodsman had been waiting for. With three of his men, a pair of horses, a logging-sled, axes and plenty of rope, he went to capture the king.

It was a clear, still morning, so cold that the great trees snapped sharply under the grip of the bitter frost. The



With a Bawling Roar He
Thundered Upon the Intruder

men went on snowshoes, leaving the teams hitched in a thicket on the edge of a logging road some three or four hundred yards from the "moose-yard." The sun glittered keenly on the long, white alleys which led this way and that at random through the forest. The snow, undisturbed and accumulating for months, was heaped in strange shapes over hidden bushes, stumps and rocks. The tread of the snowshoes made a furtive, crunching sound, as it rhythmically broke the crisp surface.

Far off through the stillness, the great moose, lying with the rest of the herd in their shadowy covert, caught the ominous sound. He lurched to his feet and stood listening, while the herd watched him anxiously, awaiting his verdict as to whether that strange sound meant peril or no.

For reasons which we have seen, the giant bull knew little of man, and that little not of a nature to command any great respect. Nevertheless, at this season of the year, his blood cool, his august front shorn of its ornament and defense, he was seized with an incomprehensible apprehension. After all, as he felt vaguely, there was an unknown menace about man; and his ear told him that there were several approaching. A few months earlier he would have stamped his huge hoofs, thrashed the bushes with his colossal antlers and stormed forth to chastise the intruders. But now he sniffed the sharp air, snorted uneasily, drooped his big ears and led a rapid but dignified retreat down one of the deep alleys of his maze.

This was exactly what Uncle Adam had looked for. His object was to force the herd out of the maze of alleys, wherein they could move swiftly, and drive them floundering through the deep, soft snow, which would wear them out before they could go half a mile. Spreading his men so widely that they commanded all trails by which the fugitives might return, he followed up the flight at a run. And he accompanied the pursuit with a riot of shouts and yells and laughter, designed to shake his quarry's heart with the fear of the unusual. Wise in all woodcraft, Uncle Adam knew that one of the most daunting of all sounds to the creatures of the wild was that of human laughter, so inexplicable and seemingly so idle.

At other times the great bull would merely have been enraged at this blatant clamor and taken it as a challenge. But now he retreated to the farthest corner of his maze. From this point there were but two paths of return, and along both the uproar was closing in upon him. Over the edge of the snow, which was almost breast high to him, and deep enough to bury the calves—hopelessly deep, indeed, for any of the herd but himself to venture through—he gave a wistful look toward the depths of the cedar swamps in the valley, where he believed he could baffle all pursuers. Then his courage—but without his autumnal fighting rage—came back to him. His herd was his care. He crowded the cows and calves between himself and the snow, and turned to face his pursuers as they came running and shouting through the trees.

When Uncle Adam saw that the king was going to live up to his kingly reputation, and fight rather than be driven off into the deep snow, he led the advance more cautiously, till his forces were within twenty-five or thirty paces of the huddling herd. Here he paused, for the guardian of the herd was beginning to stamp ominously with his great, clacking hoofs, and the reddening light in his eyes showed that he might charge at any instant.

He did not charge, however, because his attention was diverted by the strange actions of the men, who had stopped their shouting and begun to chop trees. It amazed him to see the flashing axes bite savagely into the great trunks and send the white chips flying. The whole herd watched with wide eyes, curious and apprehensive, till suddenly a tree toppled, swept the hard, blue sky and came down with a crashing roar across one of the runways. The cows and calves bounded wildly, clear out into the snow. But the king, though his eyes dilated with amazement, stood his ground and grunted angrily.

A little later and another tree, huge-limbed and dense, came down across the other runway. Two more followed; and the herd was cut off from its retreat. The giant bull, of course, with his vast stride and colossal strength, could have smashed his way through and over the barrier; but the others, to regain the safe mazes of the "yard," would have had to make a detour through the engulfing snow.

Though the king was now fairly cornered, Uncle Adam was puzzled to know what to do next. In his hesitation he felled some more trees, dropping the last one so close that the herd was obliged to crowd back to avoid being struck by the falling top. This, at last, was too much for the king, who had never before known what it was to be crowded. While his followers plunged away in terror, burying themselves helplessly before they had gone a dozen yards, he bawled with fury and charged upon his tormentors.

Though the snow, as we have seen, came up to his chest, the giant's strength and swiftness were such that the woodsmen were taken by surprise, and Uncle Adam, who was in front, was almost caught. In spite of his bulk, he turned and sprang away with the agility of a wildcat; but if his snowshoes had turned and hindered him for one-half second he would have been struck down and trodden into the smother of snow. Seeing the imminence

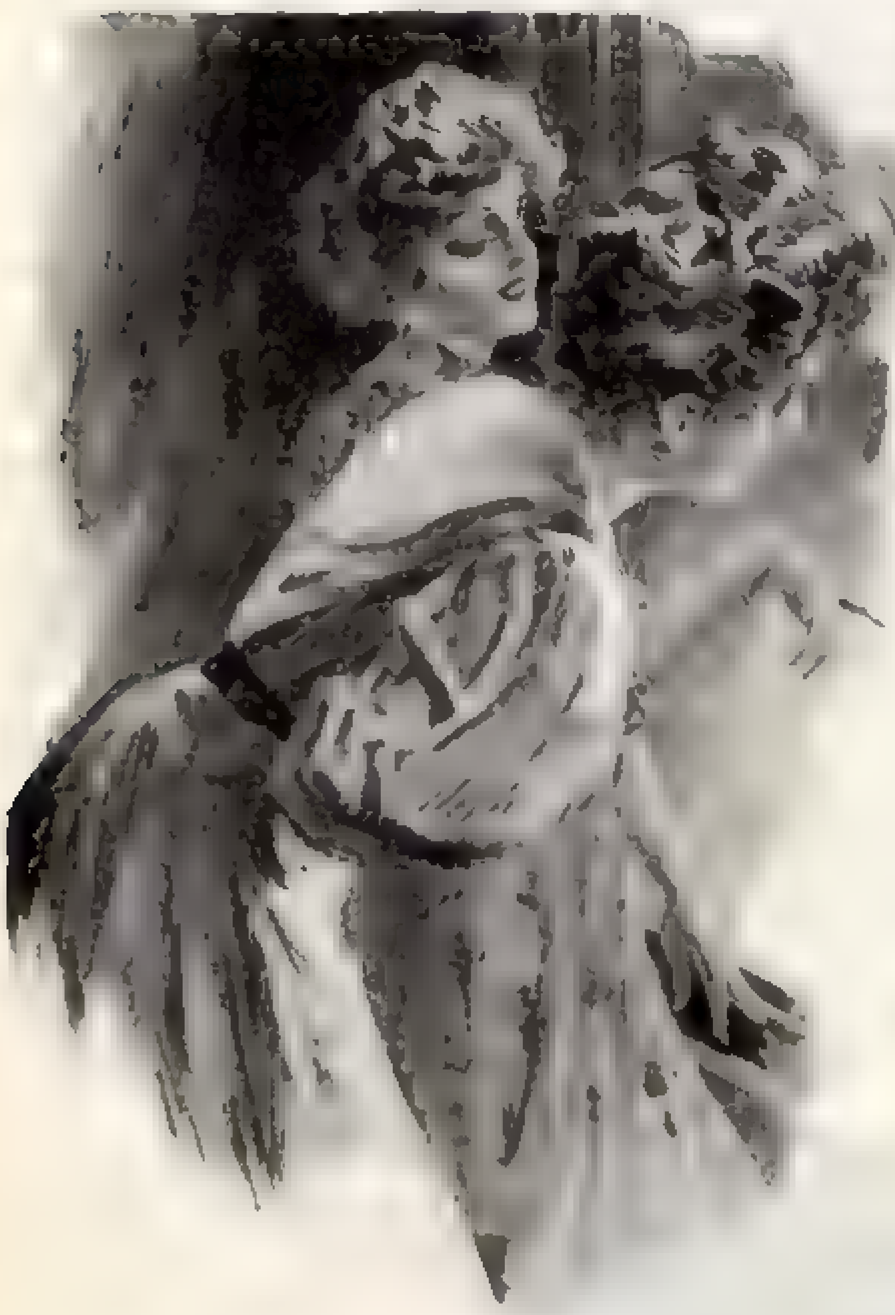
(Continued on Page 34)

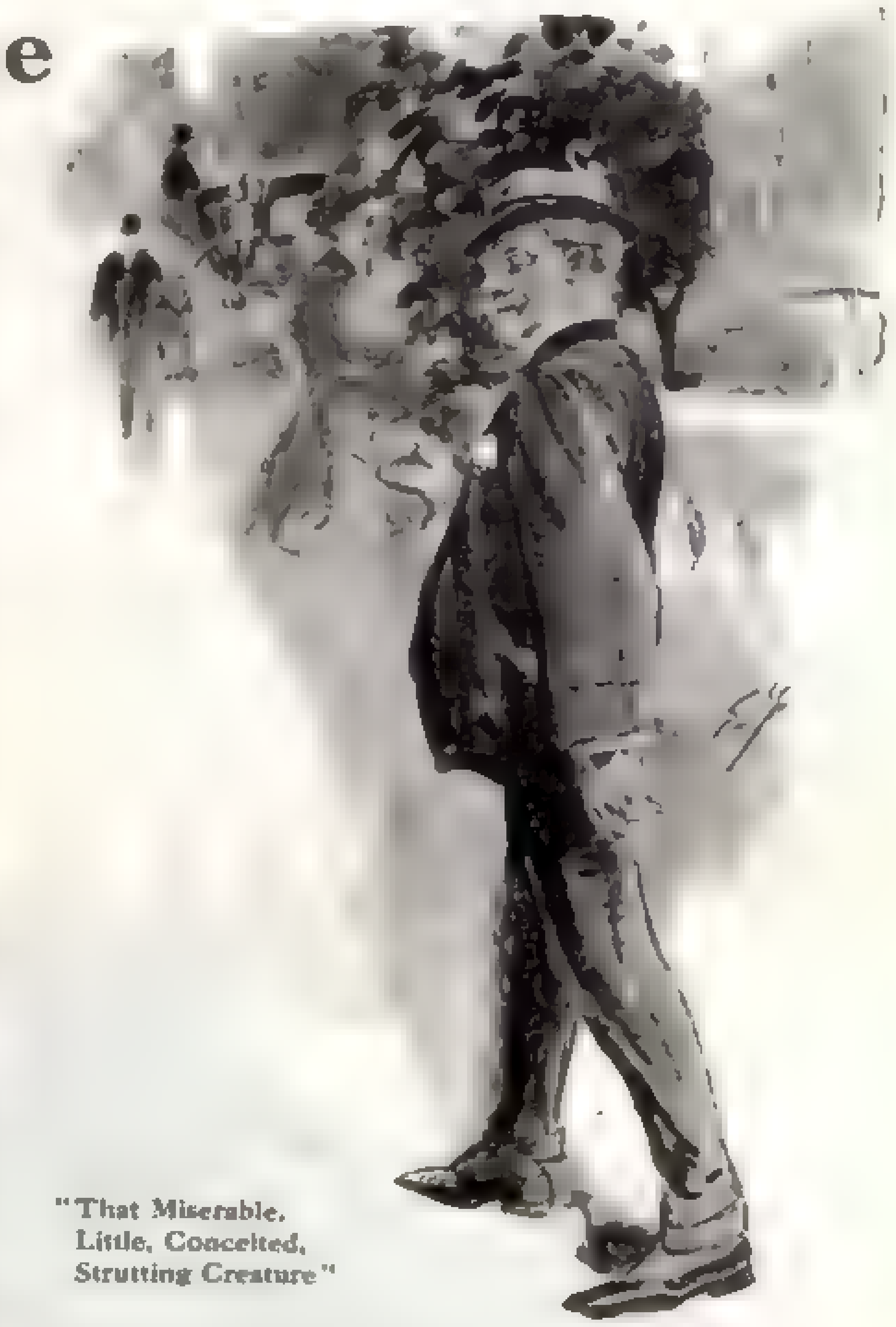
THE POPINJAY

THE STORY OF A CASE OF DOUBLE BLINDNESS

By Horace Hazeltine

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK





"That Miserable, Little, Conceited, Strutting Creature"

I

FREQUENTLY in the long, tedious weeks following the accident, as, in the quiet of the semi-darkened guest-chamber, she lay swathed and blindfolded, Rosamond Lansing, spurred by an inclination, morbid, perhaps, in its origin, reviewed the incidents which had led up to and surrounded her misadventure. In this retrospective survey, trivial and remote details found place. Vividly the whole fateful day passed in parade before her memory.

And yet, aside from its one dread event, it had not been especially memorable.

Since her coming from New Haven, to spend a month with her married brother and sister-in-law in New York, there had been many days more crowded with incidents worth remembering. It was true that she had met that afternoon, over a luncheon at Sherry's, a tall, young scion of an old Knickerbocker family, whose fortune report set in awe-inspiring figures. And there was no denying that, fresh as she was from the atmosphere of callow undergraduates, she had found the suspiciously dissipated-appearing eyes of Mr. Nicholas Van Kleeck interesting, and his languor of manner and drawl of speech fascinating. Yet none of these things, despite the comprehensiveness of her recapitulation, found high place therein. Nevertheless, in recalling the young millionaire she had adopted, unconsciously, a term borrowed by him from the French with which to echo her own scornful description of a stranger who, on that and several preceding mornings, had been seen passing her brother's house.

And with this passing her review invariably began; for she had, for some occult reason, permitted the poor little fellow, who swaggered by on the opposite side of the street while she and her brother's wife waited for the electric brougham which was to convey them to Sherry's, to get upon her nerves. There was that in his appearance and carriage which had strangely vexed and irritated her, and she had called young Mrs. Lansing's attention to him, denouncing him as "a popinjay." Later, Van Kleeck had translated it *petit-maitre*, and the phrase had remained with her.

The review, so far as her own personal recollection went, practically ended with the shock of the collision. For subsequent happenings she drew upon what was told her by her sister-in-law, who, sitting beside her in the wrecked brougham, had escaped scatheless. It was the old story of rain-wet pavements and a reckless chauffeur. Turning into the cross street from the Avenue, a block from home, the wheels had skidded on the glassy asphalt. She remembered catching her breath in sudden affright and hearing Constance Lansing scream.

Then there had been one long—interminable it seemed—heart-beat of terror in the face of a great, looming shadow; a crash, sharp, reverberating; a glitter of crystal sparks from splintered glass, followed by a keen, excruciating stab of pain with succeeding blindness; a wrenching ache from a ponderous blow; and then—blessed insensibility.

The circling brougham had hurled itself upon the pole of a leisurely-approaching truck and had been impaled by it. A sliver of glass had blinded her, and the intruding pole, pinning her against the cushions of the carriage, had fractured a rib, the ragged ends of which pressed perilously close upon lung and—life.

At the farther end of the block was a hospital, and to one of its surgeons, whom a kindly Providence provided should be passing at the moment, rescue and relief were alike attributable. Into the *milieu* he had flung himself with quickened wit and stern determination, born of what he felt to be tragic necessity. He was not a large man, but he was iron, made animate. His hand on the bit of one of the plunging truck horses had checked further disaster by a hair's breadth.

At his command the dazed driver had gathered up his lines and the frightened team, once more under control, had been backed away. Upon the box of the brougham, with power off and brake on, the chauffeur, with blanched face, had sat, paralyzed, inert, until the surgeon, sensible of the need of instant action, climbed beside him, usurping his place, and guided the machine with flying speed to where, at the end of a stretch of roadway, the hospital gates stood open.

Within the institution he had demonstrated his efficiency in other ways. Personally he had extracted the sliver of glass and set the broken rib. Personally he had administered a sedative to the hysterical Mrs. Lansing.

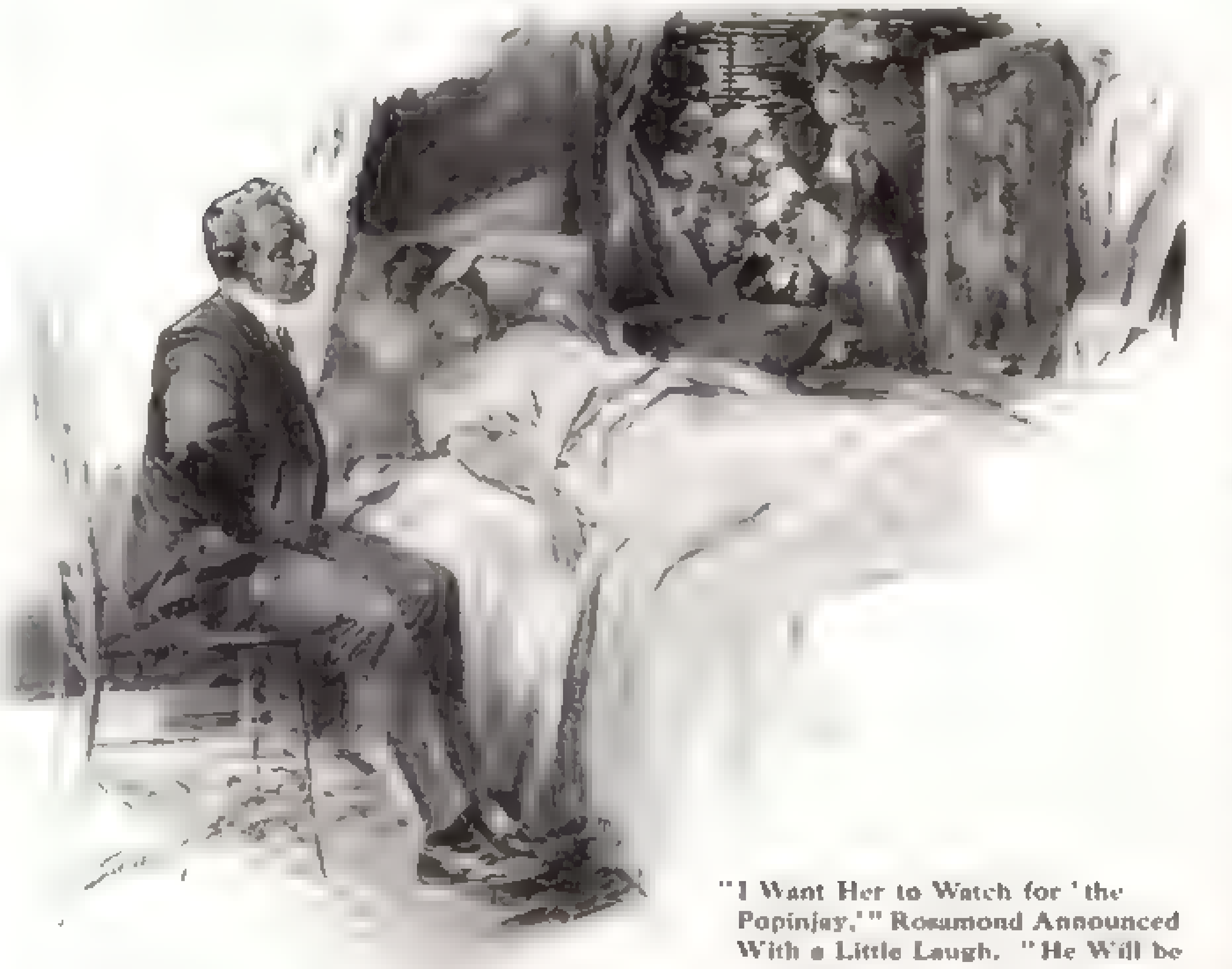
These facts, as has been said, Rosamond learned later from her sister-in-law. But there was one feature of the affair which was carefully guarded. Studiously Constance Lansing and her husband refrained from divulging that Dr. Christopher Ewald and "the popinjay"—*le petit-maitre*—were one and the same.

During the long weeks that Rosamond lay with eyes bandaged and her strong, young, pulsing body jacketed in broad bands of adhesive plaster, she had heard the story again and again—nearly as often as she, herself, had reviewed it—and always Doctor Ewald was the hero.

"I suppose you'll grow to hate Ewald," her brother said to her one evening in the course of his usual after-dinner chat, "hearing so much of him; but he's really one of the finest fellows I ever met."

"Charley!" she protested, with not a little indignation in her voice, "how can you say such a thing after all Constance has told me? Hate him? Why I'm wild over him. I'm in love with his voice and that darling little accent of his. Besides—what has he not done for me? I owe my life to him, and if I ever see again I'll owe him my sight as well."

After Rosamond was removed from the hospital to her brother's house, Doctor Ewald came always twice, and sometimes three times a day. Often he sat for a long while talking with his patient. It was he who had a good deal to do with keeping her cheerful. From the very first he assured her that her sight should be preserved, nor would he admit any peril of pleural complication from the rib fracture. Her youth and her constitution were such allies that a broken rib —— *Ach!* it was all in the day's work or the day's play. A little tedious, perhaps, yes; a little uncomfortable, but—dangerous? *Nein! Nein!*


"I Want Her to Watch for 'the Popinjay,'" Rosamond Announced With a Little Laugh. "He Will be an Object-Lesson to You"

But it was not alone through buoyancy of hope that Doctor Ewald inspired his patient with cheer. His manner was sunshine itself, and his conversation not merely entertaining, but exhilarating, because of his youthful optimism.

"Ah, Miss Lansing," he was wont to say, with just that shade of an accent which she delighted in, "you are much better this morning, yes? I know. I can feel it. Less pain, yes? You slept fairly well, I am certain."

And invariably she agreed with him.

He came in late one afternoon, just as the nurse was giving her her dinner, his enthusiasm echoing in his rap on her door and clearly evident in the bustle of his entrance, which she seemed to feel rather than hear.

"I have for you the good news, Miss Lansing," he cried, pleased because he knew she would be; "Yale, they won the football—what you say? Match? No; game? Yes?"

He had stood for an hour in a biting wind before a newspaper bulletin-board waiting the result, because she had told him she was interested, and he wished to be the first to bring her the news.

She had planned to attend this game. This was to have marked the end of her visit to her New York brother. She and he and Constance were to have gone on to New Haven together for this—the greatest event of the intercollegiate year.

"Oh, how glorious!" she exclaimed, all enthusiasm; "and how perfectly sweet of you to come and tell me! What was the score?"

When Doctor Ewald was gone she confided to Constance that if it had not been for her horrid, adhesive coat of mail she would have insisted on hugging him.

"He's a perfect dear," she added.

Whereupon Mrs. Lansing smiled a whimsical smile which Rosamond, of course, her eyes being still bandaged, could not see.

It was later the same evening that Rosamond asked her sister-in-law:

"Do tell me again just what Doctor Ewald looks like. He is not very tall, is he?"

"No, not very," returned Constance guardedly. "He's not so tall as Nick Van Kleeck."

"Is he as tall as Charley?"

Charley was five feet ten.

"No, I don't believe he is—not quite."

"And he is fair?"

"Yes."

"That doesn't mean he has red hair?"

"No, he hasn't red hair."

The girl was silent for a moment.

"I always did admire fair men," she observed presently, at which Mrs. Lansing smiled again, openly, knowing Rosamond could not see.

"He is about thirty, I should say," Constance said.

"Thirty-one last March," Rosamond corrected promptly; "he told me. He was born in Hanover. He studied at Göttingen and afterward at Vienna. Is his face very much scarred?"

Mrs. Lansing questioned whether she had heard aright.

"Scarred?" she repeated.

"Yes. He fought eight duels while he was at the university." She said it rather proudly.

"Oh!" her sister-in-law ejaculated, "I see. What a silly custom that is!"

"It isn't," protested the girl; "it's quite as sensible as plowing through mud after a blown-up bladder in a leather cover."

"Who does that?" asked the matter-of-fact Constance in all seriousness.

"American football players."

"Why, I thought you loved football," the astounded Constance exclaimed.

"I do," replied the younger woman; "I adore it; but I can easily see that it is not to be compared with dueling as dueling is conducted at the German universities. That requires real nerve and skill and finesse, a quick eye and a quick arm. It makes its demand on the unaided individual, whereas football ——"

"Rosamond," her sister-in-law interrupted, a little sharply, "I'm ashamed of you. Remember your brother was captain of the Yale eleven for two years."

"All the same, I can't have you calling dueling a silly custom." She paused and Mrs. Lansing was silent.

After a moment Rosamond repeated her question: "Is his face disfigured by his scars?"

Constance, who had been sitting on the foot of the bed, got up and crossed the room to where, on a table, were several vases and bowls filled with flowers.

"I never really noticed," she answered indifferently, as she leaned down to read by the shadow-light a card which lay beside a gorgeous bunch of orchids.

When she straightened again it was to say: "Rosamond, dear, what a pity you can't see these beautiful orchids Nick Van Kleeck sent you!"

Her momentary irritation had passed.

"Stuff!" returned the girl tartly. "I don't want to see them. Can you fancy any one being so idiotic as to send scentless flowers to a blind person?"

A few mornings after this Doctor Ewald announced: "To-morrow, Miss Lansing, we will have off the bandage. No more compresses. To-morrow we shall see—just a little at first, very little, but more and more each day." He referred to the dark room, gradually lightened. "How nice! Yes?" he added in cheerful query.

Her lips curved in a smile.

"At last!" she murmured in delight. "I should have given up hope long ago, Doctor Ewald, but for your constant reassurance."

"No, no," he protested gayly, "I will not believe you. You are like myself, an optimist. Always the future looks brighter than the present; always people are better than they look. There is more good in the world than bad; there is more joy than grief. Pain we forget; pleasure lingers in the memory. *Nicht wahr?* Is it not so?"

She laughed, pleased with his wholesome enthusiasm.

"I had never thought of it," she said; "but perhaps you are right. I am afraid, though, that I am not so charitable to people—to strangers, that is—as you would make me out. I am apt to judge from appearances. Some persons I hate on sight. They antagonize me for no more justifiable reason than that they wear their hair too long or their coats too short. Sometimes it is their walk; sometimes their gestures; sometimes their pitch of voice."

The doctor was sitting beside the bed. The nurse, standing at a window, was looking into the street between the drawn curtains.

"*Ach!* no," Ewald protested again, "it cannot be so. You would not be guilty of risking mistakes like that. Intuition is good sometimes, but not infallible."

She heard the nurse at the window.

"Miss Burke," she called, "tell me the time, please?"

The doctor forestalled her.

"It is ten after eleven," he said.

"I want her to watch for 'the popinjay,'" Rosamond announced with a little laugh. "He will be an object-lesson to you. He usually passes about this time—at least, he did before the accident. We thought he must have some friend at the hospital, some patient there to whom he was devoted, for I believe he scarcely missed a morning. I don't think I ever in my life took a more bitter, deeper-seated dislike to a person on sight than I did to that miserable, little, conceited, strutting creature."

Then she addressed the nurse: "You'll know him in an instant, Miss Burke," she told her, "just from what I have said. He's little and has blond, curly hair and a ridiculous, little, fiercely-turned-up mustache. He wears curiously-odd, tight-fitting clothes, too, usually a black-and-white check suit—and a soft gray hat with a feather in it. Fancy that!" she added, turning to the doctor again. "A man with a feather in his hat! And he carries a slim little cane as though it were a riding-whip. I do hope his friend is still at the hospital and that he still pays his daily morning visits. I do want you to see him, Doctor Ewald."

And then there came to her a sudden inspiration. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how silly of me! Maybe you have seen him. Perhaps you have met him at the hospital. You'd know from my description. Really, he was the most ludicrous and yet irritating object I ever saw."

Miss Burke glanced across the dim room to where, beside the white bed, the young doctor had leaned suddenly forward and sat now with arms on thighs and head bent, staring silently into the shadows at his feet. He was a small, fair man, with a mustache *à la Kaiser;* he wore black-and-white checks, and she knew that on a table in the hall below there rested a gray Alpine hat with a cock feather in its band and a slender bamboo cane, which belonged to him.

A lump rose in the nurse's throat, and she turned back to the window, embarrassed and uncomfortable, for the girl on the bed, blindfold and unwitting, was laughing.

"Such a silly, pompous little figure!" she added, her merriment a discordant note in the strained stillness. "I felt like boxing his little ears. And I was not the only one the sight of him affected that way. Mrs. Lansing, sweetly immovable as she usually is, said he was rather trying, and Charley—Mr. Lansing, my brother, you know—called him —— What do you suppose, Doctor Ewald? You can't guess, I know. Well, Charley called him *an ass!*"

The doctor was on his feet now. She heard him rise and wondered a little at his silence, but the truth was still far from her.

"Does my description convey nothing to you?" she asked disappointedly.

But still, for just a breath, he did not speak. Then, with a vain effort to command his voice, to give to his words that light, gay-hearted ring which was characteristic of his utterance and which had been music to her from the first, he said:

"It means very much, Miss Lansing. I—I recognize the picture."

She noted his changed tone and was startled.

"And you do not agree with me?" she asked quickly. "You do not agree with *us?*"

"I think," he replied—and he spoke without effort now, but with unusual deliberation—"I think, Miss Lansing, it is not fair to judge one entirely by one's appearance." He bowed very gravely, as though she might see, and added: "I bid you good-morning, Miss Lansing."

She reached out a hand, gropingly, helplessly. Her lips moved to speak but she made no sound. Then she heard the door open and close, and she knew that he was gone. Instantly her voice was hers again.

"Miss Burke!" she cried agitatedly—"Miss Burke! Tell me—tell me at once what I have done! Oh, Miss Burke, do you think it was a friend of Doctor Ewald's that I described?" Her tone was emphasized anxiety.

The nurse crossed from the window to the bedside. There were tears in her eyes.

"No, Miss Lansing," she said quietly. "No, I am quite sure it was not a friend of Doctor Ewald's."

Ten minutes later Rosamond had told the whole story to Constance Lansing, who, with admirable self-control, yet with an expression which conveyed to Miss Burke how really perturbed she was over the revelation, assured her sister-in-law that she was needlessly alarmed, that Doctor Ewald's change of manner was probably due to sudden preoccupation, that possibly her story had merely suggested a patient he was neglecting the while he chatted.

When Charley Lansing returned from his office Constance related to him the whole miserable circumstance, shifting to his shoulders the task of revealing the truth to his sister. But from this onerous responsibility he was fortunately spared. Arriving at Rosamond's door he was arrested by sounds of passionate sobbing. Entering, he found her on the verge of hysterics, a condition which Miss Burke was vainly striving to calm.

"Rosa," he called sharply, "what does this mean? What in Heaven's name is the matter? Do you want to undo all that has been done for you in the past eight weeks?"

She made an effort to check her sobs and control her voice

"Yes," she whimpered. "Yes, I—I do—I want to undo—undo all the—the harm you've—you've done me."

"The harm?" he queried.

She wiped away the tears which had found their way to her cheeks beneath the bandage.

"The harm!" she repeated desperately. "Why—oh, why didn't you—why didn't you tell me—Doctor Ewald was—was the—man I called a—a popinjay?"

"Who told you that?" he demanded sternly.

"Nun—no one," she stammered, "but I know—I know now when—when it's too late. I know it—I—I feel it."

Her brother attempted no explanation, offered no excuse, but his brief visit to her had its effect. Her sobbing was not resumed. Presently she slept; and in the morning when Doctor Ewald was to come she was unexpectedly calm.

They looked for him, as usual, a little after ten, Miss Burke, nervously alert, relishing now the excitement of the situation, had everything in readiness long before that time. An ophthalmoscope, which the doctor had left with her several days before, she had arranged for use in case he desired to examine the patient's eyes. She had the bottle of homatropine just where she could lay her hands on it. A basin for hot water, carefully sterilized, was waiting in the adjoining bathroom, together with the sterilized towels.

The room was darker than customary, the window-shades were lowered and the curtains pinned together. The only light camè from a small, shaded electric lamp on the bureau, and to this she went at intervals, pulling out her watch from her belt and noting the laggard time.

It was nearly eleven when she heard the doorbell. Rosamond heard it, too, and moved uneasily. Her hands were busy, one with another.

"Is that the doctor?" she asked anxiously. "I wish you would step to the head of the stairs and listen."

Miss Burke was only too willing. But in a moment she returned.

"It is not Doctor Ewald," she said simply. "I understood him to say Doctor Finn."

Rosamond sighed, and Miss Burke wondered whether it was a sigh of relief or of disappointment.

A minute or two dragged by. Then there was a tap at the door and Constance Lansing came in followed by a tall figure. Miss Burke removed the shade from the electric lamp.

"Rosamond, dear," Mrs. Lansing was saying, "this is Doctor Finn, who comes in Doctor Ewald's place. Doctor Ewald has sent a note. I understand he has been called out of town."

The girl addressed Doctor Finn.

"Is he likely to be gone long, Doctor?" she asked.

Doctor Finn was tall, dark-bearded, middle-aged, and wore heavy-rimmed glasses. He stepped to the bedside, while Constance stood at its foot.

"A week, at least, Miss Lansing," he said, and she found his voice pleasant; "possibly two weeks. He asked me simply to remove the compress from your eyes. That is a simple matter—the nurse, here, might do it. But he also wishes me to note your progress and direct as to the light. In a day or two, he says, your adhesive-plaster corset may be removed as well."

"Then he is not coming again?" she questioned, disappointment mingling with anxiety in her tone. "It will not be necessary for him to see me again?"

The doctor smiled

"I trust it will not be necessary," he answered, "but I dare say he will see you again. He will be anxious to see your magnificent recovery. He regards it as almost miraculous."

"Miraculous?" Rosamond repeated in dazed astonishment. "How, miraculous? My eyes? My rib?"

"Your eyes, Miss Lansing. He ——"

"But he told me there was never any danger."

Doctor Finn chuckled.

"It is not well, sometimes," he replied, "to tell patients the truth. You can certainly thank Doctor Ewald for saving your sight. Your case, my dear young lady, was a most critical one. He, perhaps, would not wish me to say this, but in the hands of a less skillful man you would have had little chance. Doctor Ewald is a surgeon; but it is as an oculist, you know, that he is already famous. For his marvelous accomplishments in eye surgery the German Emperor, last year, bestowed upon him the order of Ernest Augustus."

II

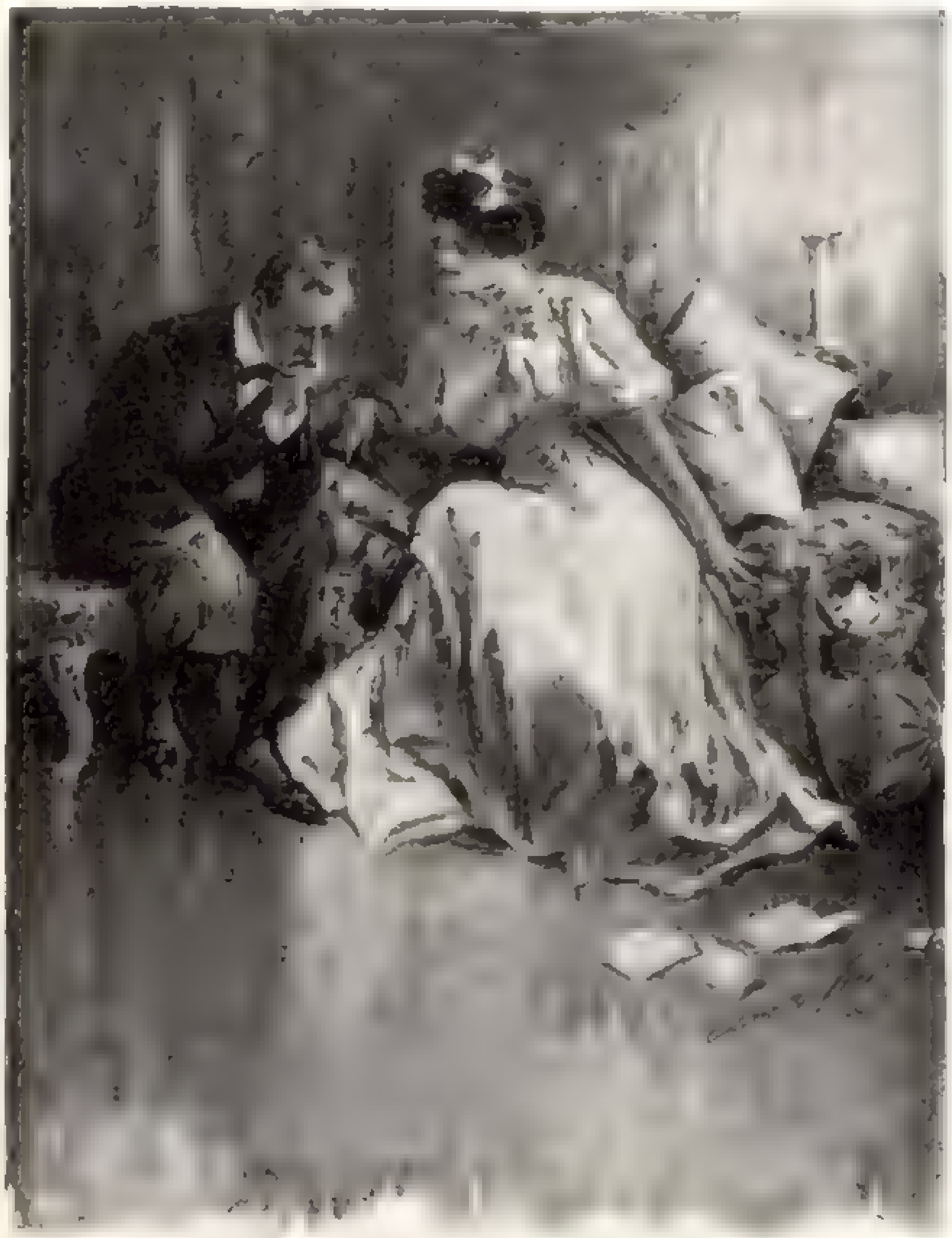
AS SOON as Rosamond Lansing was able to distinguish black on white in the dim light of the room in which she was still a prisoner she wrote Doctor Ewald a letter. It was in direct violation of Doctor Finn's orders, who had warned her against attempting either to read or to write, and so it was done surreptitiously while Miss Burke was absent. It was very brief—not much more than a note—and it was both abject and appealing. She gave it to Constance to post for her, swearing her to secrecy, and promising not to disobey orders again.

Every day, after this, she asked her sister-in-law if an answer had come, and always she received the same reply:

"Not yet, dear."

At last the full light of day was restored to her. Her eyes were well. She could read a little, but must not overdo it.

She had bidden Miss Burke good-by, dressed herself, and gone down to the library, where a pile of letters and cards which had come during her illness and convalescence had been put aside waiting this day. Most of the letters Constance, at her request, had opened. Some she had read to her; others she had briefly epitomized, conveying their gist in few words.



Endeavoring to Reconcile Him With Her Recollection of the Figure That Had Once So Irritated Her

Now Rosamond began looking them over for herself, sitting before an open grate in which a fire of cannel coal flamed and crackled. Beside her a waste basket yawned invitingly. Between the green curtains of the window at her back the pale December sunlight stole in, picking out the gold from her brown hair and illuminating the written pages she scanned.

The house was very still; her sister-in-law was devoting the day to her Christmas shopping; and the street noises were muffled by distance. But presently there cut into the stillness the sharp, shrill note of the postman's whistle, and, a moment later, a maid entered and handed her two letters, just delivered.

Expectantly, hopingly, she glanced at the superscriptions in turn. Both were unfamiliar. As with paper knife she slashed the first envelope she felt her heart pounding, realized that her hands trembled and that her nerves were aquiver.

Hastily she skimmed the first page of the inclosure:

> Delighted to hear . . . recovery . . . pleasure soon . . . calling . Lansing has told . . brave you were .

Then over the page the signature confronted her: "Nicholas Van Kleeck." But her eye had caught something else as well, and the blood rushed to her face on the instant. He had underscored the term "*petit-maître*." Hotly, indignantly, she read:

> I am sure I saw your *petit-maître* on the street a few weeks ago. It was the Saturday of the Yale-Harvard football game, and he was standing gazing at a bulletin board. The wind nearly blew him away, and you could hear his little teeth chatter. I knew him at once from your description—his hat with the feather, his fair curls, his mustache *à la Kaiser*, and his tight clothes—oh! so tight!

Savagely she tore the sheet across, mutilated it into small bits, and, ignoring the waste basket, cast the result into the blazing grate.

In her eyes were tears of vexation.

She opened the second letter calmly, her thoughts for the moment astray, but as she unfolded the sheet her interest flooded back. The handwriting on the envelope had meant nothing to her, but on the closely-written page the sharply-angular character of the letters indicated at once the German influence.

Quickly she turned to the end. Yes, it was as she thought—as she hoped. It was signed: "*Christoph Ewald.*"

Then, suddenly, a fear possessed her. He was writing to her, as she deserved. How would it be possible for him to forgive her, knowing what he did, having heard her ridicule, her disgust, from her own lips? For a second she dropped the letter in her lap, and stared into the shadows across the room, a brooding melancholy in her eyes, dejection in her pose.

When she took the writing up again she believed herself prepared for his resentment, for his sarcasm, for his rebuke, perhaps for his denunciation.

She began reading slowly, steeling herself against the expected blow, the deserved heart-thrust.

"Dear Miss Lansing."

That was of itself supremely noncommittal. He would hardly address her as "Dear Madam." She read the next line:

"Your letter reached me only yesterday."

Still nothing. She read on:

"I have been unavoidably absent from the city; otherwise, I beg to assure you, I should not, in spite of all the circumstances, have given your case into the hands of another."

She paused, undecided.

"I have never, in my profession," the letter continued, "permitted my personal feelings to weigh in the slightest degree against what I believed to be my duty."

Ah! The rebuke had come; delicately, but tellingly.

"I am sorry that you thought it necessary to apologize, since it was not to me but to what I seemed that you offered insult."

The greatness of the man's character forced itself upon her as she read this. He was not to be judged as other men. She could not have foreseen this viewpoint of his. Physically he was not a large man, but mentally and morally he was a giant. The pettiness of the average man recurred to her. She knew exactly what the average man would do in such a case.

"To-morrow," he added, "I am coming to see you ——"

Hastily she turned back to the date at the beginning. It was written yesterday. "To-morrow" meant to-day. He was coming to-day.

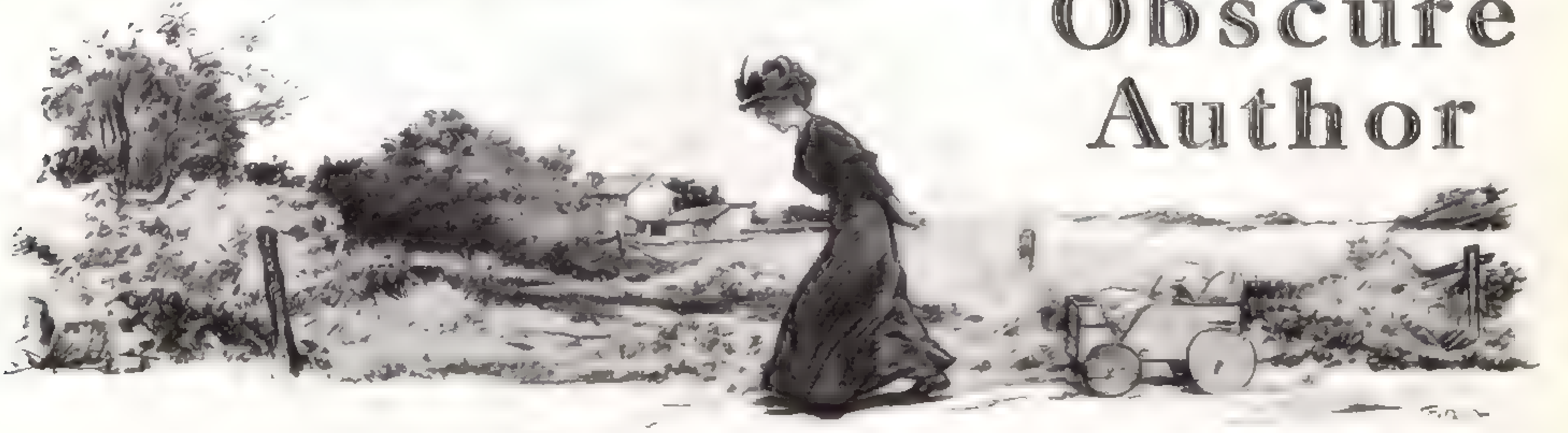
She sprang up, dropping the letters and cards from her lap to the floor, and stood for a moment regarding herself in the mirror above the mantel shelf, replacing a stray lock of hair, adjusting an illusion *chou* at her throat.

But it was not until late afternoon that he came—just before dusk, between daylight and lamplight, as she was sending the tea-things away.

(Continued on Page 38)

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



When Her Undisciplined Social Yearnings Became Too Strong

III

IF I WAS to get away from Catlin and live by my pen I must, obviously, have a better base than the McClure Syndicate. That was all right, so far as it went. It might possibly support the baby. But my wife and I must be provided for. So I took to trying my stories in the most ambitious quarters. It was just as well, at any rate, to have a polite, stereotyped letter of refusal from a swell magazine as from some obscure source. I continued to write for money. The fact that I was getting none did not elevate me. And, as I now had good reason to be serious, my stories became quite gay.

At this time I subscribed for a little magazine which was published exclusively in the interest of unsuccessful authors. What a circulation it must have had if it reached them all! From the magazine I learned that I should always write on one side of the paper, and always put my name and address plainly at the top of the manuscript—just as though, otherwise, the editor might not send it back in the next mail. Once, I remember, there was an editorial advising authors to make four or five copies of each story and send them all off at once, the chances being a hundred to one that not more than one magazine out of the four or five would accept the story. As a matter of fact, the chances were far slimmer than that; yet the editorial sounded somewhat discouraging to me.

Also, I took counsel of a professional literary adviser whose advertisement I saw. Financially this was the most important literary transaction in which I had ever engaged. I had to pay him ten dollars for the advice. He said I ought to be more careful about punctuation, and to keep on trying. It did not look like ten dollars' worth at the time. But, afterward, I discovered that it was as good advice as I could have bought with a million.

Probably I neglected the part about punctuation; but I kept on trying. And one day, not long afterward, I took out of the post-office box a thin blue envelope, addressed to myself in typewriting and bearing the return-card of the Century Magazine. Cards of the big magazines were, in a manner, familiar to me. But I had always seen them on long, fat envelopes which, at the first glance, indubitably bulged with rejected manuscript. Here was an editorial letter which could, by no physical possibility, contain a manuscript. I opened it with awe, and my head went round. It accepted the story, said it was first-rate, wanted to know something about me, and was signed by Mr. Gilder himself. Of course, I carried it home at once. Kittie and I glanced over it a while, and then showed it to the baby. Not long after came the Century's check for one hundred dollars. That decided me.

About a year before that the bank had raised my wages to one hundred dollars a month, which was quite affluent for Catlin. But I was as much in debt as ever. There being three in the family, our expenses were heavier. To pick up and go to a strange city was something of a venture; yet the prospect pleased us. I should add that for some time I had been acquiring a certain stock of reservations as to the trade in which I was engaged. The little bank had thriven right along; and, on the whole, the country had been going ahead faster than the town. But for two years now crops had been light about Catlin, and hogs sadly visited with cholera, so the farming community was more or less in the dumps. The bank, naturally, had to protect itself, or else cease to be a bank. We were as humane as possible; but the game we made was a rather stiff one for the farmer. Our interest kept on compounding at the rate of about thirty per cent. a year. So, if a farmer fell behind by loss of crops or hogs, he needed all the favors of luck and industry in order ever to catch up again.

We never foreclosed a mortgage except as a last resort. If it looked as though the farmer were tolerably certain to lose the race with our thirty per cent. we would explain to him that it was better for him to "sell off" and take a nice, clean, fresh start. Therefore, in the time of which I am speaking, there were a good many auction sales around Catlin. Sometimes it was my duty to attend them, on behalf of the bank, and take possession of the proceeds.

It was, at that time, a hard country for the women. Few farmers had got ahead enough to build comfortable houses. Opportunities for social relaxation were quite limited. Kittie and I drove into the country occasionally to visit a bride of her own age, who had come from my home town in Illinois. The bride lived in a house, part sod and part frame shack. The young husband was intent upon his farm work and "getting ahead." When their baby was a year old the wife got an obliging neighbor to fix wooden wheels, almost round, on a cracker-box and tie a rope in front. When her undisciplined social yearnings became too strong she would put the baby in the cracker-box and drag it a mile and a quarter over the dusty road to the nearest neighbor that spoke English. Sometimes she would willfully stay so long that when the weary husband came in from the fields there would be no warm supper ready. That began the trouble between them which ended in a divorce. The poor little soul didn't mean to be selfish; but she had been dealt a hand that she could not play.

These auctions that I speak of were not pleasant functions for me. However nicely we stated it to the man, everybody knew he was "selling off" because he had to. The women peeking out of the windows of the shack while the sale went on, and the brood of children, annoyed me a good deal.

In that period of comparative depression crime increased—that is, now and then some "renter" whose horses, cow and pigs were mortgaged to the bank would get plumb discouraged, feloniously run off the mortgaged chattels and flee the country, with his ill-gotten gains in his pocket. In such cases we must, of course, stick to business principles. We must locate the absconder, fetch him back and make him pay up or go to jail—not for vengeance or out of hardness of heart, but simply as a solemn warning to other mortgagors, who, unless they were so warned, might also run off their mortgaged stock and skip out of the country. This prime business necessity was generally understood, and the law was properly indulgent to it. Technically the statutes forbade compounding a felony and discountenanced employing the machinery of criminal jurisprudence for the purpose of collecting a debt. But actually we could arrest the man and keep him locked up as long as we pleased while endeavoring to get his relatives to pay the debt. When the debt was paid we turned him loose, and nothing more was said about it.

Once, I remember, Mr. Tilford went clear to Pennsylvania to arrest and bring back an absconding mortgagor. The expense was considerable, but Mr. Tilford had himself appointed a deputy sheriff before he started, so the State paid the expense. But we always got the absconder if possible, even if we had to pay some of the expense ourselves. Getting them was not difficult. They were mere amateurs, unskilled in crime. Nine times out of ten somebody in the neighborhood would presently hear from them—and let us know.

One afternoon, toward five o'clock, Tom Lee came into the bank. I've forgotten where Mr. Renfrew and Mr. Tilford had gone, but I know I was alone. Tom told me that Jones had come back. Jones was on our list; had feloniously run off two horses and a colt that were mortgaged to the bank, and skipped out. We had felt confident of getting Jones, however, because he had left his wife and children behind. Mr. Renfrew had cautioned Tom Lee to keep close watch of them. Tom owed us too much not to be obliging.

I at once sent for Hank Barlow, then the town marshal and deputy sheriff, and closed the bank. Being cowardly and sentimental by nature, I had not much stomach for the enterprise; but my duty was perfectly clear. By the time I had sworn out the warrant before old Justice Martin, Hank was hitched up, and we started. It was a beautiful September afternoon—which is neither here nor there. Jones lived about four miles out of town, on a rented farm. There were a dozen sickly young poplars around the warped little house, which, I remember, had been painted a barny red and peeled off in spots. The barn had sod walls and was thatched with cornstalks.

As we came in sight of the house we saw a man go around the corner of the barn. So Hank whipped up and we galloped through the dooryard. A cornfield came up close to the barn. At the barn we jumped out, letting the horses look after themselves, and ran down the edge of the field. Those cornfields were impenetrable to the eye except as you looked straight down a row. In a moment we came to the row along which Jones was making off. Hank called to him to stop. Probably he could have run and got away, but he did stop, and drew a large, old-fashioned powder-and-ball revolver. Hank walked up to him and told him not to be a fool and get shot, as well as getting arrested, anyway. The criminal wilted then and suffered himself to be taken back to the buggy.

When we galloped through the dooryard a young woman had peered from the front window; also a very small and chubby youngster, sitting on the warped doorstep, had looked up at us in grave speculation. There was a boy of six or seven by the side of the house. Being arrested, Jones asked to speak to his wife. So Hank walked to the house with him, while I drove the team behind them. The young woman came out of the side door and they spoke together. She was dark and slim and her calico dress was decidedly dingy. The boy stood a little apart, staring at his parents with his eyes full of fear—a slender youngster, in patched trousers and a hickory shirt. That something unusual was happening had evidently occurred to the other member of the family. He came to the corner of the house, standing with his legs far apart, because he was not very steady on them—further bracing himself by resting one fat and dirty hand against the warped clapboards. With the other arm he hugged to his soiled breast a block of wood having five pegs stuck in it in such manner as faintly to suggest a horse. He had on a calico slip, the worse for wear, and he regarded us with a kind of impersonal, round-eyed solemnity.

The boy stood with his legs wide apart, and steadied himself with a fat hand and hugged to his breast the tin engine which was just then the most prized of his toys. Also, he was given at times to contemplating an unfamiliar world with an owlish and impenetrable gravity. Jones got into the buggy and we drove away. I noticed he shifted his eyes so as not to see the baby—which was just what I would have done. He was under thirty, still rosy-cheeked, with amiable blue eyes. We drove to town and locked him in the calaboose, strictly according to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided.

Jones was nothing to me. I had simply done my duty. And business is business the world over. But many women are fools about it, lacking brains to understand it.

I knew this, and knew enough to keep my mouth shut. But possibly I was secretly sort of swollen up and running over with it. At any rate, my wife soon had it out of me—even to the fat, wide-legged urchin, with his block for a horse. She took a woman's advantage of me: simply laid her head on my shoulder and said nothing—as though I had struck her or kicked the baby downstairs and she forgave me. This was absurd, and could have been logically refuted if stated orally. We both kept looking after the baby all the evening, as though something had happened to him, or was likely to happen.

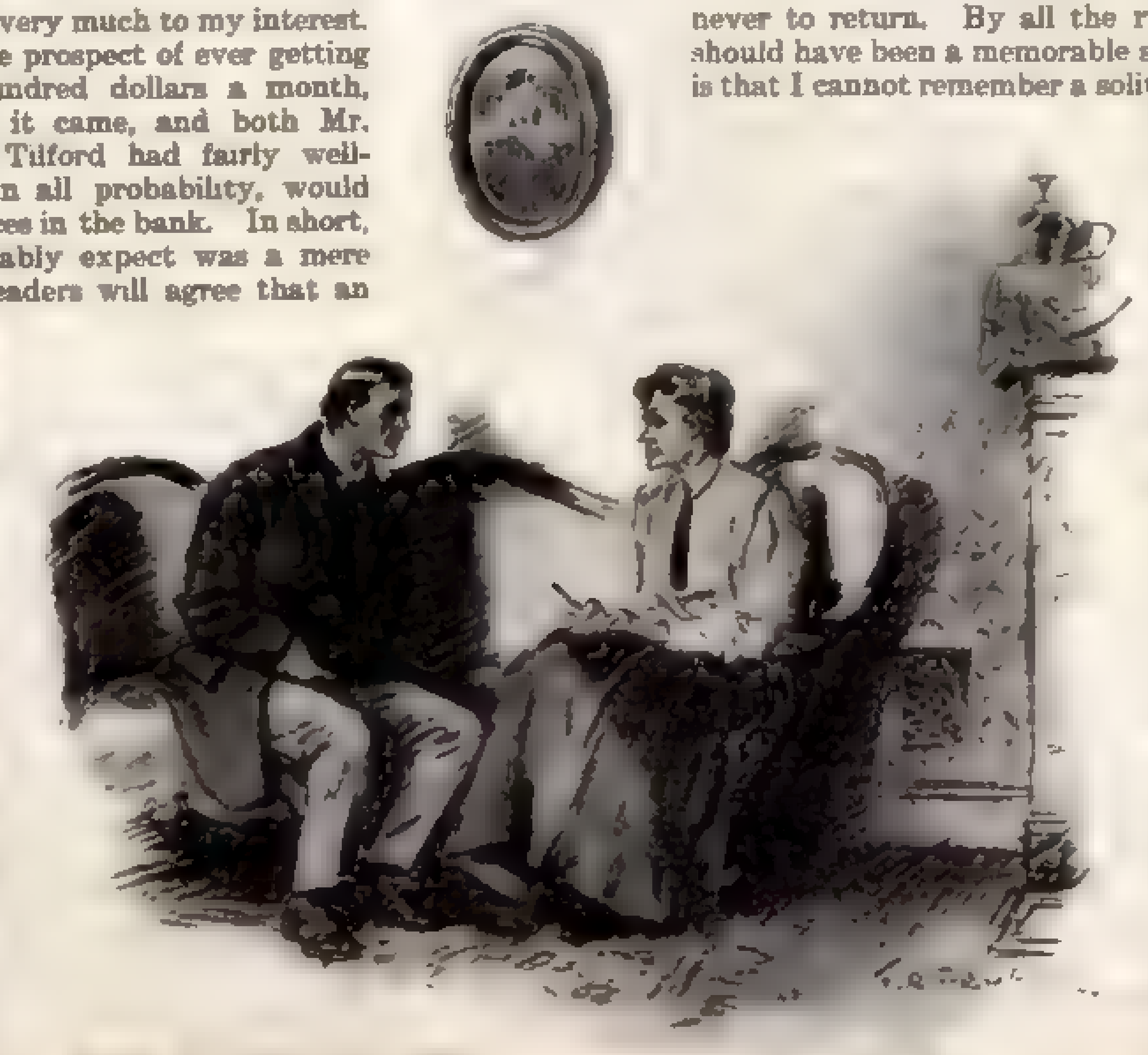
The first thing in the morning I went around to see Jones. The accommodations in the calaboose were not elaborate, consisting principally of the bolts on the door and the bars across the high, small window. A night in there had taken all the gameness out of Jones. He chewed tobacco some, I regret to say; but I knew the puddle on the floor was partly tears. Let us hope he had been thinking of his wife and little ones—which is admittedly a most edifying thing for prisoners to think of, although not very cheering. Well, I wanted to know if he had had a good breakfast; and in a most sneaking and hangdog manner—fairly as though I were a criminal—I gave him the cigars I had brought.

Mr. Renfrew at once took the affair into his more capable hands. As we had expected, Jones' uncle, over by Almena, was anxious to avoid the shame of having a nephew sent to prison. Of course, we would not have expected the uncle to do anything so quixotic as pay the debt before we had the culprit fast behind the bars. There was always a chance that we would not catch him, and the family 'scutcheon would be preserved without expense. By the simplest rule of the game we must move our man into proper position before we could ask the relatives to jump.

Jones being locked up, the uncle came over at once. From our point of view, to catch the absconder and make him settle was just as good, for purposes of a warning, as to have him convicted. So whatever we got in a settlement was, in a manner, clear gain. Furthermore, we were always dubious about securing a conviction—farmers, from whom the jury was sure to be drawn, too often cherishing a class prejudice against bankers. Jones' uncle was aware of these points in his favor, and made the most of them. Both Mr. Renfrew and Mr. Tilford felt that he was a very contemptible person to put such a low valuation on the family honor and to be so niggardly when the happiness and prospects of his own nephew were at stake. Yet they finally accepted his offer of fifty cents on the dollar, and Jones was set at liberty.

I may mention here that we kept out of court as much as possible because the legal rate of interest was only ten per cent., and our rate was thirty. If too hard-pressed a debtor might "plead usury," and so escape paying any interest at all—which would be a very injurious example to other debtors. The other banks thereabout charged the same rate we did; but all the time I was in Catlin I heard of only two or three cases where a debtor did "plead usury." It was a common opinion that if a man agreed to pay thirty per cent. he ought to do it, and not sneak out merely because the law invited him to. And if a man did "plead usury" he would at once be blacklisted and could never again borrow of a bank.

The Jones incident was one of many things which made the trade distasteful to me. Without doubt, I could have overcome a merely sentimental motive like that if it had been very much to my interest. But there was little prospect of ever getting more than my hundred dollars a month, which I spent as it came, and both Mr. Renfrew and Mr. Tilford had fairly well-grown sons who, in all probability, would presently want places in the bank. In short, all I could reasonably expect was a mere living. Sensible readers will agree that an honorable man should not continue in a calling which is against his conscience unless it promises more than that.

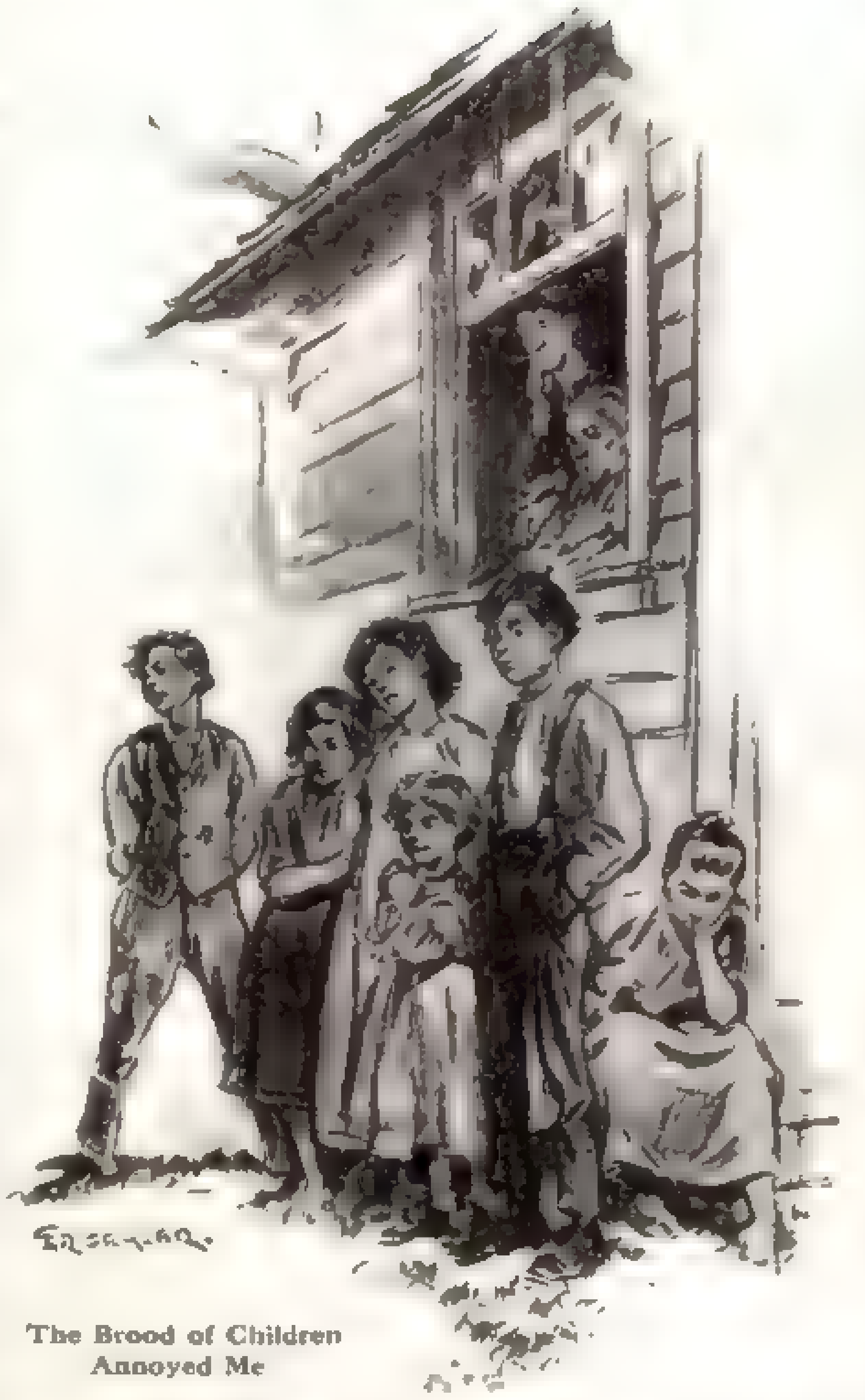


Cousin Janet Drew Me a Little Map of the Downtown District

So the Century's check decided me. I determined to go to Chicago and devote myself to literature and journalism. I had no illusions about literature itself. I reckoned with the probability that I could not actually depend upon it for a livelihood for several years to come. But, meanwhile, I would support myself by newspaper work. Thus I took a perfectly practical view of the venture.

The processes of my mind at that time are now a bit obscure even to myself. The little sketches I had sent to the Omaha Bee constituted my only actual experience of journalism. I had been in Chicago twice, for three or four days—the last time eight years before. My recollection of the city was exceedingly confused. I could not have found my way to State Street without asking a policeman. Of late years I had seen a Chicago newspaper only occasionally. Just why, therefore, I deemed it perfectly feasible and easy to support myself by newspaper work in Chicago is rather difficult to explain. I suppose I figured it about thus: I was going to succeed in literature; journalism was easier than literature; therefore, if I could succeed in literature in four years I could succeed in journalism at once.

My reason for choosing Chicago was the very natural and reasonable one that I wished to get into the biggest town my money would take me to. Moreover, all we people in the West had at that time much loyalty to Chicago. It was our big town. We hurrahed when it scored a point over New York or Philadelphia. It had just been selected as the site of the World's Fair, winning over all competitors. That was our triumph, too. We used to talk about it in the Courier sanctum and in Charley Gray's office.



The Brood of Children Annoyed Me

There were, of course, some details to be settled. The bank was as good-natured to me as it had always been. It accepted my note, at one year, for the four hundred dollars that I owed it, and permitted me to keep the Century money intact—which was only right, in a way, as the bank made no pretensions to anything literary. I sold off my furniture and books. I still remember how Colonel Lattimer, always a ponderous man, deliberated a long while between Gibbon's Decline and Fall and Bancroft's History of the United States, hefting a volume first of one set, then of the other, and finally deciding upon Bancroft—apparently because it weighed more. But if I had to choose between the two now I would as lief go by the scales as by anything else.

Do not suppose, however, that I was altogether light-minded, taking no precautions for the future. On the contrary I sat up nights to finish another story for the Century, in order that I might have a little capital in hand after I reached Chicago. And—what turned out to be a far more substantial anchor, although I did not so regard it at the moment—I wrote to a cousin who lived on the north side of the city that I expected to have the pleasure of making her a visit. I did not know the cousin very well.

Catlin had long been my home. Nearly all the friends I had lived there. There I had been married, and there my son was born. I was going away, hoping very much never to return. By all the rules, the departure should have been a memorable scene. But the fact is that I cannot remember a solitary thing about it. My mind is as blank as though it were something I had read in history. Of the journey I recall only two things. We ate luncheon of fried chicken and sandwiches out of a pasteboard box. My wife had insisted upon it for the sake of the two dollars that it would cost to go in the dining-car. It annoyed me, however. I knew very well that traveling men, who were our glass of fashion and mould of form, considered it countrified to eat out of a pasteboard box on the train. The baby, whom we called by the ridiculous name "Toozer," not only smeared himself outrageously with the drumstick, but got the smeared place upholstered off the plush cushion before his mother could intervene. And, after we changed to the sleeper at Missouri Valley, Iowa, and were in our berths, I, up above, heard Toozer whimpering to his mother over the uncanny strangeness of the lower coffin wherein he was tucked.

We alighted, in the first dim, chill gray of dawn, at High Grove; for we were going to stay a little while with my mother before moving upon the city itself. It did seem pretty good and smug and safe in the peaceful, little, old town that week—for, now that I was fairly within sight of the enemy, I began to have a few misgivings. I had planned to devote the entire week to a close, strategetical study of the Chicago newspapers, so as to understand the field thoroughly before I essayed it. I counted the number of words in a column, and figured how much it would come to if I received a cent a word. The result was quite encouraging.

I went to Chicago Monday morning. We decided that it was best for my wife and boy to stay on at High Grove until Saturday, so that I might be untrammeled in looking around and picking out a situation. My Cousin Janet was at the station to meet me, and took me out to her home in Ravenswood. Her husband was clerking in a railroad office—for the time being. Clerking in a railroad office is not a remunerative employment. The wage is about sixty-five dollars a month. They had two small children, and lived in the lower story of a smallish frame building. Another family had the upstairs.

Janet was not a pretty woman, being too tall and thin, and having a large mouth and long chin which did not match her Roman nose and high, sloping brow. But she was—and is—a precious soul. She was as sweet to me and as interested in my venture and as anxious to make me comfortable and do whatever little she could to help me along as though I had some claim upon her and was not sponging; as though it did not upset her little household and burden her close economy and inconvenience her in twenty ways to have me there. Only people who are poor know charity. With the others it is merely an academic theory.

It was nine o'clock when Albert, her husband, came home. Working overtime was so common in the railroad office that it was accepted as a matter of course. The clerks got no pay for this overtime, but the railroad generously allowed them twenty cents to buy dinner with. Albert was slight—not quite so tall as his wife—and wore a short, full, red beard, which seemed too heavy for him, as though its weight might account for the droop of his shoulders. He was ambitious to get started as an expert accountant, but the right opening did not offer, so he stayed on in the railroad office—for the time being. He seemed tired, and soon went to bed, but not before telling me that he knew a man who knew a reporter on the Tribune, and, if I wished, he would have the man introduce me to the reporter, who would introduce me to the managing editor. Knowing that I was coming to the city to engage in journalism, he had already spoken to the man about it.

I thanked him, but attached slight importance to his friendly offer. My magazine for unsuccessful authors had informed me that personal introductions counted for nothing. From the same authority I knew three good ways to get a job on a metropolitan newspaper. The first was just to go up to the city editor or the managing editor—preferably the latter—and ask him for a job. Probably he would know by looking at you and the way you talked whether you were a born journalist. The second way was to discover a good piece of news, write it up and take it to the office. The papers were crazy for news, and the discoverer would surely be rewarded with a good position. The third way was to write up some bright, timely little sketches of city scenes and incidents for the Sunday edition. If the little sketches showed talent you might be sure a berth would be found for you. I was rather dubious about the second way. Of course, I might have the luck to run across an important fire or murder that the editor had not heard of, but the chances seemed against it. I was banking on methods one and three.

In the morning, then, Cousin Janet drew me a little map of the downtown district on the back of an envelope, so that by minding the street names on the lamp-posts I could get over an area of a dozen squares without the humiliation of having to ask my way. She lent me her commutation ticket over the Chicago and Northwestern, too, and I set out.

In Catlin, to go right up to the city editor or the managing editor had seemed quite simple—not much different from stepping into Lem Wooster's and saying, "Send up a dollar's worth of sugar." But when the suburban train pulled into the big station I found myself strangely nervous—about as nervous, in fact, as though I had been going to assassinate the Czar. The endless crowd of passengers pouring from the station and hurrying across the bridge exerted a singular influence upon me. I knew when I came to the dingy old Times building, on Fifth Avenue, but nobody seemed to be stopping there that morning. Everybody was hurrying on. So I hurried on, too. I did manage to stop in front of the Herald office, farther along, and I even saw several persons go in, but my discreet legs refused to follow them. The Daily News building was almost opposite. I gaped over at it abjectly until I noticed a policeman sauntering toward me. Then I hastened away.

The third evening afterward, by good-natured arrangement of Albert's friend and the friend's friend who was a reporter, I went to the Tribune office, and was introduced to Mr. Van Benthuysen, the managing editor, who sat in a small den which his large person comfortably filled. He asked me a perfunctory question or two, with a kind of absent-minded amiability; said there was no opening then, and he would let me know if a suitable one appeared later; wrote my name and address on a pad of memorandum paper, and spoke to the reporter about news of an election contest which was then going on. He struck me as a cool, efficient man, who kept his mind to the larger issues and was careless of small details. This impression was confirmed when, standing in the corridor by the open door of his den to say good-night to the friendly reporter, I observed him mechanically tear off the sheet of memorandum paper which contained my name and address and drop it in a large waste-basket with one hand while he rang an electric bell with the other.

This did not surprise me. An unformulated sense of the city had been percolating through my pores, and I had already perceived that I would have to learn a little more about it before I could reasonably expect to do much with journalism. Fortunately, I had literature to fall back on; I was expecting, any day, to hear from the Century about that second story.

I was not discouraged, but I realized that it was likely to be a somewhat longer pull than I had counted upon. I wrote my wife in that spirit. She came to Chicago Saturday, arriving a little after noon, and alone—deeming it best, from what I had written, to leave the boy with my mother for a little while longer. We went up to the waiting-room of the Northwestern station, and talked things over—not at all downhearted, but reasonably sober. Her presence helped me. I had known all along that I was not actually a stray, boneless dog in a large and unfriendly pound; but the fact that about a million hurrying and stony-faced persons on the street seemed so to regard me exerted a certain depressing influence on my nerves.

To have beside me one being out of the million who not only took a real personal interest in me, but thought I was some pumpkins, was a good tonic. The city roared tremendously; pretended to be something mightily intricate and baffling. Yet we knew that this forbidding aspect was merely a bluff; that the city was, in fact, composed of persons just like ourselves, who had made their places there according to their courage and gifts; that we could make our place there also.

I am certain she felt that way about it—because, after our pleasant talk on the steps, when we were alone in our room, that one could just turn around in, she gave me a packet from her bag.

It was a bulky and dog-eared envelope—forwarded from Catlin to High Grove—bearing the return-card of the Century Magazine. It contained my story and a very nice editorial letter saying it wouldn't do.

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in six parts, of which this is the third.

THE BUTLER'S STORY

Real Swells and the Social System

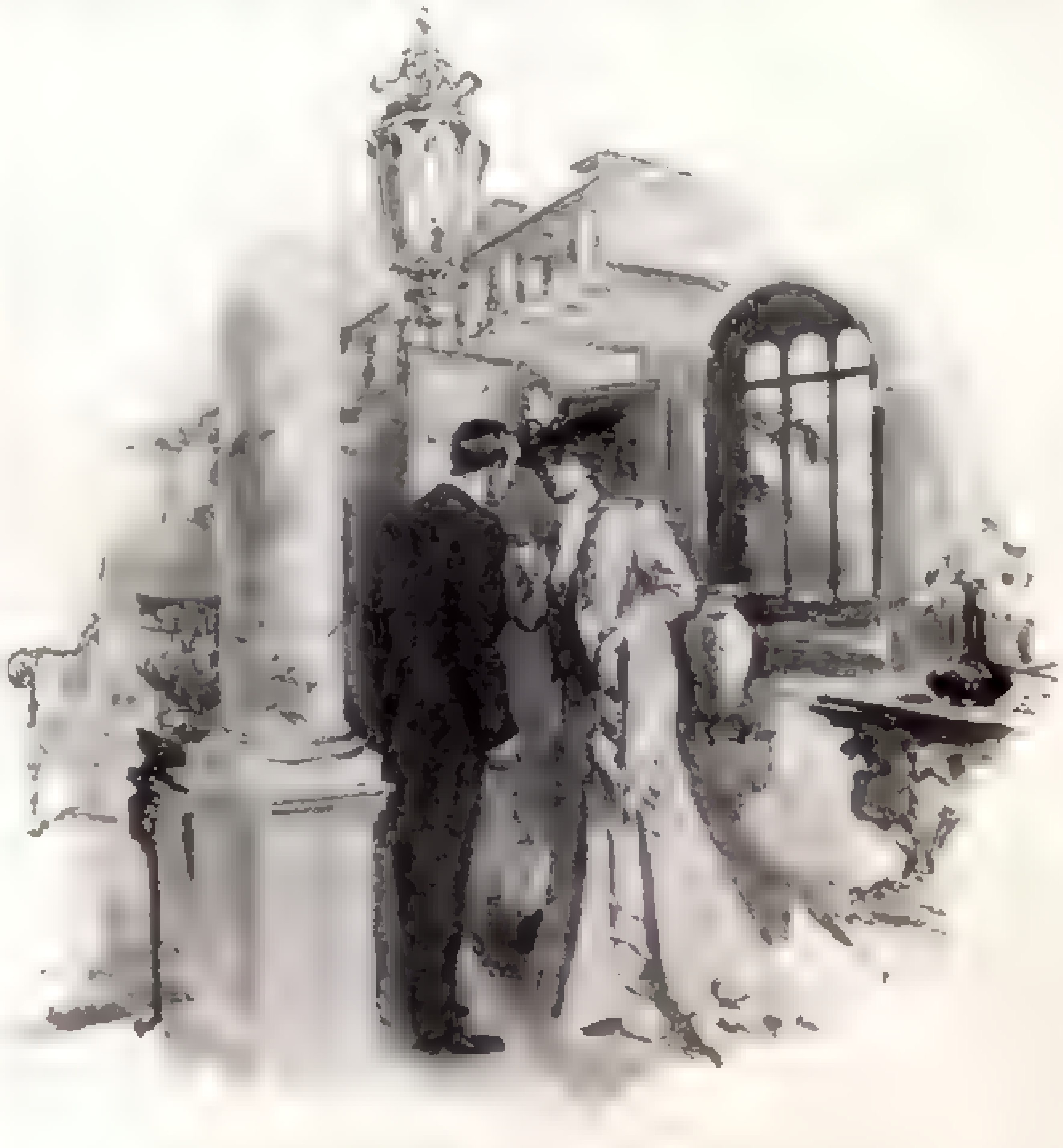
By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

IT HAS sometimes occurred to me that it is better to be a first-class servant than a second-rate swell. I am sure Mr. Amos would say so, for he is a philosopher and likewise a man of letters. To be both of these is to be rich indeed, for with books we hardly have need of friends, and with philosophy we have need of nothing. Yet many has to make a show of being "smart," as it is sometimes called, who was clearly intended by God and Nature for some different or lower order, yet being born into wealth they are compelled to spend useless lives trying to appear to be wot they are not when they might be happy as the wives and husbands of hard-working men and women.

For example, Miss Harriet. She has enough sense to run a small flat and keep track of the ice and milk bills, and she would make a hit as the Lady President of the Female Musical Sodality of some small town in the provinces, but she has no more ideas of real gentility nor harf so much as Aunty Morgan who has lived in many of the best American families and is a good deal of a lady herself. But Miss Harriet spends to my knowledge, because Eliza told me so, upwards of seven thousand a year for her clothes and loses about a hundred and fifty a week at Bridge, and has dyspepsia four days out of seven. She is handsome in the way the girls is handsome that carry the spears in the front row at the Hippydrome and James is quite stuck on her, but she has not harf as much chance of marrying a gentleman as Evelyn Raymond and I guess she knows it, for if Evelyn or Eliza was turned loose at one of our *swarees* they would have all the favors.

Miss Harriet will go on to her big subscription dances and Bridge parties and afternoon teas until she is sixty years old and be miserable and sour all her life when she would be perfectly happy as the wife of a haberdasher in a rural village, where she belongs by inheritance.


"So I am Not Going to Give You Anything on That Account"

Now Miss Patricia was born a swell and Aunty Morgan says she was a little lady from the moment she was shifted over to the bottle and got a chance. You can never tell where the real swells come from on where you will find them. The biggest swell I ever knew was an artist called "Q," who began life as a butcher's clerk in a little town in the old country, and I don't know wot he was before that. Well, when he came into a room you knew he was there without looking. You *felt* him. And he wasn't a big man either. But when he smiled and waved his hand you knew he was going to say something worth while and everybody stopped talking to listen. He had the grandest manners and wore the most wonderful clothes that I knew he had had for years, but they fitted him perfect, and he was so generous that he never had any money. I have heard Mr. Amos tell how "Q," when he was expected at some Duke's table, would have to stay in bed and send word he was sick because there was a bailiff waiting outside, and you never could get into his studio unless you knocked a particular way. Sometimes he would put on a set of false whiskers he had for his models and tell the collectors that he was on the Continent for his health. "Q" would go into the "Savoy" arter the theatre and have a supper party for the swellest actresses and young lords and spend forty pound and just tell em to hang it up and they always did and thanked him kindly, and although he never paid a bill he was most liberal to waiters, servants and small tradesmen.

Now I have seen sailors on our yacht who were real swells, and one of the finest gentlemen who comes to the house is the son of a plain farmer in Nova Scotia, but I never saw a coachman that I thought was a swell because a coachman looks too much like a carrot, although there are grooms who if they were dressed proper could do a walking part at one of Mrs. Carter's balls, and no one ever know the difference.

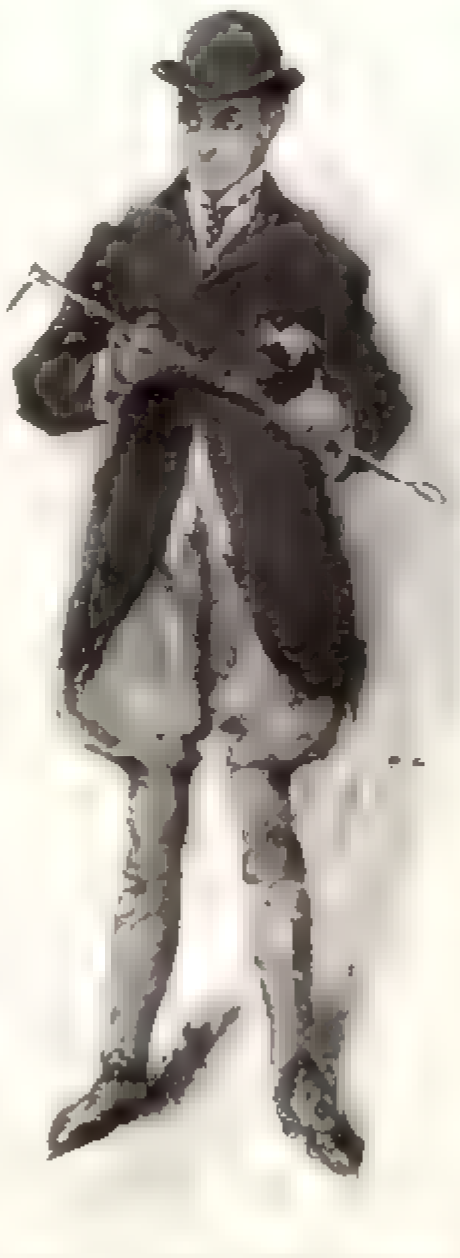
It is hard to say wot makes a man or a woman a swell, but there is something and it does not depend on birth, or wealth, or looks, or brains. And while I am on it I might as well say that I have concluded that all this talk about brains being the only thing that counts is rot, for some of the meanest, shoddiest people I know has plenty of them, and they are cheap enough in New York. Looks have something to do with it although a hunchback can be a fine gentleman. Birth may have something, but not often in the case of a man. Wealth can do a lot, but it cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and brains can help. But it is neither one nor the other nor yet all—for a man may have birth, wealth, looks and brains and be a rotter. It is something else and you can call it "quality" or "manner" or "instinc" or anything you please, but if you haven't got it you might as well give up trying for you will never have it.

That is one of the chief reasons why all this social striving is so useless. People think that being swell depends on how much money you have and how many houses and motors and so on and so forth, whereas it simply turns on whether you are a gentleman or a lady in the first place, and maybe you are and maybe you are not, and that rests with the Almighty entire.

But many that have no hope of ever being real swells are perfectly contented to be near-swells so long as they can associate with swell people and they do not care wot they really are so long as the world takes them for wot they are not. And this desire for social advancement, while you see it everywhere, is worse in America than anywhere else because the Americans take everything they do so much more serious than other people. I have observed that in England and France and Italy, when I have been out with Lord Craven, people go into society to amuse theirselves and have a good time, and whether they do it proper or not they certainly have it, but in America the chief objec of people is not to amuse theirselves but to better their social positions and they go at it just as strenuous as they build railroads or sell stocks. Instead of growing fat and lazy they get thin and peevish, and the end of their social career is generally in a sanatarium.

It is extraordinary how many ladies in America who are trying to get on break down and either go mad entire or tempory. I never knew any English lady who got that way, and the reason over here is that they eat too much and sleep too little and keep on the go every minute so as people will know they are the real thing, which ten to one they are not at all. And they take it so serious no wonder they get only to be skin and bones and indigestive. Why when a lady goes to a ball in New York she gets into her football clothes and takes her life in her hand. And when a stock broker has a chance to meet a rich swell he sinks his teeth in him so hard you can lift him orf his feet and swing him round and he won't let go until you throw ice water on his head like a bull dog. But the women are the worst and as they say in the play "the woman pays."

There is even a doctor over here as earns his living by recuperating ladies who have lost their health through nervous indigestion and he makes a pile of money, so they say, by merely exploring their stomachs with a little electric light and feeding them on piptonized milk at an hotel. When Miss Harriet took the cure in the hope of marrying the doctor, Mr. Carter used to pass piptonized milk with the champagne and tell his guests to help theirselves to either—they cost the same. Well, that is merely one of the unfortunate results of this mercenary and selfish struggle, but if the effect of it is evil on the body it is far worse on the mind and morals.



They All Bring Ridin'-Clothes

In the first place it is degrading. It is enough to make you sick to see people toadying around to other rich people that they think stand a little higher than they do. And it is shocking how they will lie to get out of one engagement in order to accept another they think is better. I have known Miss Harriet to break five engagements one arfter another just so as she could go to a sixth which in the end was given up by the lady who had sent the invitation so that she could accept another herself. So it ended by Miss Harriet staying at home and reading a book which no fit woman should read, and I was afraid Miss Patricia would find it.

Now I have looked into it careful and have no hesitation in saying that the number of people in New York who feel sure enough of their social position to do wot they choose and associate with those they like, is so small as almost not to count. Everybody does the things and cultivates the people that will, as they think, help them along. Where? God knows! To the poor house, the lunatic asylum and the home for the aged and useless rich I fancy. A butler can see and hear a lot that's not spoke in words. It is enough to make your blood boil to see nice people snubbed and slighted by their friends for nothing at all. Take one of Mrs. Carter's teas. Now she has an old friend "Mamie" Jones who comes from Piqua too and who married a rich man but is not quite up to sample, as they say over here. Does Mrs. Carter talk to her? Not much! "O, how dy do," she says quite languid, looking at someone else, and then she adds sudden "Excuse me, I must speak to Mrs. Castor," and Mrs. Castor is probably some high roller, who comes to Mrs. Carter's because she amuses her for a week or so. Well, if Mrs. Jones had the strength of mind to go home and say no more about it you would not blame her. But wot does she do? She clings hold of Mrs. Carter's hand and says, "O, there is Mrs. Castor to be sure!" she says, "Do introduce me, Maria dear!" Well, Mrs. Carter is annoyed dreadful, but she cannot refuse because she knows if she does Mrs. Jones will spread it around that her father's business was really confectionery with drugs on the side instead of an apothecary with a candy counter, who is alive yet. And Mrs. Jones is looking at her with glistening eyes as much as to say, "Don't you dare to refuse. If you do, you know wot I will do." So Mrs. Carter gets hold of Mrs. Castor and says very quick, "Excuse me but I have got to introduce Mrs. Jones to you. I can't get out of it." Well, Mrs. Castor smiles and says, "Why should you? I'm sure I am very glad to meet any of your friends," and Mrs. Carter has no time to explain that she is not a friend but only a sort of relation and simply has to bite her lips when Mrs. Jones comes smirking up and she clasps the hand of royalty. O my! How happy she is! How she thrills! And how she gags so she can't speak! Then orf she rushes to make a lot of calls and everywhere she goes she says, "As Mrs. Castor said to me this afternoon, the straight front is going to be all the rage this year." Now the fact she actually did finally meet Mrs. Castor may be the ruin of her and her husband, for soon they may be losing their health and stealing trust funds in order to take advantage of it.

And you can mostly see it in dinners. Does people invite those they like, or who amuse them or who think as they do? Certain not! They ask people who will invite them in return with sweller people than they know now. Do they ask their old friends? No! They ask the swell people they have just met. Do they ask their old friends *with* the swell people? No, they have got all they can out of their *old* friends and they are not swell enough for the new people to meet, and they must not let the swell people know that they have any friends except swell people, so they ask a lot of folks who are almost strangers to them and like enough to each other, and the dinner is dull and dismal and dreary. And they would die rather than ask a relation. The only use of relations in New York is to insult them.

So you can be sure of one thing at a New York dinner and that is that you will almost never meet anybody at one of them that is not of exactly the same social importance as everybody else who is there. If you are a little lower than the swells you will only be asked with the near-swells and will stay a near-swell all your life, but a near-swell is better than a "would be." There are only ninety-seven real swells in New York society and there are about five hundred and forty near-swells, and some fifteen thousand "would-bes." The nomenclater is Miss Patricia's.

Now real swells are for the most part simple enough and merely bent on having the best possible time with the least amount of trouble. They do not have to make a display or do a lot of entertaining because they have nothing to gain by it, so they do as they please and associate with the friends they like, and their only fault is that they are selfish and lazy. But wot chance has Mrs. Carter or anybody else to get to know them? None at all—not if she had a *hundred* millions. They don't need her and they don't want her. If she even got to know them she has nothing to offer them, and even if she was a lady which she is not, and could amuse them for a while they would drop her like a shot just as soon as the newness wore off. Even if they did not drop her they would take no trouble about her, for the swells never take any trouble about anybody. They may have intimate friends who they have known all their life from childhood up but they never go to see them—the friends are the ones who have to do the running and the standing round waiting for orders. They never answer letters or invitations and the only way anyone can find out if they are coming to dinner or not is to telephone and see if they are in the country, and if not, to inquire if they would excuse your asking if they intend to dine with you. Probably they will never dine with you at all or come to visit you or even call, but they will ask you a dozen times and then call it orf if not convenient. If you expect to retain your self respect put no confidence in them unless you are one of them and can answer them back.

We do a lot of entertaining at our house in town but not so much as at "The Beeches" for it is a fact that a lot of people who haven't time to bother much with Mrs. Carter in the winter take more interest in her as soon as it begins to get hot and uncomfortable in the city. And that is the best time to tell whether people are real swells or not, for it is on a house party that they has time to show their real character, particular so in regard to giving tips to those who have waited on them. It is not so much how *much* they give but how they *do* it, and a woman as is not a lady will show it every time she gives you a five dollar note. Why the way some people give tips is enough to make you disgusted with human nature. They act as if they was suspected of crime or had left a undiscovered murder upstairs in their trunk. People who is quite independent at other times look like school children caught playing hooky when they have to go and pass me in the hall.

Now a high class servant figures on his tips just as much as a cook does on her drippings or a house maid on her outings, and besides it is a sign that the guest is satisfied and there is pleasant relations in the house between everybody. A real gentleman or a lady will always tip you and tip you right, but the people who has got their money sudden or isn't used to good society is just as likely to hand you silver as a twenty dollar note or even more so. Now you do not expect silver in England except from very young lads or gentlemen who cannot afford to bring down their own valets and you can be sure of ten bob from every one who comes down from Friday until Monday. If they stay a week instead of until over Sunday you will get double that, and from talking with other men in service I should say that one might expec about the same rates in the big houses in this country—that is to say two or three dollars for each married couple and two dollars for single persons over the week end. But this does not include bounders and rich swells who will never give a butler or groom of the chambers less than a guinea in England or a five dollar note in this country no matter how short their stay might be. Of course with royalty it is different and His Royal Highness gave orders to donate me a five-pound note when he stayed at Craven Hall for five days, which was handed to me by Mr. Gray-Whitney his secretary and I have it yet in the bottom of my box.

Now at some very swell establishments the upper servants put on a good deal of side which I consider very bad form, and this is apt to be the case with ducal houses but not royal dukes. I know one fellow as used to be a hostler's boy when he was a lad at the Blue Peacock Tavern and who got employment at Tattersall's and from that on to the track and in with the breeders and racing people and is now Equerry to the Duke of ——. Well, some American people came to visit His Grace and McGuinness (the "Equerry") showed them the stables and had a stallion trotted round the paddock on the end of a leader for them to see but nothing else, so when they went to leave the gentleman thought he would show his appreciation and offered McGuinness two golden sovs. but McGuinness waved them aside and shook his head with a superior gester and says "No, thankee sir, I never touch anything but paper." But the gentleman was the right stuff and gave him a good dressing down then and there for being a impudent servant and reported him to His Grace who gave him the sack and served him right.

Now a serving man cares less for wot he gets than for being remembered and receiving credit as a human, and a smile and a pleasant word is often worth as much to him when he is feeling down on his luck as a gold coin. If he feels that a person cannot but ill spare the money he would rather not have it at all, and he sometimes does not get it in any case. It is surprising how many people rush away at the last minute Monday morning and forgets to tip anybody, and some skulks in their room until no one is around and then slips out sudden or goes orf by the veranda door. If a man or a woman is mean at heart the servant is the one who suffers from it for they will decide how little they can give you and then cut it in harf and then act as if they was being blackmailed when they hand it over. Often I would have liked to throw their dirty money back at them.

Why there was one woman, and this is a fact, who I am ashamed to say was by way of being literary who when she went away beckoned me down the hall and says,

"Ridges I thought I would tell you how I consider that I have done you a good turn," she says, "For some of the guests was discussing gratooities," she says, "and I said that no one ought to give you less than five dollars. So I am not going to give you anything on that account."

That was the worst that ever happened to me, but once a man who was worth twenty million dollars came and stayed ten days with us and gave me a quarter when he went away, and that is a fact also. I have it in my box of curiosities along with one of Mr. Hunter's waistcoat buttons with the royal imprint that fell into the soup.

Now you might think that I was making fun but it is only the sad truth, and when all is said and done the tips a man gets will never make him a millionaire. In a big house he can double his wages spring and autumn but it is at an enormous cost to his respect for human nature. It has often occurred to me that if some butler that knows would only publish a schedule of the tips which are usually given and expected in swell houses he would be conferring a favor all around and I should divide them into classes according to the length of the visit, thus:

FOR THE BUTLER	WEEK-END	WEEK OR TEN DAYS	MONTH
Ordinary, Single ladies and gentlemen	$2.00	$ 5.00	$10.00
Ordinary, Married couples	3.00	5–$10	10–$15
Rich swells, brides and grooms, distinguished foreigners, politicians and brokers	5.00	10.00	15–$25
Clergy, continental nobility and decayed relations	1.00	2.50	3.50

Now the second man as does your valetting deserves as much as the butler and so does the ladies' maid, but if you think you have got to tip everybody in the house you are entirely mistaken and show you are not to the manner born. You should remember

(1) The Butler
(2) The valet and maid, if you stay for the week end; if you come for a longer visit you should include
(3) The outside man as attends to your luggage
(4) The groom of the chambers (if there is any)
(5) The coachman and
(6) The chambermaid

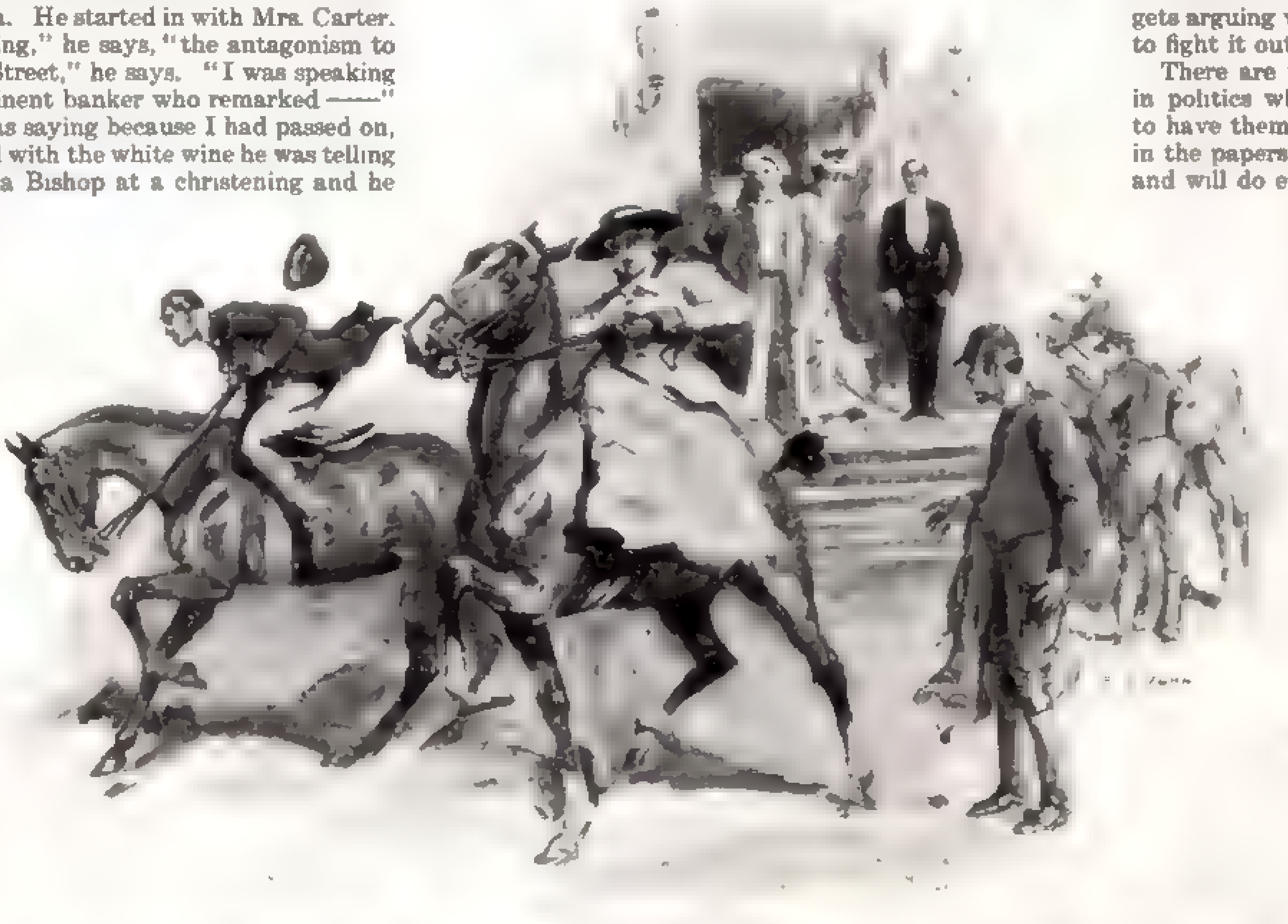
Silver will do for the outside man in England and a dollar over here. And there you are, and if you go throwing your money around anywhere else they will think you are from Pittsburgh.

Once on a Monday morning when we was standing in the front hall waiting for an old gentleman with the gout who was very grumpy Mr. Amos whispered back to me that he would lay five dollars the old boy would pass me by. Now it so happened that he had used very hard words to me by reason of being in pain the night before and when he came along he stopped and made a sort of grimace and handed me a twenty dollar note. I heard Mr. Amos whistle under his breath but he gave me the five dollars arfterwards and said you never could tell when Northern Pacific would declare a extra dividend. But I feel that this is a sordid subjec, only it would not be so if people used a little thoughtfulness and common sense about it.

The guests at an house party are apt to be very much alike from one week end to another and frequent repeat theirselves, and there are two classes which to me are especial obnoxious, namely, wot Miss Patricia calls the "Bores" and the "Fresh Johnnies." The "Bores" you have always with you, and so far as that goes you have the "Johnnies" also but not so persistent. The "Bores" are always invited everywhere because you can always rely on them to fill up at the last minute and not to do anything objectionable. But I am often surprised that they are invited at all because how anyone could get any pleasure from their society is beyond me, not to say incredulous. The "Bores" always calls most assiduous and you can figure on each of 'em getting around about once in two weeks, and they always call when the ladies is sure to be at home, in which they differ from the "Fresh Johnnies" who only call when the ladies is sure to be out if they call at all, which is seldom.

There is one gentleman who I am sure prepares everything that he is going to say before he starts out, and I am willing to wager he says the same thing wherever he goes. He rarely eats anything,at dinner and when he gets to the roast no matter if he is in the middle of a sentence or telling one of his anecdotes he simply turns his back on the lady he is talking to and begins to talk to the one on the other side, beginning at the beginning again. I discovered this once at a dinner at our house where he sat between Mrs. Carter and Miss Patricia. He started in with Mrs. Carter.

"It is really astonishing," he says, "the antagonism to the President in Wall Street," he says. "I was speaking the other day to a prominent banker who remarked ——"



Most of the Visitors Grab the Curb Rein and Pull on the Horse's Mouth as Hard as They Can to Keep From Falling Off

Then I lost wot he was saying because I had passed on, and when I came around with the white wine he was telling Mrs. Carter a story of a Bishop at a christening and he says, "And the good Bishop didn't know whether it was a boy or a girl so he ——" Well I didn't think anything of it until I was passing the champagne and when I got to the gentleman in question he was saying something about the opera to Mrs. Carter and who was going to be the new director, and all of a sudden he turns and begins on Miss Patricia.

"It is really astonishing," he says, "the antagonism to the President in Wall Street," he says. "I was speaking the other day to a prominent banker who remarked ——"

Well, I almost smiled but not quite, and if you will believe me when I came around with the claret he was just saying "And the good Bishop did not know whether it was a boy or a girl so he ——" Well that is how that gentleman gets along for he talks all the time if even ungrammatical, and never says anything which will give offense to anybody, so you see him at all the teas and receptions and dances and at everything excep the swellest dinners.

Now there is lots of others just like him and they only differ in the way they do it. One makes a specialty of art, although I do not really believe he knows much about it, and he has read two or three books and he is always telling the ladies wot is in them about this and that and the other thing, and so they all imagine that he is quite the cheese on that subject. But Mr. Amos says he does not know enough to go in when it rains about anything, and I will take Mr. Amos' word on that.

There is another one who knows the plots of all the operas and when each composer was born and when he died and how many times he was married and how many children he had. There is another who can do eight different card tricks and several more with a handkerchief and a piece of string to say nothing of one with a glass of water and a cane, and he is a great success you may be sure. And there is another that collects funny stories and puts them in a book with a index which he keeps in his pocket and sometimes in his cuff, and I have seen him take it out on the sly when both of the ladies he was between was engaged in conversation and cram up. Another time when he was there it slipped out of his sleeve on to the floor and James picked it up, and I found him laughing fit to burst in the pantry after dinner and he says:

"My eye," he says, "did you ever read anything like that!" says he. And he had the little book open at "B" where the gentleman had written "*Bad* Stories." And I must say that although I was astonished at first I read them all and nearly died laughing. There was "Clergymen Stories" under "C" and "Doctor Stories" under "D," and "Religious Stories" under "R," only I did not read them. Well, the gentleman he missed his little book after he got back in the drawring room with the ladies and was that oncomfortable he nearly expired and he could hardly talk, and although they asked him to tell some funny stories to them he couldn't remember any. And when he went out I put the book in his hat and handed it to him and he was the most relieved person I ever see. So he gave me five dollars and says I should not mention the book, which I have not excep to tell about it here. Well this same gentleman is, as I may say, all things to all women, for he adapts his conversation to the character of the person he is talking to and the worse he thinks a lady is the worse stories he tells, and he always tells a little worse story than he thinks any of them have ever heard before, and the result is he is one of the most popular of the "Bores" although Miss Patricia says he is a "Willie" and Mr. Carter says all his stories are so old that they have whiskers on them.

Well you are apt to get three or four of the "Bores" most any week down at "The Beeches" and they are always the ones that are out to get the most for their money and will smoke two cigars to every other gentleman's one and take a few away on Monday morning to smoke on the train as they say, but I guess more likely to last through the week until they come again; and the one who is the expert on art is always forgetting to bring his neckties and silk socks and borrowing them from Mr. Carter, which he never returns and is wearing them yet, for I have laid out more than once for him a pair of orange accordion pleated silk socks which cost eight dollars a pair and which I borrowed from Mr. Carter for him over a year ago. Now that comes pretty near being petty larceny. But the Bores differ from the Fresh Johnnies because the Bores do by intention wot the Fresh Johnnies do by accident.

Most of these are young fellows who are not such a long time out of college who have been taken up by the swell ladies of society and think they are doing fine and own the whole show. They all talk very loud and are terrible confident unless someone contradicts wot they say and tell them they don't know anything, which is the truth, and then they collapse like a clam and say nothing. I am always scared when one of them is sitting next to Miss Patricia because you never can tell wot they are going to say, and although they mean well they are just as apt to say something awful as not, but I guess Miss Patricia can take care of herself if anybody can. Now they are always forgetting all their things, and there is one that always rings the bell and says, "Ridges, go and get me one of old Carter's neckties or his shirt studs or wot not," and because I do not like to take Mr. Carter's things which are so expensive I have bought a small line of haberdashery that this gentleman and others like him need and when the valet unlocks their boxes I look over and see wot they lack. It really costs very little and at the end of the month I charge it to Mr. Carter. Eliza buys the things at a department store, and she gets white ties for nineteen cents apiece and black ones for a quarter and brass collar buttons at five cents apiece, and under clothes at fifty cents a pair, socks at twenty-five cents and tooth brushes the same. I suppose I have saved Mr. Carter hundreds of dollars in the last five years. And this makes it easy for nice young fellows that have really meant to bring their things but have forgotten to do so, who ring the bell and ask me if I would mind lending them one of my own ties or collar buttons, for then I can say I have a few new ones which I will be glad to let them have at cost, and they are so relieved to find that they do not have to come down to dinner without a collar or something that they usually give me a couple of dollars, which all goes toward my public-house at Wapping-on-Velly.

But I would rather have the Bores any day than the Fresh Johnnies because the Johnnies make so much noise and go shouting around all over the house, for they think that is the way to show that they are having a good time. And whereas the Bores never get tight the Johnnies are tight most of the time after six o'clock, if not sooner. One of these young fellows as soon as the gentlemen have gone into the smoking room after dinner no matter how many older gentlemen or distinguished there may be in the party, is sure to raise his voice and tell everybody how rotten the government is or how beastly bad the shows are, or wot a miserable game of bridge So-and-So plays, and there is no way to stop him unless some other Johnnie gets arguing with him and the others leave them together to fight it out.

There are two quite distinguished gentlemen who are in politics who know Mr. Carter, and Mrs. Carter likes to have them at the house because their names look well in the papers, but they are both the most terrible talkers and will do everybody else up in ten minutes. They are like the old man who when he was interrupted says, "I ain't a-argufying with yer, I'm a-telling of yer." And they are a-telling everybody everything all the time. Well we had never had them at the house together for one at a time is bad enough at a visit, but last summer Mrs. Carter accidentally invited them both together and when Mr. Carter heard it he went around tearing his hair and said there would be no peace in Israel with two men talking like that from Friday night till Monday morning, so Miss Patricia sort of laughed quite to herself and I knew something was up. And when the first one arrived I happened to be in the hall and I heard her say, "How do you do, Mr. ——, I am perfectly delighted to see you. Mother has asked Colonel —— down here particular to meet you and although I am very fond of him I ought to tell you confidential that he is the most awful talker that ever was, and if he once gets started no one else will get a chance, so as a favor to me, dear Mr. —— when he comes if he begins to talk I wish you would try and head him off."

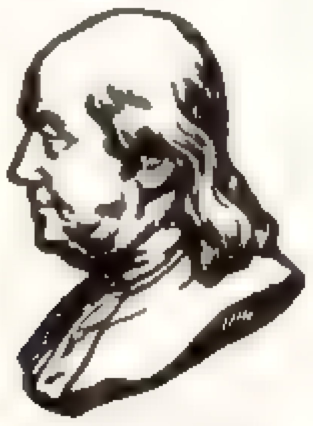
Well, Mr —— felt very much complimented and was very nice about it and went to his room to dress and when Colonel —— came an hour later Miss Patricia met him in the hall too and she says,

"I am perfectly delighted to see you, Colonel, I have been looking forward to this for a long time. We have asked Mr. —— special to meet you, but you know he has a weakness which is talking a great deal more than is pleasant. Now if he gets going he will talk us all deaf, dumb and blind, and I do hope if you see him start in you will try and cut him off."

Well, the Colonel was very much amused at wot she said about Mr. —— and promised that he would do his best. So at dinner they both came down and entered the drawring room at opposite ends at about the same time, and they no sooner caught sight of each other than they rushed head on like two locomotives in a collision and each began to talk at the top of his voice, and they got so earnest in trying to talk each other down that they talked

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 10, 1908

The Upward Trend of Business

THAT business, using the word in a broad sense, realizes its sins, repents of them, and now requires only a fair chance to bring forth fruit meet for repentance, is a flattering view advanced by many and rather favored by Mr. Taft. On the other hand, no open-minded person, conversant with current happenings of a business nature, can have failed to note some disclosures of a discouraging kind. Now and again a rotten, or even quite putrid, fact shows on the surface of the stream and tempts one to be gloomy.

What we do sincerely believe is that business, on the whole, has pretty constantly tended, of late years, to become more intelligent, to understand that honesty is the best policy. That is not a high ground, casuists say; but it is high enough for present purposes. The number who would not prefer fair dealing at the hands of a man acting merely from policy, to assault and battery at the hands of one acting from principle, is negligibly small.

Daily newspapers, which once represented about the lowest plane of commercial ethics, do sensibly improve. To compare the advertising in the best of them now with that of twenty-five years ago might instruct pessimists. The exhibit of the former period would suggest that newspaper advertising was profitable in proportion as it was employed to swindle the public. Certainly a more intelligent view now prevails. A fake patent medicine then took the exceptional full page. Now, in the newspapers that are richest in income and influence, the swindling advertisements are comparatively insignificant. Time is coming when an opulent newspaper publisher cannot assist in robbing his readers and retain the standing necessary to legitimate profits. That honesty is the best policy will be even more clearly understood.

The Elusive Monopoly

POLITICAL discussion of the extent and effects of monopoly may be partly responsible for the grievous misconception that almost any amateur who is able to command capital can step in and set up a monopoly.

This thought is suggested by the recent bankruptcy of an extensive and once flourishing concern which has been seeking to corner an important commodity. The misconception, on the whole, has cost a great many thousand people a great many million dollars and much sorrow. As it was said that more money had been lost in diamond mining than ever had been taken out of that attractive industry, so the amount of money that has been lost in attempting monopoly would make a large hole in the sum that has been gained by achieving it.

In the real heyday of the trust promoter—the first six months of 1899—the "industrials" that were organized had an aggregate capitalization exceeding three thousand millions. This excludes duplications and mere paper projects; with a few exceptions it includes only consolidations of two or more existing concerns.

The capitalization was divided roughly into a thousand millions of bonds and preferred stock, and two thousand millions of common stock, largely representing "good will," which again, in many cases, meant the hope of securing a monopolistic position in the trade. Many important consolidations preceded the six months referred to, and many—notably, the Steel Corporation—followed.

Some of the consolidations, especially those in Steel and tobacco, have been eminently successful. The history of others is melancholy proof that to erect and maintain a monopoly is by no means as easy as the conspicuous successes in that line might lead one to suppose. It is well known that moral improvement is sometimes merely a symptom of ill-health. Possibly, if the country were as buoyant as it was nine years ago it would repeat the excesses of that period; but we prefer to doubt that the promoter will again find a public ready to tolerate and purchase his bales of "good will" stocks.

Why Capital is Timid

EVERY city has annoying experiences of the timidity of capital. It was a good while before New York could get subways built, and the great railway terminal works which are now under way there seemed long in coming. For at least fifteen years Chicago has been coaxing the railroads—quite in vain until lately—to use electric power and abate the smoke nuisance. Everywhere people ask improvements which capital is unwilling to undertake.

It should be said, however, that capital has some reason to be timid. The destruction through ordinary wear and tear is enormous. In six years, for example, the railroads have charged out of earnings for ordinary up-keep of plant almost three and a half billion dollars (or about twenty-five per cent. of the average total investment in the plant during the period), besides very great sums for extraordinary depreciation and replacement. In other lines depreciation is even more rapid. The Steel Corporation in the same six years has charged off two hundred and thirty-two million dollars for ordinary and extraordinary maintenance and renewal.

What might be called the plant of the United States, being machinery and tools exclusive of real estate, steam and electric railways, telephone and telegraph systems, represents upward of twenty billions. That it has to be rebuilt every ten years has been asserted, and its life, probably, is not greatly longer than that. It rebuilds itself, of course, out of earnings; yet that constant destruction through wear and tear is a factor in making capital so notably nervous. If one could collect all the cases where there were no earnings for rehabilitation or any other purpose—the losses by investments that failed to pan out—one would rather wonder that capital had any courage.

Cost and Comfort of Pullman Berths

THE recent annual report of the St. Paul Railroad contains, perhaps, a small glimmer of light upon the dark subject of Pullman profits.

This road operates its own sleeping cars, and in order to adjust the year's accounts to the new bookkeeping method prescribed by the Government, certain items are restated—including: "Sleeping-car earnings, $532,040; sleeping-car expenses, $170,353." Whether this means that total operating expenses in this department are only a third of gross earnings, against two-thirds for regular freight and passenger business, we could not attempt to say; but the presumption leans somewhat in that direction.

The capital of the Pullman Company, it will be remembered, is a hundred million dollars, of which at least forty-four millions consist of "extra stock dividends," representing no new investment of money by stockholders. The company's net earnings in 1907 were 11½ per cent. upon the whole hundred millions, or over 20 per cent. upon that part of the stock which represents money paid in. The company's cars carried eighteen million passengers that year, so they possess at least a quasi-public interest.

There is truth in the company's contention that its cars are a luxury—in the matter of cost, if not of comfort. A great many people who believe in the virtue of economy would be highly pleased to see them made less a luxury. The record of the company's earnings furnishes abundant proof that charges are too high.

Price considered, there has no doubt been less improvement in sleeping-car service than in any other branch of railroading.

A Railroad to Play With

WOULD you like to own a railroad—one of the very biggest railroads in the United States, more than fourteen thousand miles in extent, serving the population of twelve States, having a yearly income upward of a hundred million dollars, and in which some six hundred million dollars of other people's money is invested?

If you would like to have control of a plaything of that description you ought to be able to get it, at current quotations, for rather less than ten million dollars, and you could easily borrow, upon the stock, about two-thirds of the amount. Getting the mastery of one-fifteenth, say, of the total railroad system of the United States for only three million dollars in cash comes pretty near putting railroads within the reach of all.

The railroad to which we refer is the Rock Island. Probably you remember how a little band of financial humorists, some six years ago, bought control of the old Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, converting seventy millions of that stock into one hundred and eighty-nine millions of new stocks and bonds, and then rounded out their enterprise to its present imposing proportions by exchanging collateral trust bonds and the like for stocks of other railroads. Power to elect a majority of the directors of the controlling company is vested in holders of the new preferred stock, which pays no dividend and sells at about thirty-five dollars a share, so that whoever possesses about ten million dollars' worth of it can shape the policies of this great instrument of commerce—in so far as the Government, having in mind the millions of people who look to the railroad for transportation, will permit. The people whose money is invested have nothing to say about it.

At this late day it is rather sad to hear a railroad man assert that the Government should "let the roads manage their own affairs"—that is, let the holders, for the time being, of a handful of stock do as they please with a great public highway.

Concerning Gold Finger-Bowls

IT IS a reflection upon these degenerate times that a Daniel Drew or Commodore Vanderbilt would be impossible now. The former, it is said, to the end of his long and interesting career, pronounced the chief implements of his trade in the same way that a tailor did. "Them Arie shears" was his manner of designating the stock certificates of the Erie Railroad. His great contemporary and rival, when rolling in wealth, continued to dress, act and spell like the simple, untutored child of the soil that he was.

Those celebrated characters were typical of their unsophisticated day. It is really touching to remember that then, and even somewhat later, one might grab vast possessions and still remain an unassuming man of the people, wearing ready-made pants and eating pie with a knife. It was a kind of poetic compensation that, although the people couldn't keep their property, the man who got it helped them to keep their plain habits. He was faithful to them in that, while taking their money, he set them no other bad example.

How sadly times have changed is suggested by the little item that a noted Wall Street operator who formerly worked for a living is now purchasing gold finger-bowls at five hundred dollars apiece. The material and the price do not matter. The significant fact is that he must have finger-bowls at all. Daniel Drew, for example, might have paid even more money for a diamond-mounted cuspidor and still have exhibited infinitely less essential sophistication.

Nowadays, finger-bowls, evening clothes, calling cards, eating peas with a fork, eschewing diamond shirt-studs, and the whole train of unnatural distinctions connoted by the word etiquette, follow inevitably every killing in wheat or Steel, so that you can hardly tell from his habits whether a man is a busted duke or a farmer who "got right" on the market last year. It is an un-American, undemocratic condition, and we point to it with disapproval.

Putting Ginger Into the Campaign

THE most exciting political discussion which we have been privileged to hear of late was as to whether the demand for free coinage of silver in 1896 was economically sound.

The affirmative maintained that we escaped those evils which Mr. Bryan attributed to a single gold standard only by an enormous increase in the world's production of gold. This leads naturally to the "crime of '73," when silver was demonetized; and it is only a step from that to the question whether the Republicans stole the Presidential election of 1876, as was so often and vehemently asserted at the time. In one of Madison's constitutional essays will be found language which, to say the least, is inconclusive, touching the right of a State to withdraw from the Union, and we think quite an absorbing controversy might be started over the question whether the Southern States had any constitutional warrant for seceding. This, of course, would resurrect the whole burning issue which divided the Federal adherents of Hamilton and the State-sovereignty followers of Jefferson—certainly one of the most momentous questions of American politics.

In fine, with so many interesting things to talk about we don't see why the campaign managers should be deploring a general apathy. There remain the questions of England's right to tax the Colonies without their consent and whether Columbus discovered America; but they may be deemed not sufficiently pertinent to current problems.

A Republican view that the campaign must be dull because all current problems have been solved is flattering to the country; but the non-political phenomena of daily life scarcely bear it out. The tariff, for example, is a problem of some magnitude, strictly within the approved sphere of political action; but there seems to be a sort of tacit understanding that as little as possible is to be said about it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Broth av a Bhoy

"FAITH," sez Teddy, "'tis a fine broth av a bhoy, that Dick Oulahan, an' fit t' be lukin' afther th' lithrary bureau av th' campaign."

"Tare an' 'ouns," sez Bill Taft, "he'd fit it to a gnat's eyebrow, so we'll be afther gettin' him."

And they sent Getter Hitchcock out after him, and first thing we knew he was sitting up in the tower, across from Madison Square, in New York, telling the people what a noble countenance Mr. Taft really has. The only trouble there has been, so far, was when he decided to print all the campaign literature in green ink.

You see, it was this way: The Oulahans were kings in Ireland in those pleasant days when there were so many Irish kings that the subjects were the exclusive classes, and far be it from any person to say they were originally O'Houlahans, so nobody will say it, but to-day they are Oulahans and nothing less, with Richard Victor the chief of the clan.

Being an Irishman is a poem with Richard Victor, and every time the poet sings:

Oh-ho-ho, lay me on the hillside, with my face turned toward
the West,
Toward that sacred island, the land that I love best,
And let a bunch of shamrock green be planted on my gra-ha-
have ——

Richard Victor always stands up and weeps a little, remembering that trunk full of Fenian bonds he has at home, and recalling, maybe, those misty days when they were all kings, all the Oulahans and all the other O's, one of which, of course, he is, whether the apostrophe is there or not. Nor is he obtrusive about it, but he knows a little patter of the Gaelic, and all the "come-all-ye's," and when they free Ireland he'll be on the spot, scrapping with the other kings for his rights; for, although he is a poet, he is very keen about what is coming to him over there, some day, and doesn't intend to allow anybody but himself to fill the moat of the ancient Oulahan castle, now somewhat in disrepair, where he has often said he intends to raise ducks, his favorite fowl.

Meantime, he lives in Washington, and whenever the Gridiron Club needs a king as a skit they always cast him for the part, so he can keep his hand in, you know, and be ready when the great day comes. Just now he has strayed rather far afield, if you look at it from his side, although, to hear the other fellows tell it, he is perpetuating a dynasty—Shall the People Rule or Are We Electing an Heir Apparent?—Is This an Empire or a Republic?—you know—for he is the chap who is sending out the stuff that will, they all hope, cause the bulk of the G-A-V class—Great American Voter—to walk up to the polls on November 3 and cast their ballots for William Howard Taft, who is some bulky himself, if it comes to that.

When you find a speech by the Honorable Ebenezer Hill in your mail some morning, or a dainty card giving forty-seven reasons why you should grasp the country firmly by the neck and pull it out of the Bryan peril which is riding roughshod over the country, and threatens to engulf us if it is not nipped in the bud, as Senator Ankeny would say, by the exercise of your suffrage as directed in simple language in the last paragraph, or a few tasty campaign buttons done in green—he won out there—or a little brochure containing some of the choicest thoughts of T. Roosevelt on the subject, or a lithograph or two and a symposium of Last Words to Voters—you will know Richard Victor is communing with you, that the lithrary bureau is at work, that he is there, up in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Building, on the job. And he will be there until November, when he will go back to Washington, carefully recount the Fenian bonds, and take up the old life, unless, perchance, they make him an ambassador, or something, if his side wins, than which, as we say in Falls Church, they could go a good deal farther and fare much worse.

An Uncrowned Irish King

When he is home he is a Washington correspondent, which comes very close to putting him in the king row in the newspaper business, especially as he is a good Washington correspondent. He has been a Washington correspondent all his life, or all his life since he left school, for about twenty of his forty-one years. In that time he has watched scores and hundreds of statesmen blow into Washington, blow out and blow up. He has been on the correspondent side of all the affairs that seemed so vital while they were progressing, but were found not to be half so vital as supposed after the show was all out and over. Still, in that time he has gathered a comprehensive and exact knowledge of politics, government and all the things that mix in Presidential campaigns and are referred to in platforms and spouted about by orators; wherefore, the Honorable T. Roosevelt and the Honorable William Howard Taft showed acumen when they picked him out for the place and persuaded him to take it, which was no easy thing to do.

The work of a Washington correspondent falls easily into two divisions, the governmental end—the executive side—and the Congress end; that is, the news that comes from the President, the State, War and Navy Departments and the like, and the news that is made by Congress. For a good many years, before Oulahan became the head of a big bureau, he had the governmental end. He was an expert—is yet, for that matter—on White House news, on foreign policies as discussed in the State Department, on the Army and the Navy, with a leaning toward the Navy, where he is a sharp on ships and personnel and all that sort of thing.

Thus, he knew Presidents and Cabineteers, knew them more or less intimately, as it happened, but usually well enough to establish the proper news relations with them, which was all he wanted. Some Presidents and some Cabinet members grew to be very fond of Oulahan—everybody is fond of Oulahan—and would have done anything he wanted, in reason, in the way of political preferment. He didn't want anything of that kind. He was a newspaper correspondent and all he wanted was news. Moreover, he did not let his friendships color what he wrote, nor did the fact that his paper, at times, rose up and declared certain persons in high quarters were ranikaboo hoop-te-doodleums interfere in any way. He went straight down the middle of the road, getting all the news and printing it, for the paper first, glad enough to have a President call him "Dick," as several Presidents have done, but not foggy about it and always with his work in mind.

Now, Presidents and Secretaries of State and others of temporary celebrity have human sides, and when they saw an upstanding, square-toed young fellow going about his business, respecting their confidences, printing straight goods, they cottoned to him. The result came to be that Oulahan is one of the best-informed correspondents in Washington.

Naturally, when the young fellows in the press gallery, or the new fellows, got tangled on a governmental policy story they went to Oulahan and asked him about it. He always pulled out the kinks for them. On a big night it is common for a dozen puzzled chaps to ask this soft-spoken, modest young man what is the why of it, and he always tells, patiently and explicitly; not that there are not other correspondents who know as well as he does, and many of them, but because the puzzled one knows that, if he asks Oulahan, he will find out, while some of the others might not tell, or be too busy, or something.

Now, things like that, I take it, show fine streaks in a man—kindness, sympathy, good-fellowship, consideration, helpfulness. And when you combine these traits with high intelligence and a pleasant and pleasing personality you have a man it is good to know, a chap who doesn't fit in very well in these blatant days, but who has made his own very considerable place by the lovableness and decency of his character.

They knew what they were doing when they coaxed him to take over the publicity end of the Republican campaign. He has newspaper sense, newspaper skill, and wide political knowledge. That is the practical side of him. But bad cess to the practical side av it! Everything is too practical. The real, delightful, Oulahanesque side of him is the Irishman side—sentimental, sympathetic, loyal, witty, companionable and clever. As the song so aptly puts it:

Oh, Oulahan! Oh, Oulahan!
The real thing in an Irishman.

Willing to Swear Off

WILLIS J. ABBOTT, who runs the publicity bureau for the Bryan Chicago headquarters, thought he had something the matter with him a time ago, and went to see a doctor.

Abbott explained his fears, and the doctor looked him over.

"Now, Mr. Abbott," said the doctor, after the examination, "I am quite willing to take your case, and I can do much for you. There is one thing I must insist upon, however, one thing that you must give me your sacred word you will do before I will have anything to do with you. I exact rigid compliance with the rule, the first rule of my treatment of you, I am about to make."

"What is it?" quavered Abbott, who was a bit scared and did not know what he might have to promise.

"It is this," continued the doctor impressively; "before I take your case you must promise me, on your word of honor, that you will stop smoking. No subterfuges. No cutting down. Stop right off. Quit cigars, cigarettes, pipes, tobacco in every form. I exact that. Quit absolutely. Do you promise?"

"I promise," swore Abbott. "I promise faithfully. I have never smoked in my life."

Rolling Up the Berks Majority

"THE finest political speech I ever heard," said a Pittsburg man, "was made by a German farmer up in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

"There was a meeting in a country schoolhouse and after the speeches a leading German was called on for a few remarks. He said: 'Fellow-citizens: We haf hert d' chin music, yes! Und d' time has now come ven ve must all git togedder und undo that vich ve haf not dit. All git togedder und roll up such a Democratig majority in Berks Coundy that it vill roll und roll und roll undil it rolls all ofer Berks Coundy, all ofer d' State of Pennsylvania, all ofer the United States, vill roll across d' ocean und vill roll up to Queen Victoria vere she is sitting on her throne, und she vill say: "Good gracious! vot a Democratig majority Berks Coundy dit roll up."'"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative Nehemiah Day Sperry, of Connecticut, is the teetotalist teetotaler in Congress.

¶ Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, the blind Senator, never makes a mistake in recognizing a voice after he has heard it a minute or two.

¶ The greatest joy William R. Hearst has in life is to call up his editors at midnight on the long-distance telephone and have fun with them by ripping the paper to pieces and changing the make-up around.

¶ John R. McLean, who owns gas companies, newspapers, banks, and many other things, in Washington, D. C., and Cincinnati, has one of the largest and finest private collections of tapestries in this country.

¶ William C. Reick, for a number of years connected with the New York Herald, and now one of the principal men in the New York Times, got his start by writing a mad-dog story from New Jersey for the Herald.

¶ Representative Hardwick, of Georgia, is the smallest man, physically, in the House. Colonel "Ike" Hill, late Democratic employee of the House, said once, in speaking of Hardwick: "You could drown him in a fountain-pen."

¶ Some fiend in human form printed the story that Senator A. J. Beveridge had named his new son Theodore Roosevelt Beveridge, but the Senator indignantly denies it. He says the name of the young man is Albert, and he ought to know.

Karpen

THESE are some of the Karpen designs—a few from the hundreds that are shown in our book.

Each piece is an aristocrat in the furniture line. Each will remain, for all time to come, a model of style and a type of good taste.

Karpen creations have, for 28 years, met the ideals of refinement. You will find them everywhere in the homes of the cultivated—in the most luxurious hotels.

They are not for the rich alone. We cater in particular to those who wish to possess artistic and enduring furniture at moderate cost.

These masterpieces—because of our very small margin—cost less than equal qualities in the commonplace.

There is a Karpen piece for every purpose, a design for every taste, a price for every pocketbook. And all bear the marks of Karpen exclusiveness.

Our Leather is Genuine

On our leather pieces we use nothing but Karpen Sterling Leather. No split leather—no imitation leather—no shams of any kind.

Our fabrics have lasting colors.

Our springs are specified by the U. S. Government.

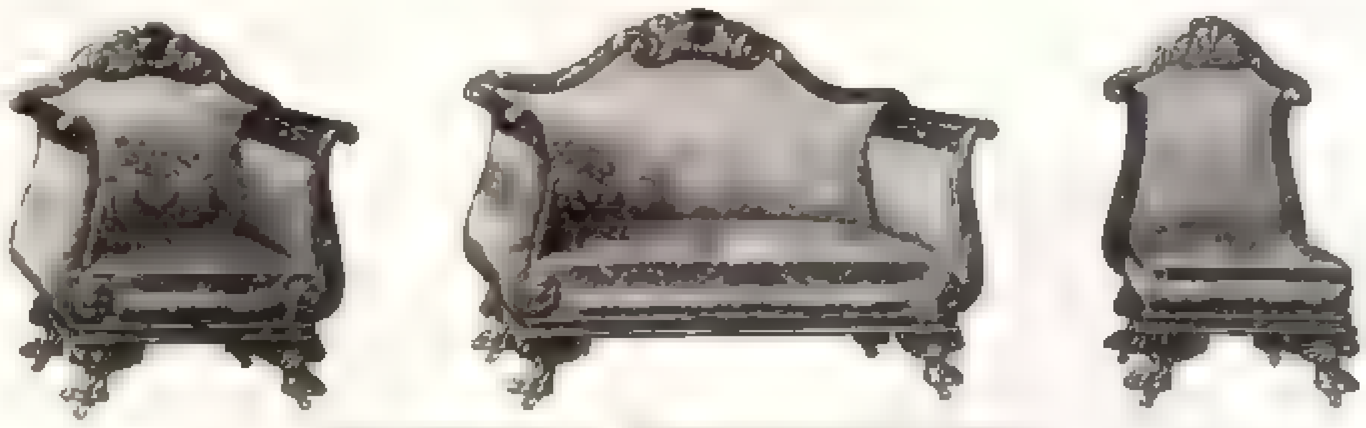
Karpen
Guaranteed
Upholstered
Furniture
CHICAGO-NEW YORK

In every city the leading furniture de
But remember that every genuine Karpe
Look for the trad

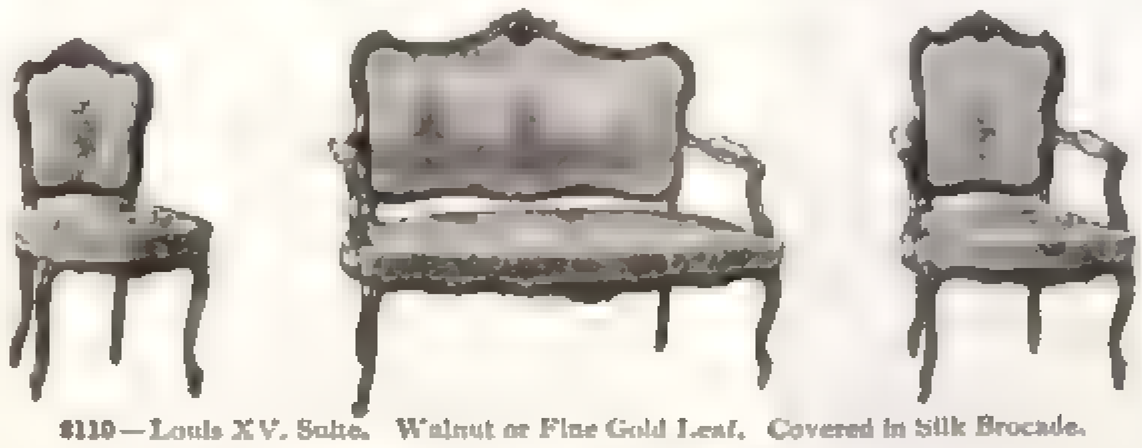
S. KARPEN

Karpen Bldg., CHICAGO

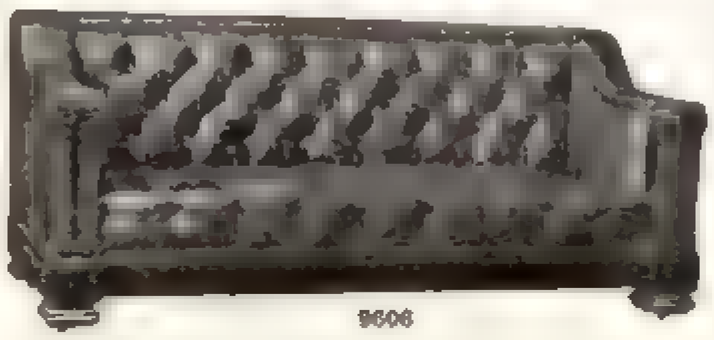
The United States Government has selected Kar
Office Building at Washington, in competit



8169—Colonial Suite. Cuban Mahogany, Silk Damask



8110—Louis XV. Suite. Walnut or Fine Gold Leaf. Covered in Silk Brocade.



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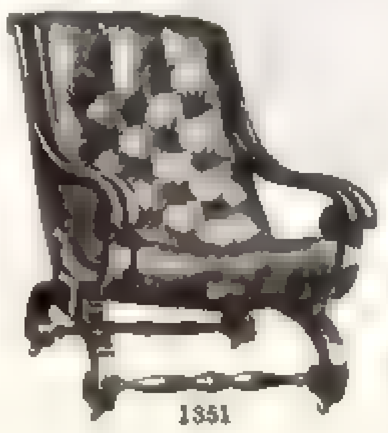


1351

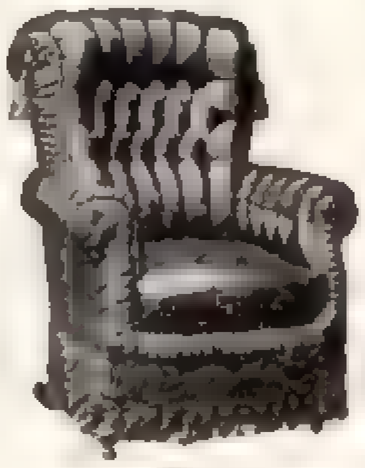
9606—Library Sofa "[illegible]" Cuban Mahogany, Leather.

1351—Sleepy Hollow Chair Cuban Mahogany, Leather.

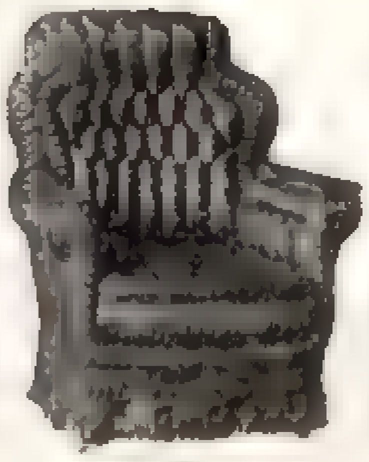
5942—Turkish Rocker Steel Wire Frame with Victoria Spring. Sterling Leather

2751—Turkish Rocker Steel Wire Frame with Victoria Spring. Sterling Leather

1979—Turkish Rocker with Victoria Spring. Sterling Leather



5942



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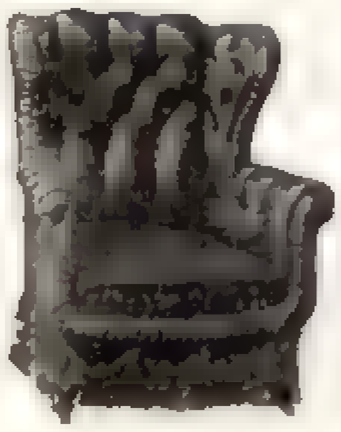
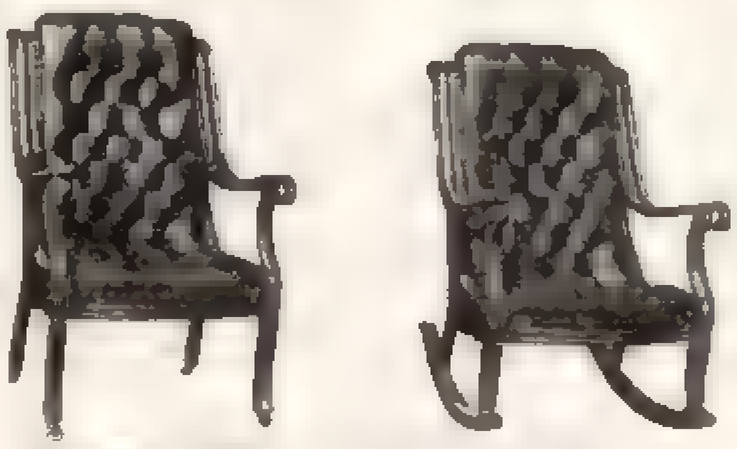
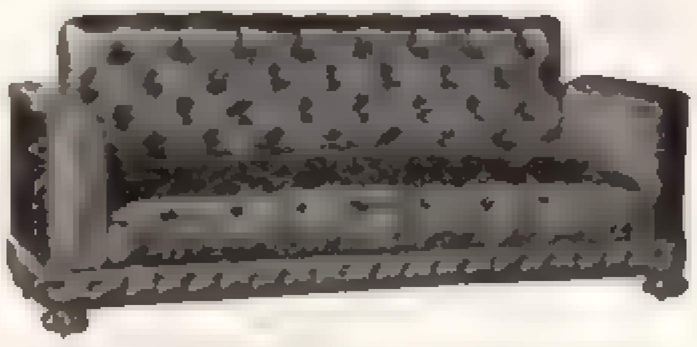


1979

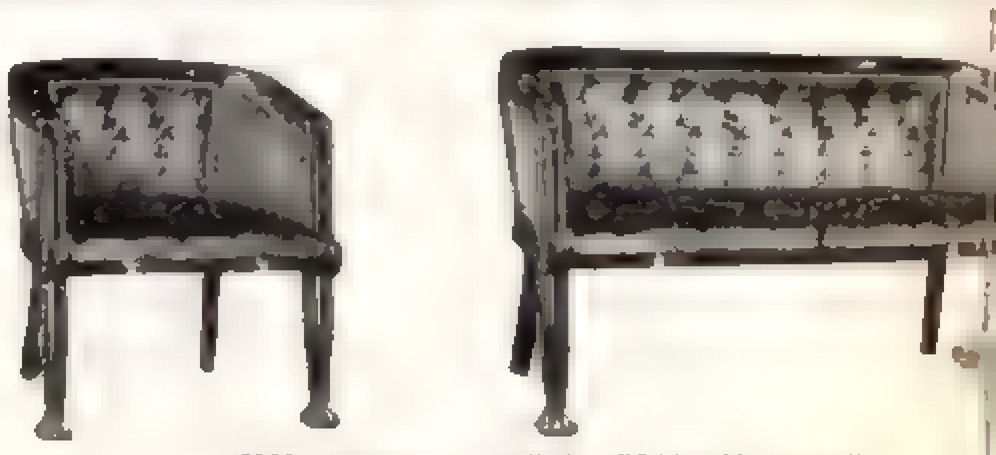


2304—Sleepy Hollow Arm Chair and Rocker. Cuban Mahogany or Oak, Sterling Leather.

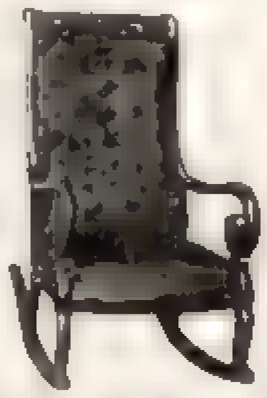


9624—Perfection Sofa Bed. Panne Mohair Plush.

1997—Office Chair. Cuban Mahogany. Sterling Leather.

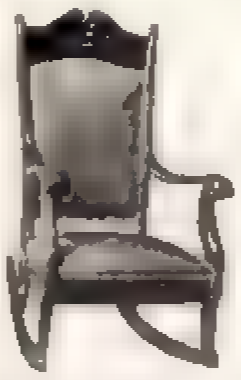


8166—Sofa and Arm Chair. "L'Art Nouveau." Cuban Mahogany. Brocaded Velour.

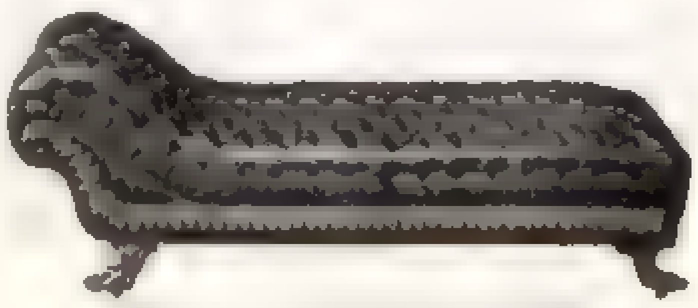


1373—Colonial Rocker. Cuban Mahogany, Brocaded Silk Velour.

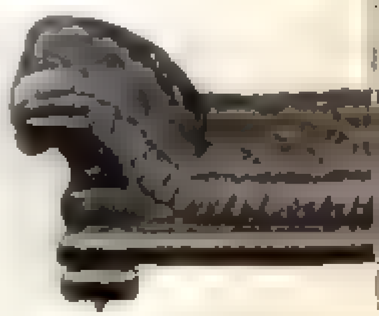
9296—Colonial Sofa. "Dorchester." Finest Crotch Mahogany Veneer, Panne Mohair Plush.



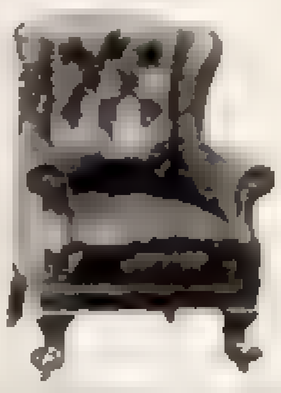
8314—Colonial Rocker. Cuban Mahogany, Sterling Leather.



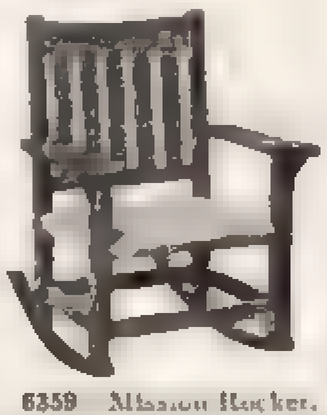
9698—Couch. "[illegible]" Leather



9291—Colonial Cou
Cuban Mahogany

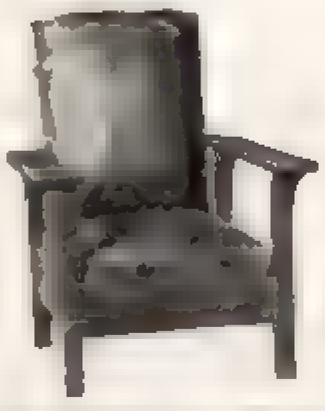


8182—Fireside Arm Chair. Cuban Mahogany, Leather.

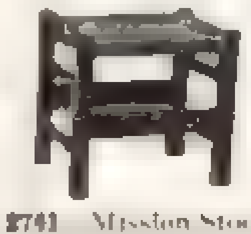


6359—Mission Rocker. Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

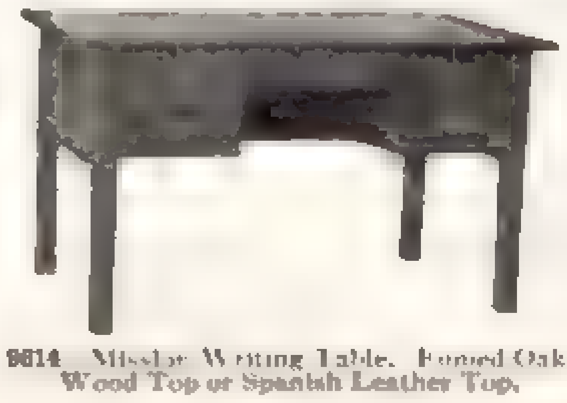
2716—Mission Rocker Fumed Oak—Spanish Leather.



2737—Mission Arm Chair Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.



2761—Mission Stool Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.



9614—Mission Writing Table. Fumed Oak, Wood Top or Spanish Leather Top.

7675—Mission Sof
of Spa

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What Book "SO" Illustrates

Arm Chairs of all kinds
Box Couches
Box Davenports
Colonial [illegible]
Couches
Davenports
Dining Chairs
Divans
[illegible] Furniture
Leather [illegible]
Library Chairs and Rockers
Mission Furniture
Morris Chairs
Office Chairs
Pedestals
Rockers of all kinds
Sofa Beds
Suites—Parlor, Living Room and Library
Tables
Wardrobe Couches and Seats

2198 - Colonial Suite. Cuban Mahogany, Frieze Panne Mohair Plush.

1175—Chippendale Suite. Cuban Mahogany, Silk Damask

1349 Louis XIV Arm Chair, Cuban Mahogany, [illegible] Tapestry

9687 "Chesterfield" Davenport, Leather.

8732 "[illegible]" Arm Chair, Sterling Leather.

2759 "Hampton" Arm Chair, Morocco Leather.

1932 Arm Chair, "[illegible]" Morocco Leather.

1349

9687

8732

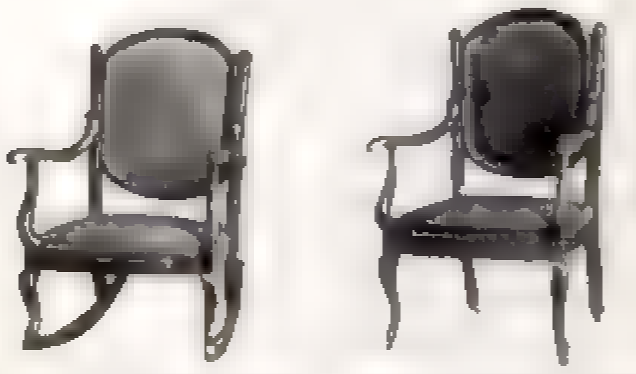
2759

1932

[illegible] Colonial Library Table, Cuban Mahogany, Spanish Leather Top.

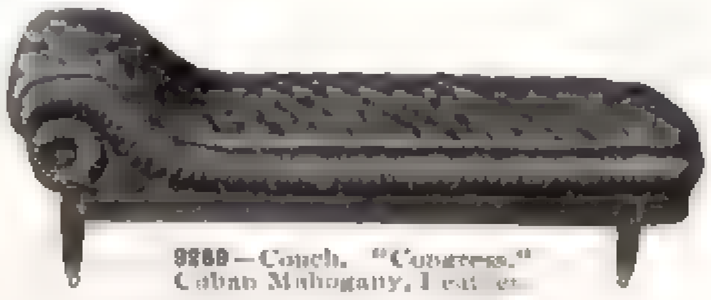
2191 Colonial Arm Chair, Cuban Mahogany, Sterling Leather.

9699 Perfection Sofa Bed. Oak or Birch, Mahogany Finish, Velours.



2768 – Arm Chair and Rocker. Cuban Mahogany, Leather.

"Augsburgh." eneer, Leather.

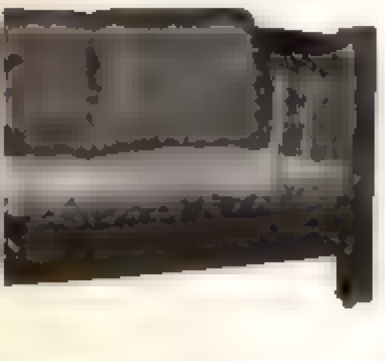


9289—Couch. "Congress." Cuban Mahogany, Leather.

2708 Colonial Rocker, Cuban Mahogany or Oak, Spanish Morocco Leather

8483 "[illegible]" Davenport. Cuban Mahogany, Panne Mohair Plush.

9082—Colonial Rocker. Cuban Mahogany, Leather.



med Oak, Loose Cushions
ish Leather.

9606—Mission Desk. Fumed Oak.

2735—Mission Stool. Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

2360 Morris Chair. Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

2723 Mission Rocker. Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

6800 Mission Rocker. Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

1964 Colonial Rocker. Cuban Mahogany, Sterling Leather.

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Ten-Page
Bond Circular

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- **Railroad Bonds**
- **Terminal Bonds**
- **Public Utility Bonds**
- **Short Term Notes**
- **Equipment Bonds**

For the guidance of investors generally, we outline in this circular the primary factors which should govern the individual buyer in the selection of sound investment bonds.

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YOUR SAVINGS

The Facts About Collateral Loans

MOST people do not stop to realize, perhaps, that actual cash has but a small part in business operations, and that at least ninety per cent. of all commercial transactions are conducted on credit. Credit makes one dollar do the work of many dollars. In the vast fabric of credit, loans play a very important part. More money is involved in collateral loans than in any other kind, and since they make possible the Wall Street market for securities, it is important that the average investor should know the facts about them.

Money-borrowing in the popular mind means distress for the borrower, and the money lender has long been looked upon with scorn and prejudice. In Wall Street the opposite of this is true, for the reason that the business of the Street could not go on without borrowing. Most of this borrowing is done by means of collateral loans which add many millions of dollars in credit to brokers each year.

Before going into the subject of collateral loans, however, it might be interesting to see just what constitutes collateral. Collateral is something pledged as security for a debt. Collateral to a loan may be stocks, bonds, warehouse receipts, deeds, bills of lading or notes. The usual collateral in Wall Street is stocks and bonds. When securities are put up as collateral they are said to be hypothecated. The term "collateral" is also used to describe certain bonds. A collateral trust bond is a bond secured by a deposit of securities. It is practically the same as a collateral note except that it runs for a longer time.

The great bulk of collateral loans in Wall Street are call or demand loans—that is, loans subject to call. When the lender, which is usually a bank or a trust company, calls the loan the borrower must pay it or his collateral is sold to satisfy the debt. The rates for call money depend upon demand and supply. The greatest market for it is the New York Stock Exchange, where it is offered by brokers just like a stock. When it is plentiful, call rates range from one to three per cent., and money is easy. From six to eight per cent. it is said to be firm, and when it soars beyond it is stringent. In times of panic the rate has gone past one hundred per cent.

Any rate of interest higher than the rate fixed by law is usurious. How, then, can New York bankers and money brokers charge forty or eighty per cent. for call money?

Before explaining how it is possible let us see just what is meant by the legal and maximum rates of interest as fixed by most States. There is a very wide misconception of what is meant by the legal rate. Contrary to the usual impression, it is not always the highest rate that can be charged for borrowed money. Instead, it is, for example, the rate that the court would impose if a judgment to collect an account "with interest" were entered. If the legal rate in the State where the judgment was entered happened to be six per cent., the defendant would have to pay six per cent. The maximum legal rate is the highest rate that can be charged for money, and any rate above the maximum is usury.

In some States, as, for example, in New York and Pennsylvania, the legal and maximum rates are the same—six per cent. In Alabama both rates are eight per cent. In Illinois the legal rate is five per cent., and the maximum rate is seven per cent.; in Kansas the legal rate is six per cent., and the maximum rate is ten per cent.; in Indiana the legal rate is six per cent., and the maximum rate is eight per cent.

Although, as you have seen, the maximum rate in New York State is six per cent., the Wall Street bankers can charge any rate of interest for call loans by reason of a section of the State banking law which says: "Upon advances of money repayable on demand to an amount not less than five thousand dollars made upon warehouse receipts, bills of lading, certificates of stock or deposit, bonds and other negotiable instruments pledged as collateral security for such repayment, any bank or individual banker may receive or contract to receive and collect as compensation for making such advance *any sum to be agreed upon* in writing by the parties to such transaction."

Thus the banker can charge any rate for call money for sums of five thousand dollars and more that the borrower is willing to pay. With a time loan, a loan made for a specific period like ninety days, the rate cannot be higher than the maximum rate.

Most people believe that a call loan is for one or two days only. Some call loans run for forty days, or even more. The interest on it changes with the fluctuations in call-money rate. The interest on a time loan remains the same during the life of the loan.

Let us now see how collateral loans are made in Wall Street. Suppose, for example, that a man buys one thousand shares of Louisville and Nashville stock through his broker at par. This would amount to one hundred thousand dollars. The customer puts up ten per cent. margin, or ten thousand dollars, which leaves ninety thousand dollars for the broker to produce. The broker does not have this much money, so he must take the shares to the banks and borrow money on them. But, in order to use the shares for collateral, he must first actually have them, and, to do this, he must pay the purchase price. He gets the money by means of certification. Since this process enters so largely into financial matters some explanation of it is needed.

When a check is certified the paying teller or certifying clerk indorses it across the face. This not only certifies that the signature is accurate, but that the check is good. In brief, the bank guarantees the payment of the check. Certified checks are used for all kinds of business transactions and are often employed for payments where legal tender is required. The amount of a certified check is always charged against the account of the drawer at once. This differs from the ordinary check, which is not charged against the depositor's account until it is presented at the bank for payment

Wall Street certification has some distinctive features. This is the usual method of procedure. The broker who bought the one thousand shares of Louisville and Nashville, already referred to, simply draws his check for ninety thousand dollars, the amount needed, takes it to the bank where he has his account, has it certified, and with the customer's margin secures the shares. He may only have a balance of forty thousand dollars at the bank, yet his check for ninety thousand dollars is certified. This is called overcertification. By means of overcertification a broker with a daily balance of only fifty thousand dollars may have his checks honored up to one million dollars. This kind of credit, however, is merely a temporary loan and usually lasts just for the day.

Overcertification is really a violation of the National Banking Act, which says that no national bank can certify a check unless the drawer of that check has on deposit a sum of money equal to the amount of the check. This law has generally been disregarded. Some big Wall Street banks get around it by giving brokers credit for certain sums for the day and accepting a note in the morning for it. These notes are called "day notes." No interest is charged on the money. The money (or rather credit) is given by the bank in the expectation that it will be returned before three o'clock. This happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, because brokers are constantly depositing checks. Some idea of the extent of certification may be had when it is stated that, for the year ending October 1, 1906, it amounted to twenty-four billion, five hundred million dollars.

The broker who bought the one thousand shares of Louisville and Nashville stock, having had his check certified, now has the shares and can offer them as collateral. Since he is constantly making sales, he is in constant need of money. His borrowing becomes continuous. It would be impossible for him to offer the thousand shares of Louisville and Nashville on one loan, for the banks want a variety of collateral. If he wanted to borrow, say, one hundred thousand dollars, he would have to put up one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in five or seven kinds of stock. The banks require a margin of twenty per cent. on all loans when listed stocks and bonds are used. Where Government or New York City

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bonds are used the margin is only ten per cent. The banks prefer railroad securities to industrials, and will never permit any collateral to include more than thirty-five per cent. of industrial stocks or bonds.

When a broker wants to make a call loan he sends his securities to the bank in an envelope, usually called the loan envelope. Outside is written the borrower's name, the date of the loan, the rate in cipher and a specific list of the securities, with their market value on the day the loan is made. If the bank approves of the securities the cashier issues a check to the person bringing the envelope. In Wall Street messenger boys frequently carry securities worth a million dollars. Contracts for call money are often made on the floor of the Stock Exchange, but they are always subject to approval by the officers of the bank.

The loan having been made, the loan envelope is placed in a larger envelope, called the bank's envelope. Outside this larger envelope is written the name of the borrower, the amount of the loan and the rate. There is a blank space to record the payment. The bank also makes out a card containing a full record of the loan with a list of the securities. This card is always accessible to the loan clerk.

It frequently happens that the borrower may need some of the collateral which the bank is holding. He is permitted to take it out and send in other stock to take its place. This is called substitution. In one big Wall Street bank there were two hundred substitutions in the collateral loans in one day. During the panic of May 9, 1901, there were eleven substitutions in one loan.

If, during the course of the loan, there should be a sharp advance in money rates, the borrower's rate is "marked up," as it is called, and his rate of interest becomes higher. If there should be a decline in interest rate he would get the benefit of it.

All collateral loans are in charge of the loan clerk. In the great Wall Street banks this is a most responsible post, requiring keen and constant vigilance. The loan clerk must keep a sharp watch on the market (a ticker stands at his elbow), and he must know what the money market is doing. He must see that the margin of all the collateral loans is properly kept. If, through a sudden slump in the market, the value of the collateral goes down and the margin is not maintained, he sends immediate notice to the borrower for more collateral.

Loans are usually called in the morning. Regular notices embodying the call are sent by messenger or sometimes they are telephoned. It is an unwritten law in Wall Street that no loan is called after twelve-thirty o'clock for payment the same day. Loans called before twelve-thirty must be paid before two-fifteen. Similar notice is given by borrowers when paying call loans.

The calling of loans depends upon how much money the bank has on hand. This is known as soon as the clearing-house report is received, which is shortly after eleven o'clock. If the bank has a large debit balance—that is, owes other banks it will call loans. If it has a large credit balance it will lend.

The broker who makes collateral call loans signs an agreement with the bank, covering all such transactions. This agreement or contract gives the bank the right to sell the collateral in case the borrower fails to pay on call, or fails to furnish satisfactory additional collateral. In some agreements there is a clause specifying that the bank has a lien or claim on any deposit that the borrower may have in the bank, or on any property that he may have there for safekeeping.

Not all collateral loans are call loans. Much money is loaned on time—that is, for a specific period like sixty or ninety days. The collateral margin is practically the same as on call loans; but the interest rate is usually higher.

SEEING THE CAMPAIGN

WE HAVE reached the if-the-election-were-held-to-day stage of the campaign. Managers from each side take you aside and prove, conclusively, that if the people could vote to-day—to-day, mark you!—there would be no doubt about the result. Of course, many things may happen before election day, they say, but if we could march to the polls right now, this instant, our glorious cause would have a ge-lor-ious victory.

This obsession is at its highest point of effectiveness about four or five weeks before election. A little one obtains right after the conventions. Then both sides go into the doldrums. After the schemes are all cleaned up, the fakers are taken care of, the cash that will be available known in a general way, the organizations completed and the reports coming in, the if-the-election-were-held-to-day virus gets to work. Running a political campaign tends to self-hypnotism. Men who ordinarily are as calm and dispassionate in their judgments as the Bank of England, lose all sense of perspective and throw curious fits over the possibilities for their candidates. They are honest fits, too. Campaign managers hear so much that is favorable and so little that is unfavorable that they get to thinking their man has a chance, when he has no chance at all. Politicians who are ordinarily about as enthusiastic as kippered herrings over situations go out and shout that this time it is a cinch, this time they will win, and continue in that state of ecstasy until the morning after election. They hypnotize themselves.

Of course, a campaign manager must show a proper amount of public enthusiasm. He cannot go among people and admit there is even the remotest possibility of his candidate's defeat. Still, that is a public function, regarded as a part of the game. But there is always a time when the campaign managers, in private and confidentially, make the same kind of claims. That is when the if-it-were-held-to-day virus is working. Something should be done about it. In one campaign there should be an opportunity for the campaign managers to hold their elections any time they saw fit, instead of being restricted to that first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. One experience would be enough. It would be discovered that the people have their minds made up about as firmly in early September as they have in early November, and the results would be the same, which would be a good lesson and would eliminate a political hallucination for all time.

Next to money, the campaign appurtenance that is most assiduously sought by both sides is harmony. The chairmen and their assistants are beating the bushes for harmony, flushing it wherever possible and making a loud noise about each bag. We must have harmony on both sides. To be sure, Chairman Mack has a little the better of it over Chairman Hitchcock, for Mack started in with a reasonably good stock of harmony on hand, while Hitchcock has a lot of spots on his political map that are as inharmonious as a battle royal. The Democratic attitude could be phrased about like this: "Oh, what's the use? Let's get together and see what we can do." Seizing on this proposition, Mr. Bryan has developed into one of the greatest harmony artists the world has ever seen. He drips honey. Every man in his party is his friend and brother. He has forgotten and forgiven. He wants peace, and he is willing to go chasing after it from one end of the country to the other.

Bryan's argument is: "We have the radicals, anyhow. What we want to get, to conciliate, is the conservative element. Therefore, let us be up and conciliating." So he has had his picture taken with his arm around the neck of David B. Hill, at Wolfert's Roost. He has been the house guest of Judge George Gray, of Delaware. He has enlisted Alton B. Parker, who is now one of the most enthusiastic little Bryan men. He has offered Henry Gassaway Davis a choice stick of candy. He has cuddled up to Colonel Jim Guffey, and has patted John McGraw on the shoulder and told him he is a fine man and should get in the game. If there is any Democrat outstanding who desires to be harmonized, all he has to do is to wire to Chairman Mack and a good, experienced harmonizer will visit him and show samples. Being the head of the house, Mr. Bryan, of course, takes on the largest customers and harmonizes them, but any man who thinks he needs personal urging to join forces and march under the Bryan banner can get harmonized by simply mentioning the fact.

The plan is working out, too. The Democrats are well united. They have,

Over Thirty Years' Standard Style and Durability is the best form of
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FOR
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ASSURANCE
To you of Satisfaction for Years to Come.

To-day, *Shawknit* socks are better than ever, and their standard will always be maintained at any cost.

Style
$5^{P}1$
No Dye Next the Skin
Shawknit
101

Our colored catalog showing styles, weights and prices, sent free for the asking.

HONEST DEALERS will tell you that *Shawknit* Socks wear longer, are fast color, seamless, and delightfully soft to the feet. Because they are shaped in the knitting they *do not bind nor draw* over instep.

For the sake of tender feet we have produced Style $5^{P}1$, a Light Weight cotton stocking, Pure White Inside — *no dye next the skin* — and Black and White Mixture Outside. Also Style $35^{P}1$, the same as Style $5^{P}1$, only Extra Light Weight.

If you cannot procure the above styles of *Shawknit* Socks from your dealer, we will fill your trial order upon receipt of price. These goods delivered at our own expense anywhere in the United States, 25 cents a pair, six pairs $1.50, packed in an attractive box. Sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive.

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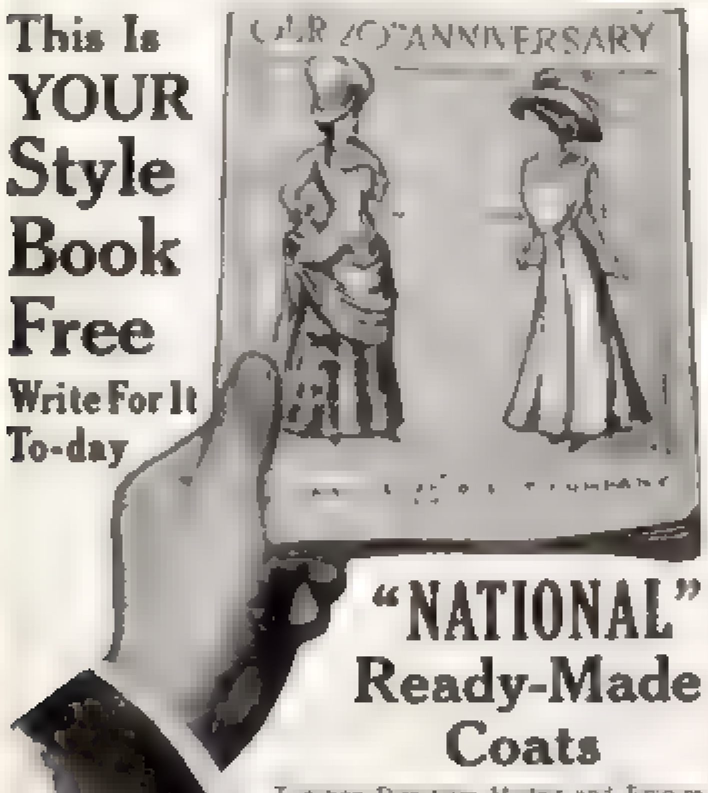

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No. C501. New Semi-Fitted Black Broadcloth Coat [illegible] Fancy [illegible] the sides, front and back. Black satin lining [illegible]. Length about 50 inches. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price $15.98. Expressage prepaid.

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Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached — a signed guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied.
We prepay all express charges on "NATIONAL" garments to any part of the United States.

NOW, Before you lose this AD, Write for your FREE Copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book. Write for it NOW — not to-morrow or next week, but TO-DAY.

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Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
Mail Orders Only. *No Agents or Branches.*

in most instances, let bygones be bygones, and not many of them have announced their intention of voting for Taft. This will be the first campaign in twelve years when the Democratic party was even reasonably united, and the election will get down to the simple proposition: Are there as many Democrats in the United States as there are Republicans?

Although Mr. Hitchcock has not yet been so conspicuous as a harmonizer as Mr Mack has been, he has completed and presented to the public one harmony playlet that attracted much attention — to wit, the reconciliation, in full view of the spectators, of William Howard Taft and Joseph Benson Foraker.

Doves of Peace Begin to Flutter

You see, the feeling between Taft and Foraker was bitter — oh, bitter as the dickens. Mr. Foraker was expected to mount the gigantic frame of Mr. Taft when first they met and disfigure him as much as Mr. Taft, moving vigorously, could not prevent. It was expected, on one side, that Mr. Taft would get Mr. Foraker down and sit on him, whereupon there would have been an end to the feud, because it would have taken until after election to mould Mr. Foraker back to his wonted curves again. On the other side, it was confidently predicted that Mr. Foraker would be no seat for Mr. Taft, but would, himself, carve various steaks off that massive form and mail them to many of his friends as souvenirs.

Meantime, the Taft people had used the newspapers ceaselessly and intelligently, and had fostered the impression that, since the convention, Mr. Foraker had no support in Ohio, was without a henchman, down and out. Then came the G. A. R. encampment at Toledo. Mr. Foraker had made an engagement to speak to the veterans at the Fort Meigs ceremonies. He started to make his speech, but the veterans wouldn't let him go on. They cheered him and waved flags at him and shouted for him, and variously showed so much enthusiasm that the Taft people met hurriedly.

"Here," they said, "how about this? What does that demonstration mean? Is it possible that, after all our efforts, Joseph Benson Foraker still has friends left in Ohio? Is it possible that he is not driven out of politics? Is it possible that we have miscalculated? Those old soldiers seemed to be pretty friendly to him. Something must be done."

So they decided, in the interests of harmony, that it would be a good thing to have Mr. Taft and Mr. Foraker shake hands across the chasm. They suggested to Mr. Foraker that he attend a meeting in Toledo where there would be some speeches by Mr. Taft and others.

"What kind of speeches?" asked Mr. Foraker, who was pleased beyond measure with his reception by the soldiers, but still retained his political acumen.

"Oh, nice, friendly, harmonious speeches. Come on, now, and get together."

Bad Boy Hearst's Little Bomb

Foraker was willing and Taft was willing. Taft made a nice, friendly speech, in which he said Mr. Foraker, when Governor, had selected him at the tender age of twenty-nine for a judgeship and had, thus, put him in the business, and he was grateful. Then Mr. Foraker said he had his opinions before the convention as to the proper man to nominate, but when Mr. Taft was nominated Mr. Taft became his leader, and he was for Taft, heart and soul.

But, just as they had it down to a fine point, when the harmony was thickest and most satisfactory, along came Bad Boy Hearst and inserted in the record a few sickening communications from the Standard Oil Company to Mr. Foraker and from Mr. Foraker to the Standard Oil Company, containing talk about defeating bills and certificates of deposit, and all that sort of thing, and the Great Brother Act, by Taft and Foraker, was abruptly taken off the boards. It would never do, you know, to have Mr. Taft embracing a man who actually received money from the Standard Oil. Whereupon, Mr. Foraker was told to get out, to fade away, to fall off the earth, and he did all three, and whereupon, Mr. Taft appeared without his old friend at various places where they had been scheduled to appear together, and whereupon, Frank H. Hitchcock spent many a gloomy hour devoted to long and impassioned wishes that he had waited a short time before he insisted on harmony, and to that searching, introspective question "What's the use?"

The last lap of the campaign begins with both party organizations weeping dolorously because the voters of means are so reluctant to visit the treasurers. Charles G. Dawes has been to New York and circulated among the captains of finance there, impressing on them the necessity of reducing their personal surpluses by handing in a few dollars to Treasurer Sheldon with fair success, it is said.

The Democrats are getting theirs in as many ways as possible, principally by starting subscriptions in various parts of the country with the aid of Democratic newspapers. When Mr. Bryan went to Chicago to make his Labor-Day speeches he had a meeting of the Democratic National Committee, and of as many of Mr. Mack's committeemen as could be crowded into the largest room available in the Annex. An overflow meeting was held in the Colosseum. Mr. Mack told the committeemen that the Democrats are going to win this time. He led them along to a point when they were clapping their hands and cheering enthusiastically, and then he made a proposition, whereat the cheering ceased for the time being.

What Mr. Mack Wanted

"What I want," he said, in effect, "is for each national committeeman to pledge himself to give a thousand dollars to the campaign fund or pledge himself to get a thousand dollars, and be in a hurry about it." This rather detracted from the enthusiasm of those present, but they all had to pledge. Thus, having accumulated fifty-two thousand dollars for his fund, Mr Bryan smiled a happy smile, and told Chairman Mack and Mose Wetmore to make it their business to see the pledges were kept. Then he went along on his harmonious way, while the committeemen went out and rustled for their thousand each.

Campaigns repeat themselves, as do candidates. At the beginning of this campaign it was announced that Mr. Taft would stand on Brother Charley's porch, in Cincinnati, during the months of September and October, addressing such pilgrims as came to muss up the grass on the lawn; and that Mr. Bryan, with the exception of a few brief excursions across the country, would do likewise, at Fairview, Nebraska. Nobody was fooled by those announcements, except, possibly, the candidates themselves. We all knew that along about the middle of September both candidates would be rushing about the country, speaking from rear ends of trains, from platforms on the public squares, in the opera houses and every other time a few people came out to hear them. And they are. Moreover, the probabilities are that they will continue speaking thus until the end of the campaign. Mr. Bryan's trip of three weeks has been elongated into an itinerary that will include most of the Northern States, and Candidate Taft is being hurled from Maine to California.

So far as policies are concerned Mr. Bryan has a fascinating one in his Government guarantee of bank deposits, and he is making the most of it, while Mr. Taft is in the difficult position of having to be for and against it, for in two or three States the Republican party has put that self-same plank in platforms, while in other States there is a strong antagonistic sentiment, emphasized by the fact that the Republican National Convention refused to incorporate the plank in the national platform.

Cinching the Skull-Cap Vote

The other great issue is: "Shall the People Rule?" So far as can be discerned, the candidates hold substantially the same opinions on this subject. Both say they shall, and Mr. Taft adds that they do, meaning his own section of the people.

The way it frames up is about like this:

Resolved: The people shall rule; and be it further

Resolved: We are the people.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are both enthusiastically for this issue.

Political Straw: The skull-cap vote seems to be solidly for Bryan. Samuel Gompers and Brother Charley Bryan both wear skull caps for reasons not unconnected with a lack of hair, and both are in the Bryan camp for keeps.

Get knit goods that hold their shape

You want more than style and beauty in knit goods. What do they amount to if the garments don't hold their shape, and don't wear well!

So don't go by looks alone, but be sure you get quality.

Mohawk Knit Goods

give you everything you ought to have. They don't cost any more than the ordinary kinds, but wear longer and hold their shape.

Mohawk Knit Goods are knit to exact shape on machines specially designed and made by us, and there are no others in existence. Our goods fit perfectly and retain their shape not only on account of the way they are knit, but because we use only the best materials.

We have our own yarn mill and every garment is knit from beginning to end right in our own factory — no sweat shop labor, no unsanitary conditions.

Knit caps Knit coats
Tam-o'-shanters Cardigan jackets
Toques Yales Sweaters

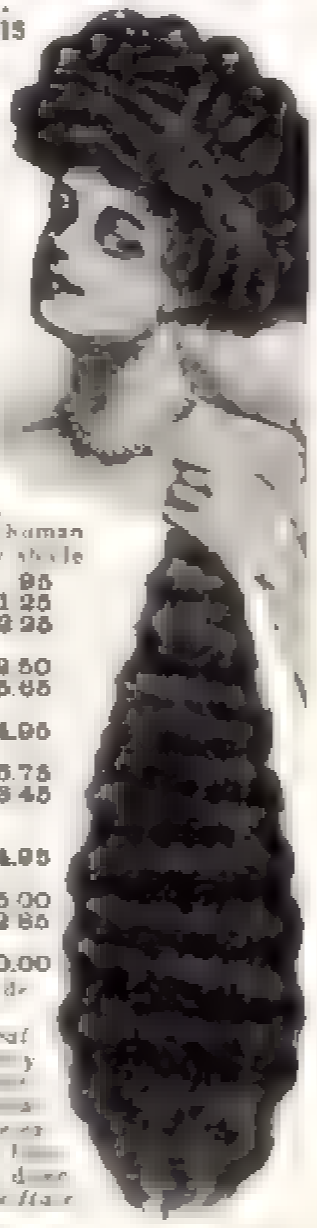
All styles and colors for men, women and children. [illegible]

Ask your dealer for **Mohawk Knit Goods** and [illegible] **Mohawk** [illegible] garment.
Write for illustrated booklet.

Mohawk Valley Cap Factory, Utica, N. Y.

Let Us Send You This
Switch
ON APPROVAL
or any other article you may select from our large new Catalog, illustrating all the latest
Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings

Our immense business, the largest of its kind in the world, enables us to buy and sell at big money saving prices. These switches are extra short stem, made of splendid quality selected human hair, and to match any ordinary shade.



2 oz., 20 in Switch	$ .95
2 oz. 22 in Switch	1.25
2½ oz. 24 in Switch	2.25
20 in Light Weight Wavy Switch	2.50
Our 28 in Wavy Switch	5.65
Featherw't Stemless Sw. 22 in., natural wavy	4.95
Coronet Braid, natural wavy, 2¼ oz, Finest Hair	6.75
8 Coronet Puffs, Curly	3.45
12 Coronet Puffs [illegible] effect shown [illegible]	4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches	50c to $25.00
Pompadour Natural Curly	2.85
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's	$5.50 to $50.00

Send sample of your hair and describe article you want.
We [illegible] *On Approval*. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return [illegible]. [illegible] *Proper Care of the Hair* [illegible]

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 2410, 209 State Street, Chicago
Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere.
Visiting Cards [illegible] Write for samples.
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 S Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

"Lightweight Peerless Table Open

The Folding Table That Won't Wobble

Where the "Lightweight" Peerless Folding Table is far superior to ordinary folding tables is in its strength and rigidity and its unusually handsome appearance. It is the only folding table with a veneered top showing the natural beauty and grain of the wood. Doesn't look like a folding table. The legs of the

Lightweight
PEERLESS
Folding Table

lock automatically: a touch unlocks it The unusual rigidity is due to the unique construction of the cross-work which upholds the panel. A 30 inch table weighs but ten pounds and will carry a thousand Ideal for games or luncheons.

Our **Round Folding Dining Table**, 48 inches in diameter, seats eight persons. Very thing for small rooms. Also 24 inch square table, with round corners, legs fold flush with rim

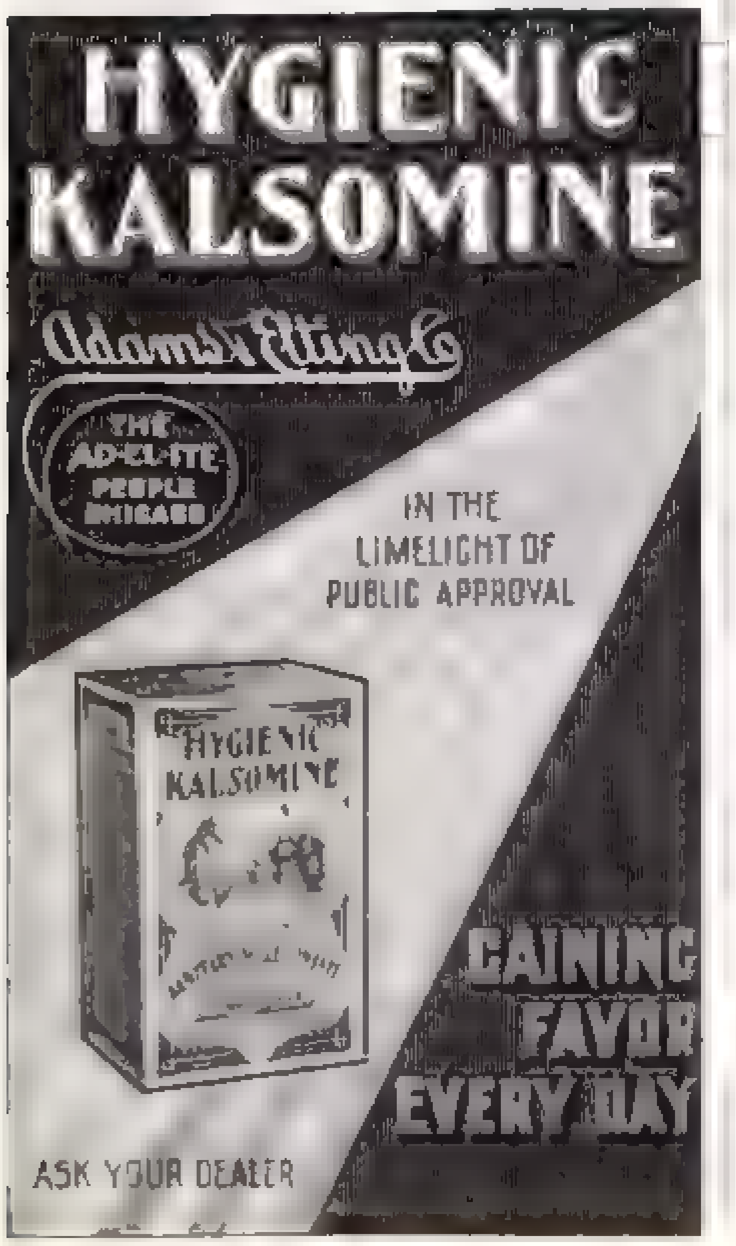
"Lightweight" Peerless Tables are made in all sizes—round and square—cloth, leatherette or natural wood three-ply veneered tops. *All tables fully guaranteed.*

Examine them at your dealer's. If he doesn't handle, send for illustrated booklet telling how we supply you direct.

CARROM-ARCHARENA CO.,

Ludington, Mich.

"Lightweight Peerless Table Folded



Sense and Nonsense

"Mah Mef'dis' Foot"

I done got 'ligion las' Sunday night,
En I's livin' true en I's livin' right.
En I doan' no mo' give a passin' glance
Ter a deck o' cyahds er a ragtime dance;
En I go no mo' ter de wicked shows
'Ca'se dey temp' de weak, ez a pusson knows!

Would yo' lissen ter dat?
Who's a-playin'? My lan'!
Dat am Eph'm's foot-pat
Ez he switches his han'—
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it in de san'!"

I done kneel down at de mo'neh's bench,
En mah sins come a-loose wid a monst'ous wrench
En I ain' gwine fool wid no shootin' craps
Lest I be lef' out w'en de las' bah draps
En I ain't gwine dance, dough de fiddle coax,
'Ca'se I's took mah place wid de Mef'dis' folks.

Would yo' lissen des now!
Eph'm scrapin' de strings
Ez dey balance en bow
In de pigeon-wings!
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it"—it sings!

Mah Mef'dis' foot it am sho'ly good—
But de t'ur foot shake lak I knowed it would!
En it trimble so w'en de fiddle squeal
Dat it beatin' de time fum toe ter heel!
Stan' still! Stan' fas'! Oh, yo' blame fool feet!
Er ol' Satan'll sco'ch yo' wid chimbly heat!

Would yo' lissen dat chune?
It am suttenly gran'!
It am mo' dan a coon
Dat's a sinneh could stan'.
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it in de san'!"

I done got 'ligion las' Sunday night —
Oh, it's shuffle en swing en bow ter de right,
En it's allaman lef' en do-se-do
Wid a sif-sif'-sif'' on de dusty flo''
En a jump Jim Crow ——
En blame mah hide
Ef mah Mef'dis' foot ain' done backslide!

En I's out on de flo'
W'ilst dey pattin' de han'!
Ol' Eph'm, yo' bow
Is suttenly gran'.
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it in de san'!"

Wilbur Nesbit.

Faith

He was the strongest man I knew,
Serene and self-secure;
Fashioned to mock at time and chance,
To suffer and endure.

I saw him poor, unknown, despised,
Hew out his gradual way,
I saw him battle mighty wrongs
As if the war were play.

I saw him lift men up, and best,
When life went like a song
Of pleasant things, I saw him still
Simple and pure and strong.

And, learning of his faith, I asked
How such a thing need be
In one so strong, and whence it came,
And thus he answered me:

"God lives, God reigns, God loves the world:
This much at least I know
With all my heart and soul, because—
Because I need Him so!"

Poor Richard's Junior's Philosophy

¶ The man with no calling is seldom heard from.

¶ Be natural and you will never be ridiculous.

¶ You won't improve your chances by taking too many.

¶ The bleached blonde will never say die she calls it "tinting

¶ There are exhorters who exhort, and exhorters who exhaust.

¶ Every woman has three inalienable rights: Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of a Husband.

¶ Sand without sense is not so effective as sand and sense together, but it will beat sense without sand any day

Oldsmobile

Roadability Reaches 100% in this Car

(Telegram.)

Cincinnati, Ohio, 9-16, 1908.
OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich.
First 1909 car arrived 9:17 P.M. Running time twelve hours. Distance, three hundred sixty-five miles. Six passengers. Greatest car ever left factory.
G. W. DUNHAM.

Model "D"
Palace Touring Car
Price, $2750.00

For all conditions, the logical car at the logical price. Send for descriptive matter to

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
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Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.
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'SINCERITY TALKS' by Wilbur D. Nesbit

WHAT SINCERITY MEANS.

THE dictionary says: "Being in *reality* as in appearance; real; true; genuine."

We are willing to rest our case on the dictionary, and not bother about the revised statutes or special pleading.

The writer does not know who chose the name "Sincerity" for Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.'s suits and overcoats—but the choice was an inspiration suggested by facts. When there is sincerity in anything it shows. And the only way to put *sincerity* into anything to *stay* put is to begin at the beginning.

You can't expect dependable fabric in a suit or overcoat unless you have buyers who know warp and woof and weave, and who are buying the goods for the man who will buy the suit. That's why Sincerity garments are made of goods that come through a cross examination clear and clean.

You can't expect stanch wearing quality and sureness of coloring unless you have men who watch every inch of the goods as it is unrolled from the bolt and can see a blemish in an instant. That's why the goods for Sincerity garments are inspected by lynx-eyed men working under strong, bright *sunlight*. (Ask your wife about this idea. *She'll* tell you something about judging goods by other than sunlight.)

You can't expect good work of a pieceworker who is straining heart and soul and nerve to finish a pile of garments. That's why Sincerity clothes are made by salaried workers—and good-salaried people, at that.

You can't expect perfect work of people working under imperfect conditions. That's why Sincerity clothing is made by cheerful people in comfortable factories, under floods of sunlight—the greatest cheer-maker ever known—with perfect ventilation and lots of elbow-room. *Our* people sing, not scowl at their work.

You can't expect correct style and perfect fit that will stay so unless there is a *know-how* back of it all, unless these qualities are inside as well as outside. That's why the style and fit are cut and sewed and *made* in Sincerity clothing—not steamed and stewed in with a hot flat iron.

You can't expect absolute sureness all the way through unless you make absolutely good and sure all the time. *That's* why there are seventy different expert things done before the Sincerity label is allowed to be sewed into the garment.

So you see there is more in that Sincerity idea than a mere word; more than a trade mark for you to remember. We want you to believe that there is sincerity in every stitch of every garment we make and in every word we say about our clothing. When your dealer tells you that the suit or overcoat he sells you for yourself and your college-boy is just exactly what it ought to be, we are backing him up—because we *know*.

Our style book goes into details and pictures, and helps you select. It costs you nothing but a postal card asking for it, and it hurries to you on the next mail

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.

Chicago.

Our label in every garment is your guaranty.

A SINCERITY STYLE—THE WINDOM.

Tuberculosis, a Scotched Snake—By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ONE more brigade of irregular troops upon the extreme left remains to be briefly reviewed, and that is those forces resulting from the successive exposure of generations to the physical influences of civilization, including the infectious diseases. For years we never dreamed of even attempting to raise any levies among these border tribes of more than doubtful loyalty. Indeed, they were supposed to be our open enemies.

When we first attempted to take a world-view of tuberculosis the first great fact that stood out plainly was that it was emphatically a disease of the walled town and the city; that the savage and the nomad barbarian were practically free from it; that range cattle and barnyard fowls seldom fell victims to it, while their housed and confined cousins in the dairy barn and the breeding-pens suffered frightfully. It was one of our commonplace sayings that we must "get back to Nature," get away from the walled city, out into the open country, revert from the conditions of civilization in a considerable degree to those of barbarism in order to escape. While, as for heredity, its influence was almost dead against us. How could a race be exposed to a disease like tuberculosis, generation after generation, without having its vital resistance impaired?

But a marked and cheering change has come over our attitude to this wing of the battle of life. So far from regarding it in any sense necessary to revert to barbarism, still less to savagery, for either the prevention or the cure of disease, we have discovered by the most convincing, practical experience that we can, in the first place, with the assistance of the locomotive and trolley, combined with modern building skill and sanitary knowledge, put even our city dwellers under conditions, in both home and workshop, which will render them far less likely to contract tuberculosis than if they were in a peasant's cottage or *the average farmhouse or merchant's house* of a hundred years ago—to say nothing of the cave, the dugout or the hut of the savage.

In the second place, instead of simply "going back to Nature" and living in brush shelters on what we can catch or shoot, it takes *all the resources of civilization* to place our open-air patients in the ideal conditions for their recovery. Let any consumptive be reckless enough to "go back to Nature," unencircled by the strong arm of civilized intelligence and power, and unprotected by her sanitary shield—and Nature will kill him three times out of five. There could not be a more dangerous delusion than the all-too-common one—that all that is necessary for the cure of consumption is to turn the victim loose among the elements, even in the mildest and most favorable of climates.

He must be fed upon the most abundant and nutritious of foods—even the simplest staples being milk of a richness that is given by no kind of wild cattle, and which, indeed, only the most carefully-bred and highly-civilized strains of domestic cattle are capable of producing; upon eggs such as are laid by no wild bird nor by any but the most highly-specialized even of domestic poultry at the season of the year when they are most required; upon steaks and chops, upon hams and sides of bacon, upon sugar and fruits and nuts, which simply *are not produced anywhere outside of civilization*, and often only in the most intelligent and progressive sections of civilized communities.

Put him upon even the average diet of many people in this progressive and highly-civilized United States the year around—with its thin milk, its pulpy, half-sour butter, its tough meat, its half-rancid pickled pork, its short three months of really fresh vegetables and good fruit, and six months of eternal cabbage, potatoes, dried apples and prunes—and he will fail to build up the vigor necessary to fight the disease, even in the purest and best of air.

The saddest and most pitiful tragedies which the consumptive health-resort physician can relate are those of wretched sufferers—even in a comparatively early stage of the disease—whose misguided but well-meaning friends have raised money enough to pay their fare out to Colorado, California, Arizona or New Mexico, and expect them to get work on a ranch, so as to earn their living and take the open-air treatment at the same time.

Three things are absolutely necessary for a reasonable prospect of cure of consumption:

One is abundance of fresh air, day and night. The other, abundance of the best quality of food. And the third, absolute—indeed, enforced—rest during the period of fever. Let any one of these be lacking and your patient will die just as certainly as if all three were. *Not one in five* of those who go out to climates with even a high reputation as health resorts—expecting to earn their own living or to "rough it" in shacks or tents on three or four dollars a week, doing their own cooking and taking care of themselves—recover. They have a four-to-one chance of recovery in *any* climate in which they can obtain these three simple requisites, and a four-to-one chance of dying in any climate in which any one of these is lacking.

Instead of Nature being able to cure the consumptive unaided, as a matter of fact she has neither the ability nor the inclination to do anything of the sort. There is no class of patients whose recovery depends more absolutely upon a most careful and intelligent study and regulation of their diet, of every detail of their life throughout the entire twenty-four hours, and of the most careful adjustment of air, food, heat, cold, clothing, exercise, recreation, by the combined forces of sanitarian, nurse and physician. So that, instead of feeling that only by reverting to savagery can consumption be prevented, we have no hesitation in saying that it is *only under civilization, and civilization of the highest type, that we have any reasonable prospect of cure.*

Finally, we are getting over our misgivings as to the intentions of the hereditary brigade. It is certainly not our enemy, and may probably turn out to be one of our best friends.

Our first sidelight on this question came in rather a surprising manner. It was taken for granted, almost as axiomatic, that if the conditions of savage life were such as to discourage, if not prevent, tuberculosis, certainly, then, the race which had been exposed to these conditions for countless generations would have a high degree of resisting power to the disease. But what an awakening was in store for us! No sooner did the army surgeon and medical missionary settle down in the wake of that extraordinary world-movement of Teutonic unrest, which has resulted in the colonization of half the globe within the past two or three hundred years, than it was discovered that although the hunting or nomad savage had not developed tuberculosis, and the disease was emphatically born of civilization, yet the moment that this healthy and vigorous child of Nature was exposed to its infection, instead of showing the high degree of resisting power that might be expected, he died before it like sheep.

From all over the world—from the Indians of our Western plains, the negroes of our Southern States, the islanders of Polynesia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Samoa—came reports of tribes practically wiped out of existence by the "White Plague" of civilization. To-day the death rate from tuberculosis among our Indian wards is from *three to six times* that of the surrounding white populations. The negro population of the Southern States has nearly three times the death rate of the white populations of the same States. Instead of centuries of civilization having made us more susceptible to the disease than those savages who probably most nearly parallel our ancestral conditions of a thousand to fifteen hundred years ago, we would seem to have acquired from three to five times their resisting power against it. Not only this, but those races among us which have been continuous city dwellers for a score of generations past have acquired a still higher degree of immunity.

In every civilized land the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis among the Jews, who, from race and religious prejudices, have been prisoners of the Ghetto for centuries, is about half to one-third that of their Gentile neighbors. In certain blocks

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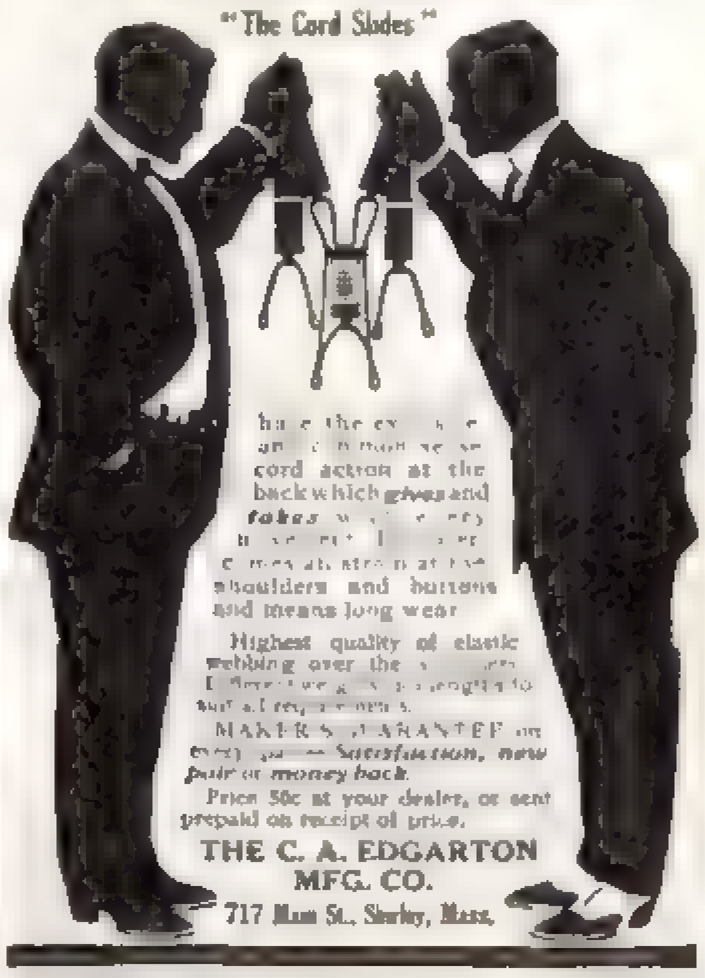

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of the congested districts of New York and Chicago, for instance, the Jewish population shows a death rate of only one hundred and sixty-three per one hundred thousand living, while the Gentile inhabitants of similar blocks show the appalling rate of five hundred and sixty-five. Similarly, by a strange apparent paradox, the highest mortality from tuberculosis in the United States is not in those States having the greatest urban population, but, on the contrary, in those having the largest rural population.

The ten highest tuberculosis death rates contain the names of Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, South Carolina, while New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts are among the lowest.

The subject is far too wide and complicated to admit of any detailed discussion here. But, explain it as we may, the consoling fact remains that civilized races, including slum-dwellers, have a distinctly lower death rate from tuberculosis than have savage tribes which are exposed to it even under most favorable climatic and hygienic conditions; that those races which have survived longest in city and even slum surroundings have a lower death rate than the rest of the community under those conditions; and that certain of our urban populations have lower death rates than many of our rural ones.

As for the immediate effect of heredity in the production of the disease, the general consensus of opinion among thoughtful physicians and sanitarians now is that direct infection is at least five times as frequent a factor as is heredity; that at least eight-tenths of the cases occurring in the children of tuberculous parents are probably due to the direct communication of the disease, and that if the spread of the infection could be prevented the element of heredity could be practically disregarded.

We are inclined to regard even the well-marked tendency of tuberculosis to attack a considerable number of the members of a given family to be due largely, in the first place, to direct infection; secondly, to the fact that that family were all submitted to the same unfavorable environment in the matter of food, of housing, of overwork, or of the New England conscience with its deadly belief that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Upon direct pathological grounds nothing is more definitely proven than that the actual inheritance of tuberculosis, in the sense of its transmission from a consumptive mother to the unborn child, is one of the rarest of occurrences. On the other hand, the feeling is general that, inasmuch as probably four-fifths of us are repeatedly exposed to the infection of tuberculosis and throw it off without developing a systemic attack of the disease, the development of a generalized infection, such as we term consumption, is in itself a sign of a resisting power below the average. Should such an individual as this become a parent the strong probability is that his children—unless, as fortunately often happens, their other parent should be as far above the average of vigor and resisting power—would not be likely to inherit more vigor than that possessed by their ancestry. So that upon *a priori* grounds we should expect to find that the children born of tuberculous parents would be more susceptible to the infection to which they are so sure to be exposed than the average of the race. So that the marriage of consumptives should, unquestionably, upon racial grounds, be discouraged except after they have made a complete recovery and remained well at least five years.

To sum up: while the earlier steps of civilization unquestionably provide that environment which is necessary for the development of tuberculosis, the later stages, with their greatly increased power over the forces of Nature, their higher intelligence and their broader humanity, not merely have it in their power to destroy it, but are already well on the way to do so

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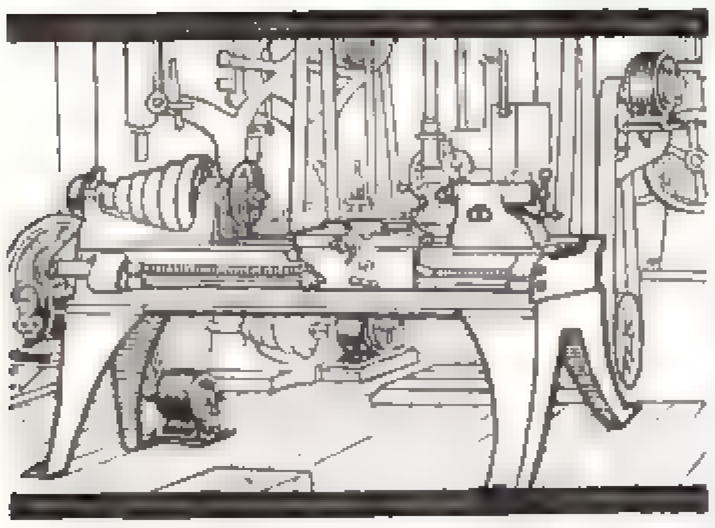
Editor's Note—This is the concluding part of Doctor Hutchinson's second and last paper on Tuberculosis



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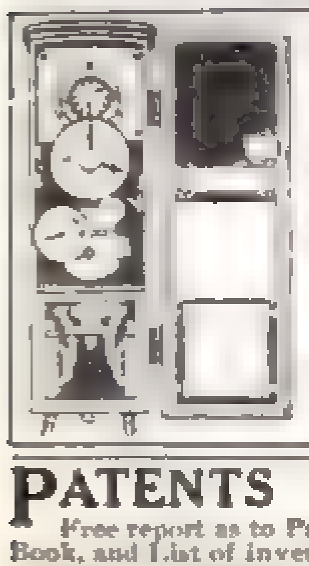

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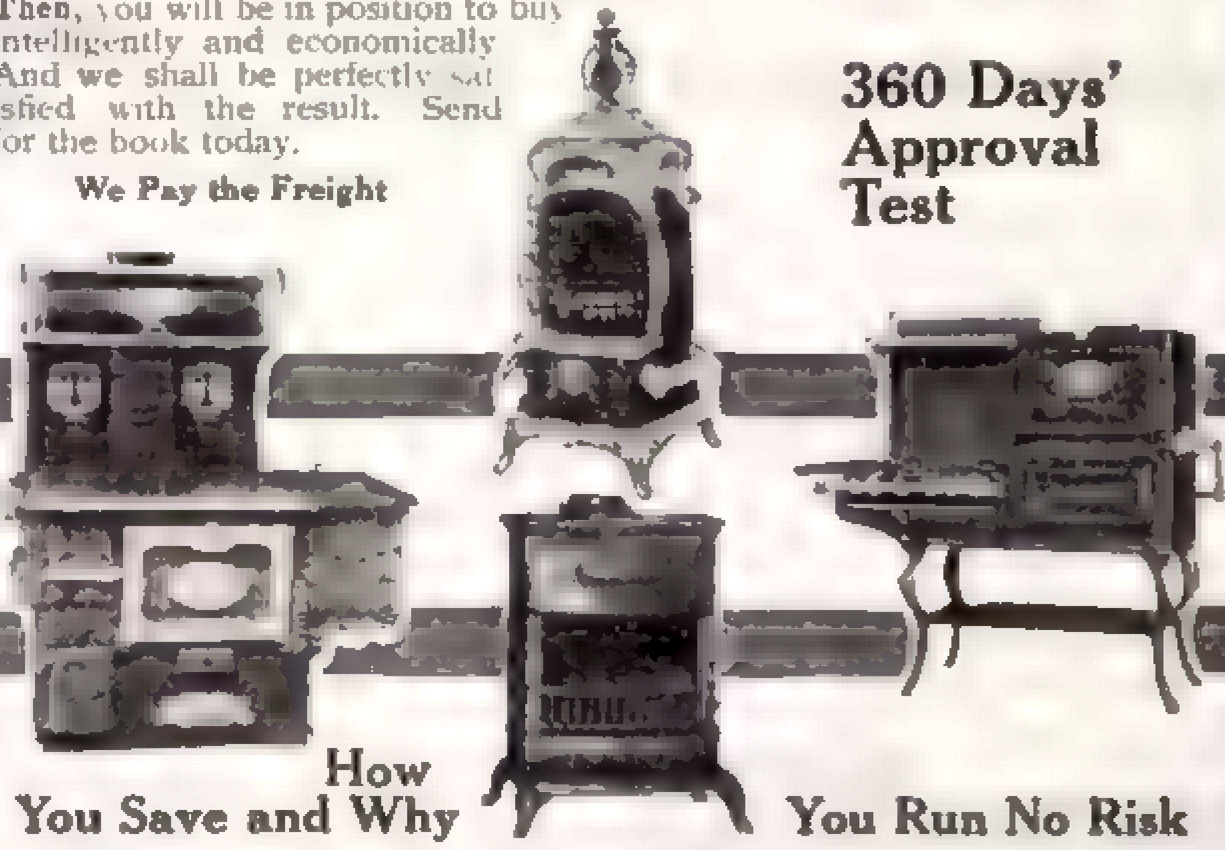

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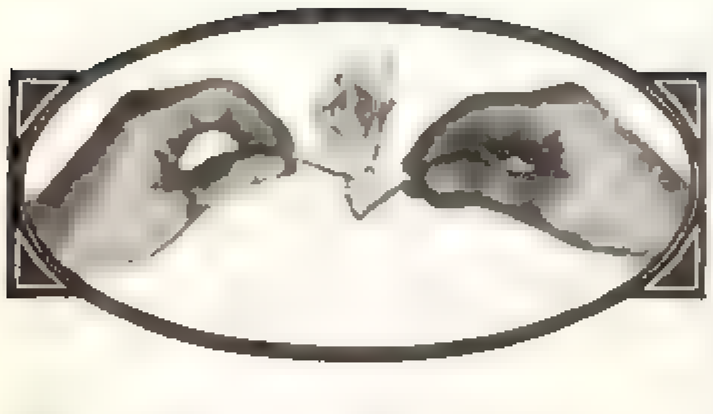

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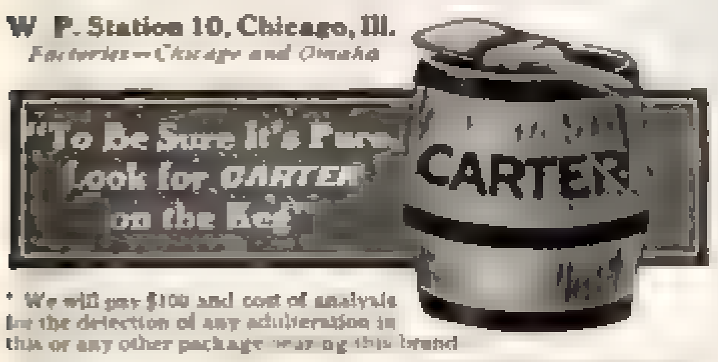

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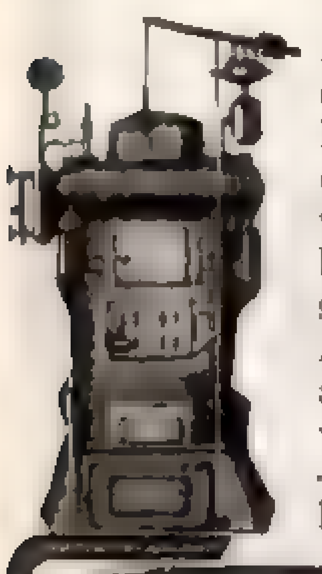

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THE ADVANTAGES OF ADIPOSE

(Continued from Page 11)

annual or semi-annual intervals, his sport with rod, gun and canoe. At the same time the settling down to regular office or work hours and the cares of business and his newly-established family leave him little time or strength for these mere amusements and luxuries, as they are commonly regarded.

Naturally he is very apt to do one of three things: To lose his appetite altogether and become dyspeptic, nervous and restless, which is the worst; or, in some measure, to adjust himself to his new surroundings, moderate his appetite, accustom himself to bad air and too little of it, both day and night, and drop into a semi-narcotized, blind-horse-in-a-mill frame of body and mind, which is the common lot; or to hang on to his appetite and his enjoyments, only changing the latter from outdoor to indoor ones, and in consequence begin to get fat and bodily sluggish. This increase in weight, of course, makes him more disinclined for outdoor exertion, and whenever the eating of a reasonable, healthy amount of food, followed by no decent amount of exercise to burn it up, makes him feel bilious, he puts the whole blame of his discomfort either upon his fatness or the poor, innocent food, instead of his bad physical habits which have caused the whole trouble.

In like manner the girl, even if she has been blessed with a mother sensible enough to let her grow up like a tomboy and do everything her brothers did, when she passes her seventeenth year begins to be preached and dinned at that real exercise and sports of all sorts are unladylike and unbecoming, and is taught to repress all her healthiest instincts for fear they may possibly be considered "bad form." About the time that this mental strait-jacket is being put on, a physical one of steel and whalebone is applied to her waist, her feet are cramped into pointed-toed, high-heeled absurdities named shoes, her limbs are encumbered by a ridiculous profusion of crippling skirts, and she is fairly broken in to that condition of mental and bodily slavery to convention and precedent which will encumber the remainder of her life. No wonder women long to be emancipated—but they need other things besides the ballot.

A little later in life another influence adds its weight. She is now married and settled for life, and she proceeds to look the part. She will soon be gray and middle-aged, she no longer has to look about for a husband, her children will accept her appearance as a matter of course; what is the use of pretending to be young and sprightly when you are forty and bound to be fat? Fortunately many of these absurdities are being swept out of our brains into the ash-barrel, where they belong. The present generation has largely emancipated itself, and the rising generation is growing up free from their stifling and benumbing influence, and, as a consequence, already women are no longer becoming fat and frumpish at forty—no, nor old and useless at sixty. In another generation we shall all be young and active and happy until we die.

Contrary to popular impression, and, indeed, to former medical teachings, positive laziness, actual gluttony, or even overeating have really very little to do with fatness. Fully one-half of those who are excessively fat eat no more than the average, and many of them much less. There are occasionally errors in the quality and kind of food, mainly in the direction of taking too much starch or sugar. An excess of fat in the diet is seldom to blame for obesity. Indeed, most of the rational diets for the reduction of obesity, in suitable cases, make fat an important factor because such small amounts of it will give the requisite amount of nutrition and fuel value and at the same time a sense of satisfaction to the appetite such as neither starches nor meats will give, except in much larger amounts.

Finally, what is to be done for the cure of this condition where it demands one? Remembering that fat in itself is in no way injurious, but rather a sign of health and a valuable store of reserve material for the body, the first principle to be laid down is that our aim should be not so much to get rid of fat, to reduce our weight, as to train ourselves to carry what we have with comfort and efficiency. The chief and, indeed, the only safe remedy is vigorous, active, out-of-door habits of life. As everywhere, the best cure, of course, is prevention. Do not let yourself become fat, even at forty, and you will have little trouble. Keep up your boyish and girlish sports and pleasures; plan your day's work so as to get from two to five miles' walk, or its equivalent in some form of exercise, every day, and double that on Saturday or Sunday (the apparent loss of time will repay you double in increased vigor and improved quality of your work); and even if you do tend to become a trifle more generous in your outline and ample in your girth after forty, you will never be conscious of it, except when you look in the glass.

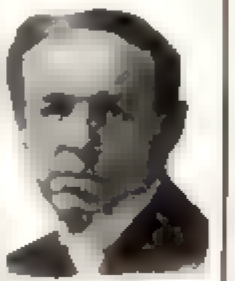
Many a man has had practical illustration of this fact by going off on a long and arduous hunting or fishing trip in the woods for the purpose of reducing his weight. He comes back feeling fit for anything; all his shortness of breath has disappeared; he is good for twenty miles a day across the roughest country; his appetite never was better; his eye is bright and his head is clear; he has lost nearly three inches in waist-girth and half an inch in the neck; yet when he steps on the scales he has not only not lost an ounce of actual weight but *gained ten pounds*. He has simply distributed his weight better and built up the muscle to carry it with comfort.

And this should be the aim of most of our obesity sufferers. Only a very small per cent. of them, if they will throw off their tight boots and crippling clothing, will emancipate themselves from their slavery to the demands of society or of office hours, and live a vigorous, natural, wholesome life, but will find they will either secure an appreciable reduction in weight, or such an improved distribution of it and such increased strength and vigor as to be able to carry it about without discomfort or inconvenience.

The chief reason why fat tends to accumulate so disproportionately over the abdomen and around the waist is, that the muscles of these regions are so utterly unexercised in all the positions, and even in all exercises which are dignified and consistent with propriety. Bend your back and stretch your sides thoroughly two or three times every day and you'll avoid many of the risks of "pussiness." A moderate system of empty-handed exercises in the indoor gymnasium, five to ten minutes' vigorous wind-milling night and morning just after the bath, including such exercises as bend the back and stretch to their utmost the muscles of the waist-line, both of the sides and of the abdomen, will do much to help. But violent spurts of overwork in a hot, stuffy gymnasium, or fierce, heart-breaking runs across the country, or active attempts to rapidly reduce flesh in a short time are both dangerous and useless—dangerous as tending to throw strain upon a heart and blood-vessels which are already aging and stiffening; and practically useless because they cannot be kept up beyond a temporary spurt, and as soon as they are dropped the weight returns to its former level.

There is no necessary connection whatever between leanness and efficiency, and fat and clumsiness. Many of the most vigorous, energetic and efficient of men exceed even Speaker Reed's standard of a gentleman—two hundred and fifty pounds. A stupid individual who grows stout does not add anything to his mental agility in the process, and the fat fool, in appearance, at least, has added an equal number of pounds to his folly. But that men or women alter markedly either their abilities or their efficiency by adding thirty, forty, or even seventy pounds to their avoirdupois is a position which would be utterly untenable.

One word as to the dangers of some of the methods proposed for cure. Most of the patent ones, of course, are arrant, notorious frauds. A few of them really do "work," simply by virtue of being or containing dangerous poisons or violent laxatives, which reduce the weight of the body much in the same way as would an attack of typhoid fever. The vast majority of them, however, are ridiculously ineffective, composed often of the simplest and cheapest of substances, like common salt, baking-soda, flour or chalk. Such of them as have acquired any reputation whatever depend



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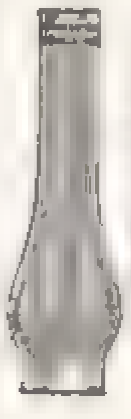

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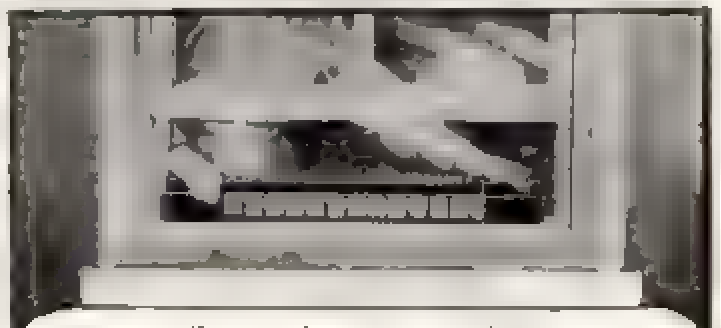

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largely for this upon the fact, already alluded to, that nine-tenths of all cases of the accumulation of fat occurring in middle life disappear of their own accord in later life.

Those who are so blest insist upon regarding it as a calamity, and try all sorts of more or less absurd remedies for its cure. They keep at it until the tide in the affairs of men is reached at which their fat begins to disappear, and then the last remedy which they happen to be taking at the time gets the credit.

Much the same may be said of most of the various modifications of diet which are advised for the reduction of weight. The majority of them are harmless, but a few are dangerous to a marked degree. All of them, practically, are forms of starvation, more or less modified. If this process be kept within reasonable limits a certain amount of the body reserve can be drawn upon and burned, and the weight of the individual reduced without any particular damage to health or to efficiency. Such reductions, however, are not likely to be permanent, nor can the diet upon which they are produced usually be indefinitely persisted in without impairing nutrition and working-power. Fat is unlike a balance in a bank in one sense, that, as a rule, it can only be drawn upon in an emergency, such as illness, injury, or enforced starvation in famine. To attempt to produce a condition of artificial famine by reducing the diet will reduce the weight of the obese in a majority of cases, but it will often do so at the expense of both their health and their comfort. The amount that a man must eat depends upon the amount of work that he has to do. Like the steam engine, for every foot-pound of energy expended from five to ten pounds of energy must be generated in his furnace under his boiler. No matter how fat he may be, he cannot stint himself markedly of this amount for prolonged periods without injury. Starvation is a decidedly dangerous game, and he who plays it must have either great skill or unusual luck to avoid injury in the long run.

Most special diets recommended for the reduction of weight are merely starvation in disguise. The method of avoiding all kinds of liquid at meals simply means that by this method you choke your appetite at a much earlier period than you would if you accompanied your meal with plenty of fluid. The other much-vaunted method, of eating only one dish at each meal and as much of that as you want, depends upon precisely the same principle. Any single food, no matter how savory or attractive, palls upon the appetite and extinguishes it long before an adequate amount of food has been taken for the purpose of nutrition. Similarly, the trick of taking small amounts of food at frequent intervals cheats the appetite into a delusion of satisfaction with a totally inadequate amount of nutritive value.

Most of these systems may be judged by their results. If, while they are reducing weight, they produce sensations of restlessness, craving, irritability and sleeplessness, they are doing the individual far more harm than the few extra pounds of harmless adipose which they are removing would ever do him.

The danger of fat is not in the adipose tissue itself, but in the man or woman who carries it, and the absurd things they will do to get rid of it.

The Bosslets' Boss

(Concluded from Page 7)

that a moral issue in a campaign is not a good issue; which fact the Democrats discreetly recognized in their platform by not saying anything about that phase of the campaign in that rather prolix document.

The trouble with most politicians is that they do not understand they cannot create a sentiment. They can foster a sentiment, but they cannot make it. The people attend to the sentiment side of it themselves, and that does not mean sentimental sentiment, either, but the cold, practical sentiment that demands a thing because the people think it is right and just. Nor can the politicians create a man. The man and the sentiment must be real, or the politicians will come to croppers with both when the people get to analyzing. It is quite true there are long stretches when the people indulge in no analyses. They go along calmly and do what they are told to do. Once in a while they revolt. That is what has happened in the State of New York.

They had a Governor who was clean and straight, and who had certain reforms he wanted to bring about. As a mass, the people believed in all these reforms. They were with Hughes in his insurance reforms, in his race-track reforms, in his public-service reforms, and they are with him in his project for direct nominations. What they did to five of the eight Senators who voted against the race-track bill gives sufficient evidence of their regard for the policies of the Governor. The situation was so simple that any person but a professional politician would have known that Hughes must be renominated, and everybody but the professional politicians did know it. Professional politicians never know anything. They are the stupidest persons on earth. They fatuously went to Saratoga thinking they could crack the whip and drive the delegates into the hall, there to vote as they said—"deliver" them is the phrase. As is the blind habit of such gentry, they never looked behind their own interests, being inflated as such inconsequential persons usually are, and there never was a chance that any of their petty schemes would win.

The People—Boss—ran this job—and they didn't need the help of President Roosevelt, either, although they were glad to get it—just as they could have run similar jobs for years had they tried. They can do it again, with the right man and the right principles. They will have the opportunity. The only question is whether they are interested and have the necessary nerve.

Paper Cigar-Boxes

THERE seems to be no doubt of the fact that before long all cigar-boxes, except those used for expensive brands of "weeds," will be made of paper—owing simply to the fact that the available supply of cedar wood is becoming scarce. Already stogies and some of the very cheap cigars are making their appearance in boxes of paper-pulp, which, for the sake of realistic effect, are saturated either with cedar oil, or a "synthetic" chemical equivalent thereof.

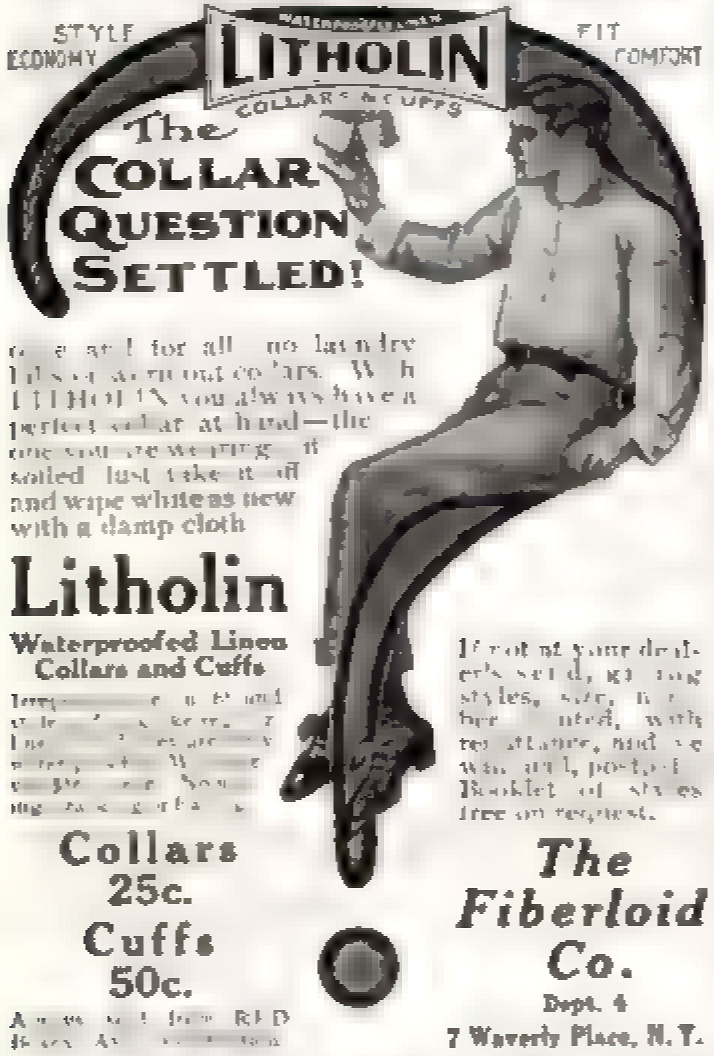
A cigar-box is a thing not merely to look pretty. It is meant to prevent evaporation, and thus to keep the cigars moist. This object is not accomplished so satisfactorily with a box of paper-pulp as with one of wood.

However, cigars nowadays are handled in bulk in such a way as to require comparatively little protection of this kind—every dealer, wholesale or retail, being provided with large humidors, in which his stock is kept.

An up-to-date humidor of this kind is a small room, which may or may not have walls of glass, through which the customer can enjoy an appetizing view of the stacks of cigar-boxes neatly arranged on shelves. The floor is of bricks of very porous material, and two or three times a week in winter it is saturated by throwing several pails of water upon it. Perhaps it will absorb five or ten gallons of water in this way, depending on the area of the bricked surface.

This water is gradually given off by evaporation, and keeps the air of the little room moist all winter long, so that the cigars remain in perfect condition. During the summer it is not necessary to supply any water, because the atmosphere is moist enough. Of course, these remarks apply only to the reserve stock of cigars. Those wanted for immediate sale at retail are transferred to the counters of the shop, which are themselves humidors on a smaller scale.

Such a counter, made for a cigar-store, is a box whose top and sides are of glass, but whose bottom is of sheet metal with many perforations. Beneath the sheet of metal are sponges which, in the wintertime, are kept saturated with water. To the casual eye of the customer the arrangement is invisible, being concealed from view by boxes of cigars; but it accomplishes its purpose very satisfactorily so much so, indeed, that the ordinary smoker can better afford to buy his cigars a few at a time than by the box in the cold season, thus making sure that they will always be sufficiently moist and in first-rate condition.



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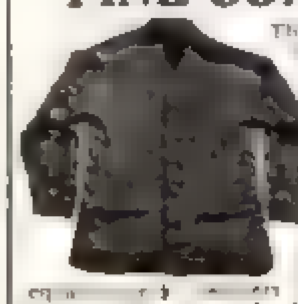

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are well-made from extra quality yarn, with doubly re-enforced toes and heels.

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Men's socks in black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray — [illegible] Sold only 6 pairs one size in a box, with guarantee **$1**

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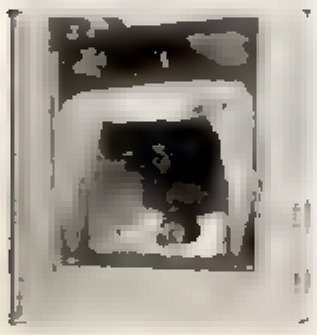

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PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept 14, Statesville, N. C.

THE MONARCH OF PARK BARREN

(Continued from Page 14)

of his peril, the other woodsmen threw up their rifles; but Uncle Adam, though extremely busy for the moment, saw them out of the corner of his eye as he ran, and angrily ordered them not to shoot. He knew what he was about, and felt quite sure of himself, though the enemy was snorting at his very heels.

For perhaps thirty or forty yards the bull was able to keep up this almost incredible pace. Then the inexorable pull of the snow began to tell, even upon such thews as his, and his pace slackened. But his rage showed no sign of cooling. So, being very accommodating, Uncle Adam slackened his own pace correspondingly, that his pursuer might not be discouraged. And the chase went on. But it went slower and slower and slower, till at last it stopped — with Uncle Adam still just about six feet in the lead, and the great moose still blind-mad, but too exhausted to go one foot farther. Then Uncle Adam chuckled softly, and called for the ropes. There was kicking, of course, and furious lunging, and wild snorting; but the woodsmen were skillful and patient, and the King of Old Sangamank was conquered. In a little while he lay upon his side, trussed up as securely and helplessly as a papoose in its birchbark carrying-cradle. There was nothing left for his kingship but to snort regal defiance, to which his captors offered not the slightest retort. In his bonds he was carried off to the Settlements on the big logging-sled, drawn by the patient horses whom he scorned.

III

AFTER this ignominy for days the king was submissive with the sullen numbness of despair. Life for him became a succession of stunning shocks and roaring change. He would be put into strange box prisons, which would straightway begin to rush terribly through the world with a voice of thunder. Through the cracks in the box he would watch trees and fields and hills race by in madness of flight. He would be taken out of the box, and murmuring crowds would gape at him till the black mane along his neck would begin to rise in something of his old anger. Then some one would drive the crowd away, and he would slip back into his stupor. He did not know which he hated most, the roaring boxes, the fleeing landscapes or the staring crowds. At last he came to a loud region, where there were no trees, but only what seemed to him vast, towering, naked rocks, red, gray, yellow, brown, full of holes from which issued men in swarms. These terrible rocks ran in endless rows; and through them he came at last to a wide field, thinly scattered with trees. There was no seclusion in it, no deep, dark, shadowy hemlock covert to lie down in; but it was green, and it was spacious, and it was more or less quiet. So when he was turned loose in it he was almost glad. He lifted his head, with a spark of the old arrogance returning; and through dilating nostrils he drank the free air.

The men who had brought him to the park — this bleak barren, he would have called it, had he had the faculty of thinking in terms of human speech, this range more fitted for the frugal caribou than for a ranger of the deep forests like himself — these men stood watching him curiously after they had loosed him from his bonds. For a few minutes he forgot all about them. Then his eyes fell on them — and a heat crept slowly into his veins as he looked. Slowly he began to resume his kingship. His eyes changed curiously, and a light, finer and fearless, flamed in their depths. His mane began to bristle.

"It's time for us to get out of this. That fellow's beginning to remember he has some old scores to settle up!" remarked the director coolly to the head keeper and his assistants, and they all stepped backward, with a casual air, toward the big gate, which stood ajar to receive them. Just as they reached it the old fire and fury surged back into the exile's veins, but heated sevenfold by the ignominies which he had undergone. With a hoarse and bawling roar, such as had never before been heard in those guarded precincts, he launched himself upon his jailers. But they nimbly slipped through the gate and dropped the massive bars into their sockets.

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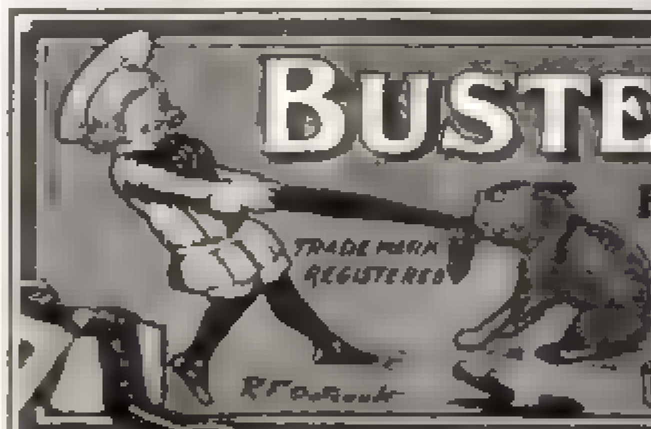

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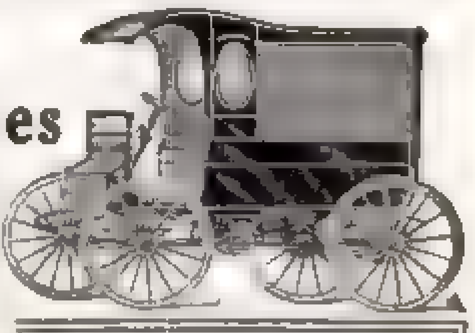

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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
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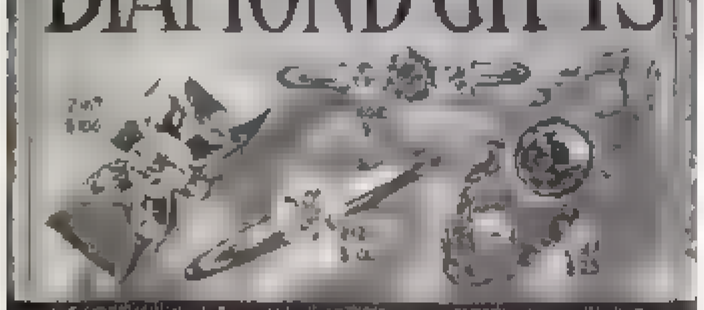

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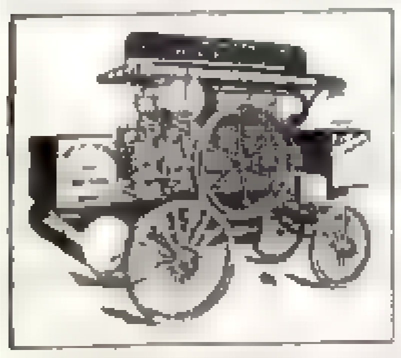

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They were just in time. The next instant the king had hurled himself with all his weight upon the barrier. The sturdy ironwork and the panels on either side of the posts clanged, groaned, and even yielded a fraction of an inch beneath the shock. But in the rebound they thrust their assailant backward with startling violence. Bewildered, he glared at the obstacle, which looked so slender, yet was so strong to balk him of his vengeance. Then, jarred and aching, he withdrew haughtily to explore his new domain. The director, gazing after him, nodded with supreme satisfaction.

"Those fellows up in New Brunswick told no lies!" said he.

"He certainly is a peach!" assented the head keeper heartily. "When he grows his new antlers I reckon we will have to enlarge the park."

The great exile found his new range interesting to explore and began to forget his indignation. Privacy it had not, for the trees at this season were all leafless, and there were no dense fir or spruce thickets into which he could withdraw, to look forth unseen upon this alien landscape. But there were certain rough boulders behind which he could lurk. And there were films of ice, and wraiths of thin snow in the hollows, the chill touch of which helped him to feel more or less at home. In the distance he caught sight of a range of those high, square rocks wherein the men dwelt; and, hating them deeply, he turned and pressed on in the opposite direction over a gentle rise and across a little valley, till suddenly, among the trees, he came upon a curious barrier of meshed stuff, something like gigantic cobweb. Through the meshes he could distinctly see the country beyond, and it seemed to be just the country he desired, more wooded and inviting than what he had traversed. Confidently he pushed upon the woven obstacle, but, to his amazement, it did not give way before him. He eyed it resentfully. How absurd that so frail a thing should venture to forbid him passage. He thrust upon it again, more brusquely, to be just as brusquely denied. The hot blood blazed to his head, and he dashed himself upon it with all his strength. The impenetrable but elastic netting yielded for a space, then sprang back with an impetuosity that flung him clear off his feet. He fell with a loud grunt, lay for a moment dismayed, then got up and eyed his incomprehensible adversary with a blank stare. He was learning so many strange lessons that it was difficult to assimilate them all at once.

The following morning, when he was feasting on a pile of the willow and poplar forage which he loved, and which had appeared as if by magic close beside the mysterious barrier, he saw some men, perhaps a hundred yards away, throw open a section of the barrier. Forgetting to be angry at their intrusion on his range, he watched them curiously. A moment more, and a little herd of his own kind, apparently quite indifferent to the men, followed them into the range. He was not surprised at their appearance, for his nose had already told him there were moose about. But he was surprised to see them on friendly terms with man.

There were several cows in the herd, with a couple of awkward yearlings, and the king, much gratified, ambled forward with huge strides to meet them and take them under his gracious protection. But a moment later two fine young bulls came into his view, following the rest of the herd at a more dignified pace. The king stopped, lowered his mighty front, laid back his ears like an angry stallion and grunted a hoarse warning. The stiff, black hair along his neck slowly arose and stood straight up.

The two young bulls stared in stupid astonishment at this tremendous apparition. It was not the fighting season, so they had no jealousy, and felt nothing but a cold indifference toward the stranger. But, as he came striding down the field, his attitude was so menacing, his stature so formidable, that they could not but realize there was trouble brewing. It was contrary to all tradition that they should take the trouble to fight in midwinter, when they had no antlers and their blood was sluggish. Nevertheless, they could not brook to be so affronted, as it were, in their own citadel.

Their eyes began to gleam angrily, and they advanced, shaking their heads, to meet the insolent stranger. The keepers, surprised, drew together close by the gate, while one of them left hurriedly and ran

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toward a building which stood a little way off among the trees.

As the king swept down upon the herd, bigger and blacker than any bull they had ever seen before, the cows shrank away and stood staring placidly.

Alas for the right of possession when it runs counter to the right of might! The two young bulls were at home, and in the right, and their courage was sound. But when that black whirlwind from the fastnesses of Old Sangamank fell upon them it seemed that they had no more rights at all.

Side by side they confronted the onrushing doom. At the moment of impact they reared, and struck savagely with their sharp hoofs. But the gigantic stranger troubled himself with no such details. He merely fell upon them like a blind but raging force, irresistible as a falling hillside and almost as disastrous. They both went down before him like calves, and rolled over and over, stunned and sprawling.

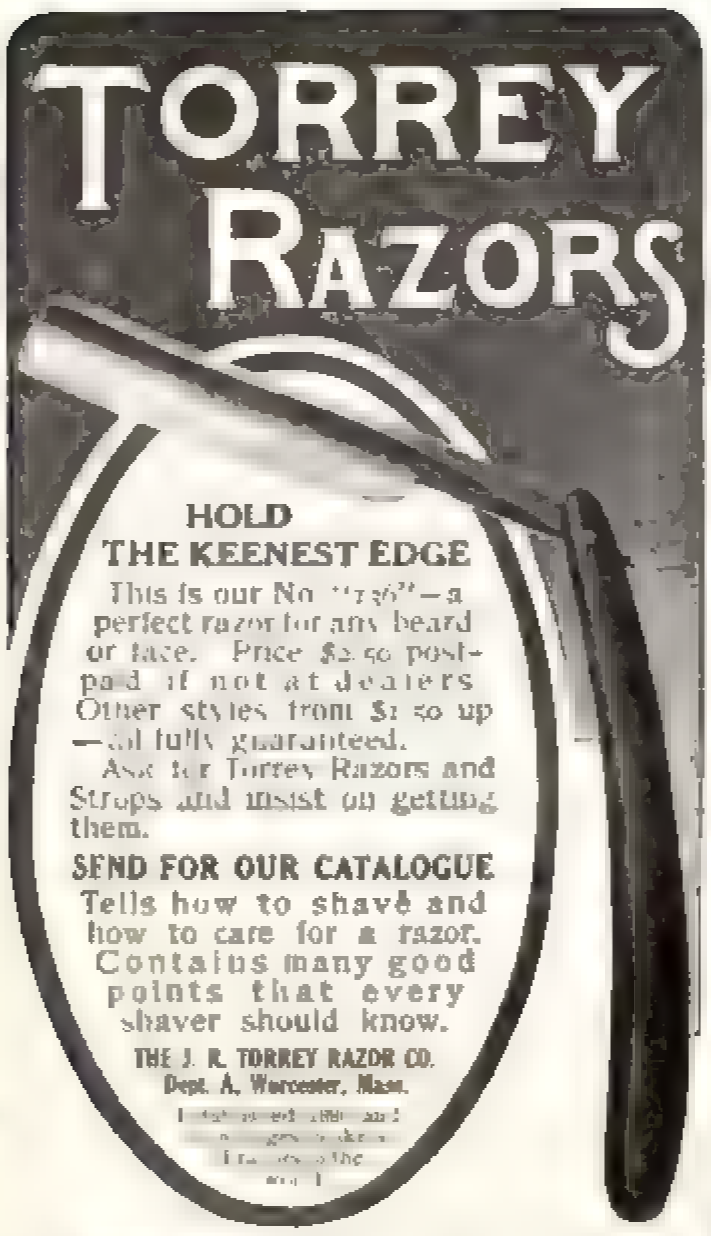
As the vanquished bulls struggled to recover their feet the king bounded upon the nearest and trod him down again mercilessly. The other, meanwhile, fled for his life, stricken with shameless terror; and the exile, leaving his victim, went thundering in pursuit, determined that both should be annihilated.

But just then, when another stride would have sufficed, a strange thing happened! A flying noose settled over the pursuer's head, tightened, jerked his neck aside, and threw him with a violence that knocked the wind clean out of his raging body. While his vast lungs sobbed and gasped to recover the vital air, other nooses whipped about his legs, and before he could recover himself even enough to struggle, he was once more trussed up as he had been by Uncle Adam amid the snows of Sangamank.

In this ignominious position, his heart bursting with shame and impotence, he was left lying while his two battered victims were lassoed and led away. Since it was plain that the king would not suffer them to live in his kingdom, even as humble subjects, they were to be removed to some more modest domain; for the king, whether he deserved it or not, was to have the best reserved for him.

It was little kingly he felt, the fettered giant, as he lay there, panting, on his side. The cows came up and gazed at him with a kind of placid scorn, till his furious snortings and the undaunted rage that flamed in his eyes made them draw back apprehensively. Then the men who had overthrown him returned. They dragged him unceremoniously up to the gate, slipped his bonds, and discreetly put themselves on the other side of the barrier before he could get to his feet. With a grunt he wheeled and faced them with such hate in his eyes that they thought he would once more hurl himself upon the bars. But he had learned his lesson. For a few moments he stood quivering; then, as if recognizing at last a mastery too absolute even for him to challenge, he shook himself violently, turned away, and stalked off to join the herd.

That evening, about sundown, it turned colder. Seeing no covert to his liking, the king led his little herd to the top of a naked knoll, where he could look about and choose a shelter. But that great wind out of the north, thrilling in his nostrils, got into his heart and made him forget what he had come for. Out across the alien gloom he stared, till he thought he saw the bald summit of Old Sangamank and heard the wind roar in the spruce tops, the dead branches clash and crack. The cows, for a time, huddled close to his massive flanks, expecting some new thing from his vast strength. Then, as the storm gathered, they remembered the shelter which man had provided for them, and the abundant forage it contained. One after the other they turned, and filed away slowly down the slopes, through the dim trees, toward the corner where they knew a gate would open for them, and then a door into a warm-smelling shed. The king, lost in his dream, did not notice their going. But suddenly, feeling himself alone, he started and looked about. The last of the yearlings, at its mother's heels, was just vanishing through the windy gloom. He hesitated—started to follow—then stopped abruptly. Let them go! Turning back to his station on the knoll he stood with his head held high, his nostrils drinking the cold; while the winter night closed in upon him, and the wind out of his own North rushed and roared solemnly in his face.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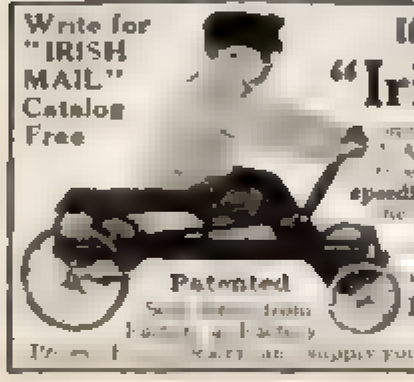
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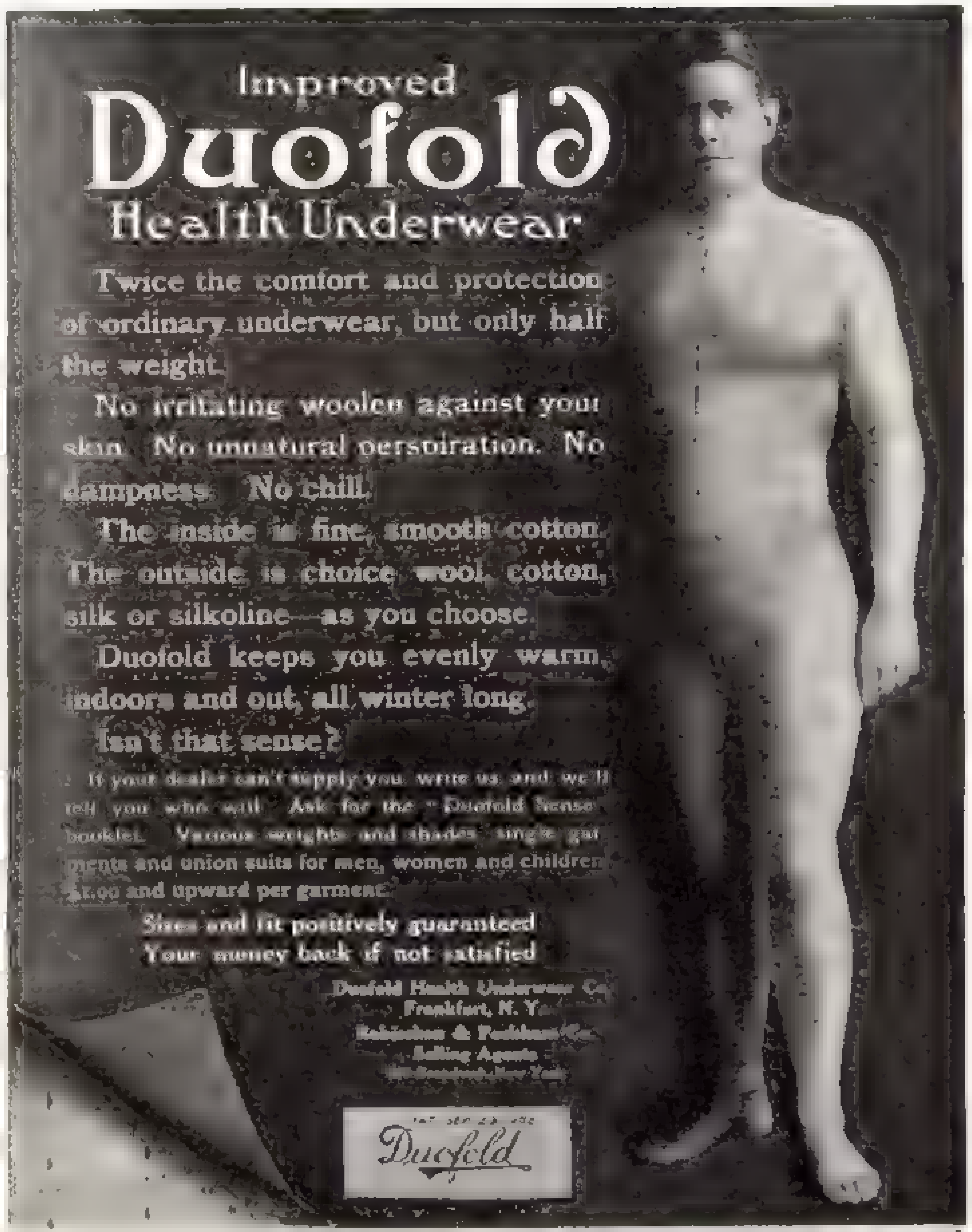
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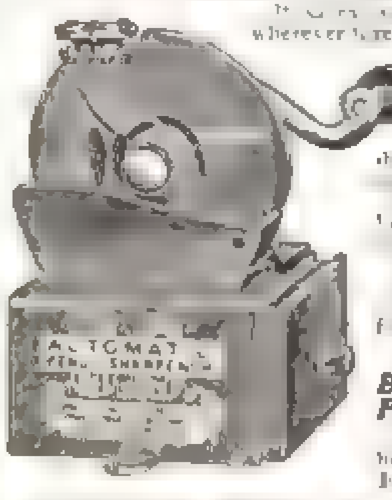

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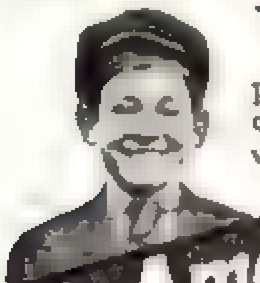

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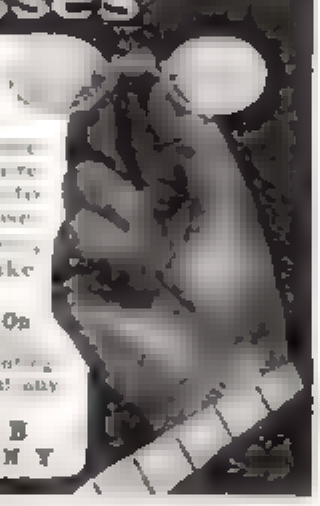

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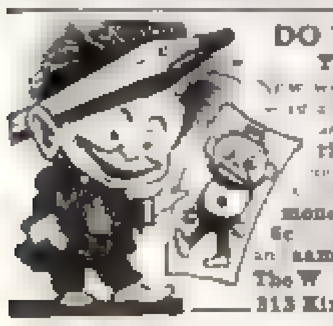

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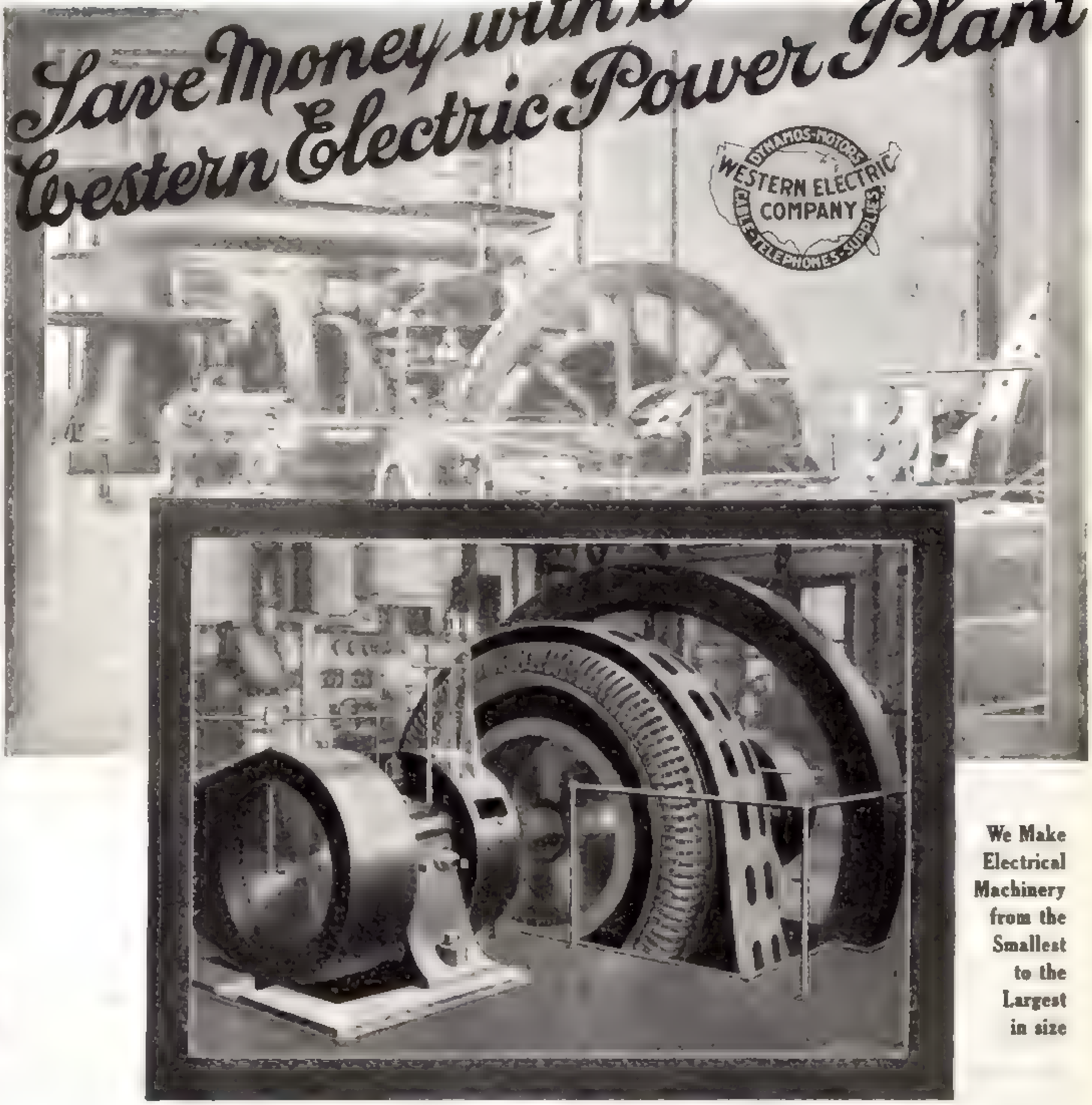

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THE POPINJAY

(Continued from Page 16)

"Oh, how do you do?" she said, a little nervously. "I am so glad to see you!" And then she laughed, nervously, too. "To *see* you," she repeated, emphasizing the "see." "I've known you for so many weeks without seeing you." She gave him her hand, which he grasped warmly. "Let me call Martha back and give you some tea," she suggested, "she just took the things. She's in the passageway now."

"Thank you, no," he responded, "I am not much of a tea drinker."

"Will you have coffee?" she persisted. "That is the German custom, isn't it?"

"Thank you very much, nothing; only just a look at you. You are well, now? Your eyes do not trouble you even a little? Yes?"

He sat down in a chair opposite her.

"Not even a little," she answered radiantly, "and the broken bones are—well, once more I am unconscious of the existence of such unpoetic things as ribs."

She had been devouring him with her eyes from the instant of his entrance, endeavoring to reconcile him with her recollection of the figure that had once so irritated her. She had fancied him much shorter. He was not tall, but, after all, he was not undersized. His height and her own were about the same—and she was not a small woman. His head, she thought, was exceedingly well shaped. His forehead was high and his eyes—oh, his eyes were beautiful, bright, keen and expressive, yet gentle, and kindliness itself when he inquired as to her health.

She wondered how she could have laughed at his mustache. It really gave him an added dignity. She noticed, too, that he was dressed in black, and that there was nothing extravagant or unusual in either the cut or the fit of his garments. Certainly there was not a single thing about the man now to provoke either annoyance or ridicule.

"I have been away, I have been to Cincinnati," he said, and she noted that his tone was grave, almost solemn. "I went to bury my brother, whose home was there."

Thus he accounted for his sombre raiment. The change had not been a concession to her opinion. Otherwise there had been no change. She had been wondering all day whether he might have shaved his mustache.

"I am so sorry," she said, with sympathy in her voice as well as words, "so very sorry. Tell me about it. Was he ill long?"

"No," he answered, "it was an accident—an explosion in his laboratory. His death was instantaneous. He never knew."

They talked for a little while of this brother and his work. He was a scientist, he told her, who had been working for years to chain and utilize, to put into harness, the awful power of explosives. He was his only relative in America. In Germany he had some distant kinsfolk, but his brother was the last of his nearer kin, and they had been devoted to each other.

"I am sorry," she repeated, her whole soul in her words, "that you should have this sorrow. It must have made you very unhappy, and you are so good you don't deserve unhappiness." She spoke impulsively, almost without thinking, certainly without calculation.

He leaned forward. The room had grown dark, but the firelight played upon his face and showed pain written there.

"There are deeper sorrows than those made by death," he said gravely. "There are the sorrows of crushed hopes and betrayed friendships and shattered illusions. I have been very unhappy, yes, but my brother's death was the least of the causes. In German we have a proverb which applies: 'Without a brother we can live, but not without a friend.'"

"Oh, but you have a friend," she hastened to return. "I hope you will always let me be your friend."

He smiled, a little ruefully.

"It does not seem possible that that can be," he said, and there was a plaintive note in his voice, "since my appearance, my looks, my manner, my walk, are—— But, no, I beg your pardon; I had not meant——"

She started to interrupt him, but he held up his hand.

"One moment, please," he begged. "I say I had not meant to allude to this, only you see how impossible a friendship must be——"

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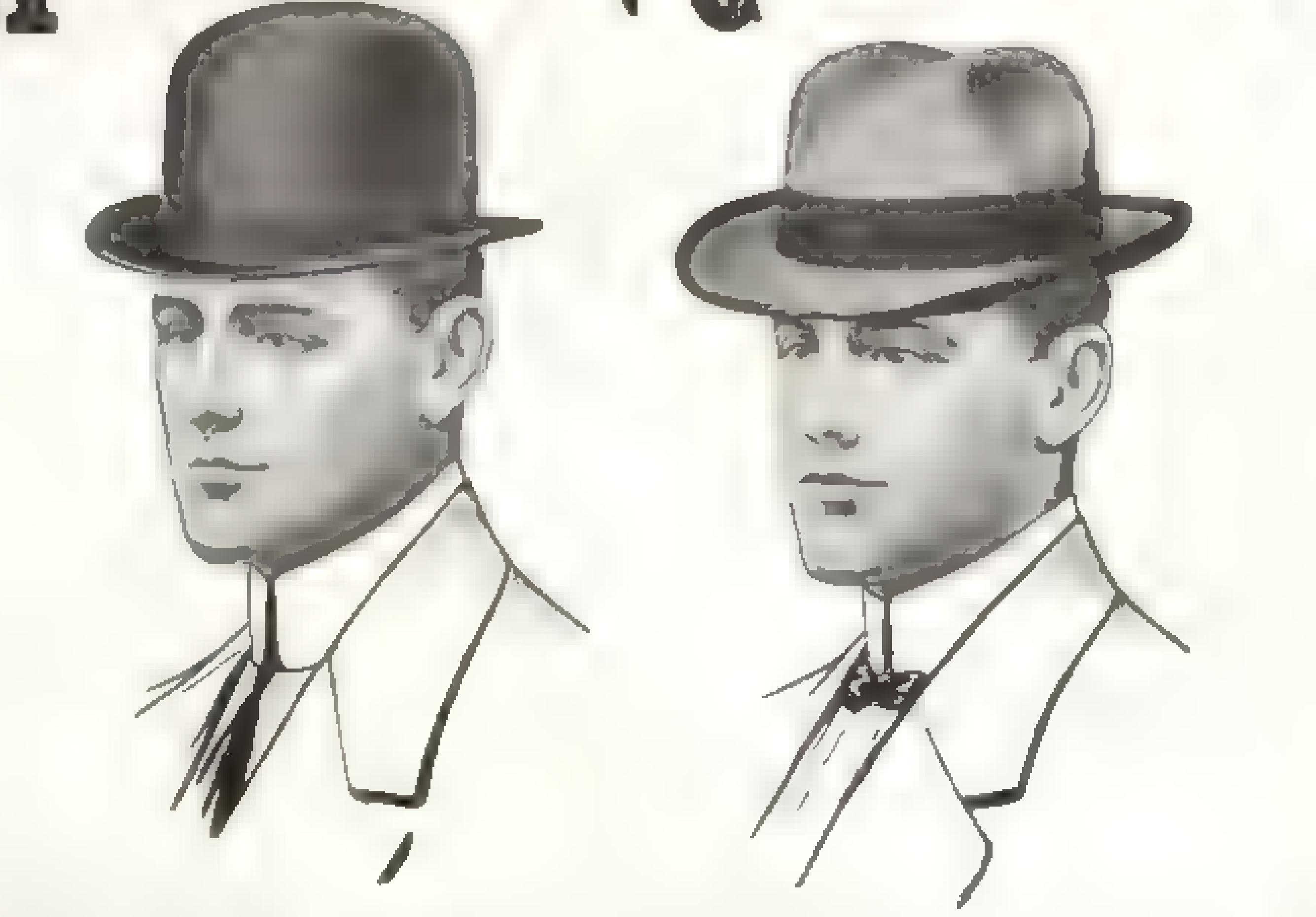

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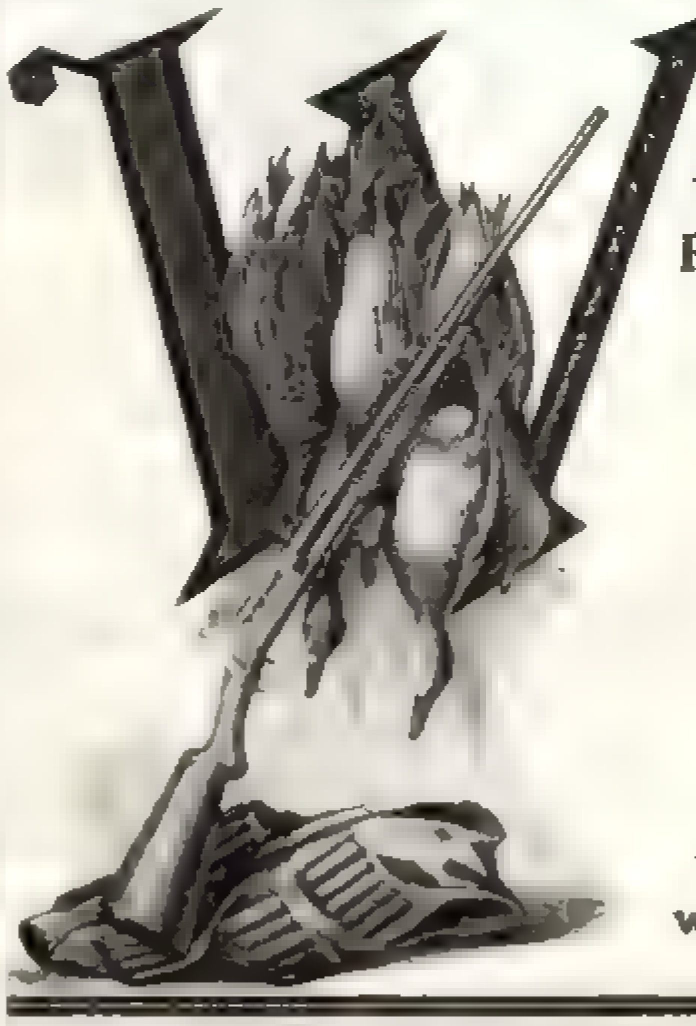

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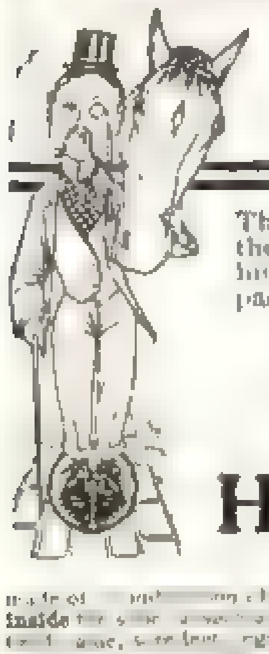

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"You mean," the girl broke in, her tone tense with emotion—"You mean you can never forgive me."

"I mean," he replied, "that you can never forget."

She caught her breath sharply, hurt as by a blow, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"Forget!" she cried impulsively, stung to defense; "I have forgotten. I have forgotten everything but that you saved my life and restored my sight, that you sacrificed your time and your comfort to give me pleasure, that you have opened my eyes again, not only to the world and the sunlight, but to my own silly, wicked shallowness!"

He got up and stood with one hand resting on the mantel shelf, while she, almost hysterical from the stress of her emotion, leaned back in her chair and covered her face with her hands

For a moment the room was very still. A maid entered and turned on the electric lights under their shades, but the man and woman neither spoke nor stirred. The clock ticked and the cannel coal in the grate crackled and dropped its red cinders upon the hearth.

For a moment after the maid had withdrawn the silence still prevailed, while slowly, gradually, from the face of the young surgeon the dour shadow of pain dissolved, giving place to the old, gladsome light of peace and the joy of living. Then he lifted his chin and squared his shoulders and took one step forward.

The one step brought him beside her, and before she quite realized his nearness he had bent down and had gently drawn her masking hands away from her wet, upturned, questioning eyes.

"No, no, I cannot endure it that you should be unhappy," he was saying, and all the one-time cheer was in his voice again. "A little while ago I told you I had been away. I told you I had crossed the bridge from joy to sorrow. We say in German: '*Zwischen Freud und Leid ist die Brücke nicht weit*'—Between joy and sorrow the bridge is not long. But now I am back again, for between sorrow and joy the bridge is not long, either. *Nicht wahr?*"

And he smiled so invitingly that she must needs cross the bridge, too, smiling back so sunnily meanwhile, as to turn to rainbow-mist the tears that lingered on her lashes.

The Absent Umpire

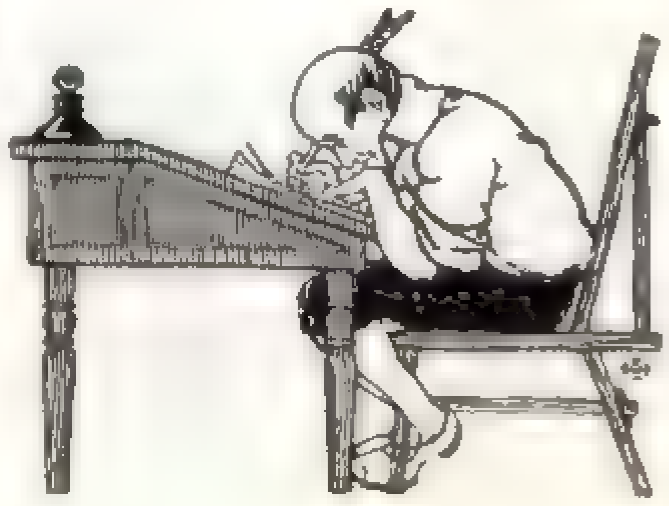
You'll have to excuse Jimmy Grady,
I don't think he'll be here to-day;
I guess he is sort of afraid he
Might meet one of us on the way.
He broke our game up in a riot,
'Cause when they were nine to our eight,
Tom Gibbs tried to steal home and tie it,
And he called Tom out at the plate.

I guess you will have to excuse him,
He dassent come out of his yard,
He's scared some of us might misuse him,
And that's why he ran home so hard.
He saw Tom steal home so's to tie it,
He heard us all holler and shout,
And started to run home the minute
He told Tommy Gibbs he was out.

It was the big game of the season,
The biggest we ever have had;
We thought he's our friend—that's the reason
The boys of our nine were so mad.
We didn't care much about winning,
Both sides always cheer when it ends,
But think, in the very last inning
To get it that way from your friends!

This morning Tom hollered and told him
He dassent come out on the walk,
He said he won't fight him or scold him,
But just have a nice, friendly talk
But Jim didn't answer the greeting—
You see, when the score's nine to eight,
You don't care so much about meeting
The man you called out at the plate.

—*J. W. Foley.*



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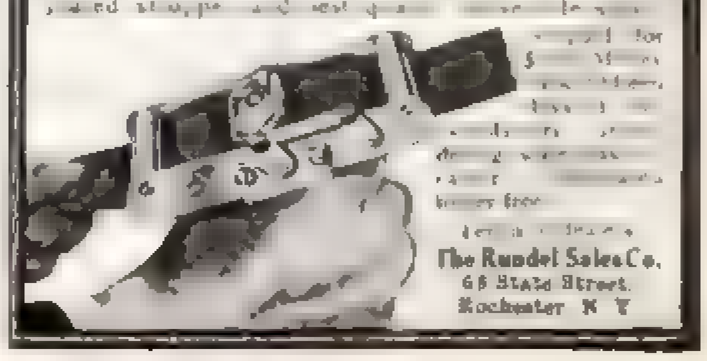

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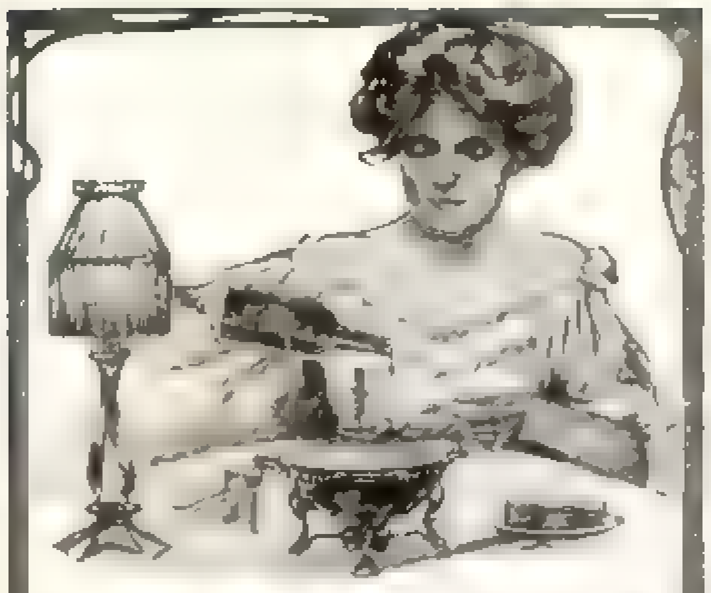
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THE BUTLER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 21)

all that evening and sat up pretty near all night and began again Saturday morning and were still talking when they went away on Monday morning, so that everybody else had a good time and the only people they bored was each other.

There is one thing I have noticed about people who come to stay over the week-end and that is that they all bring ridin'-clothes and think they must show right off what fine horsemen and horsewomen they are. We have plenty of horses but the only one who rides is Miss Patricia and she has a couple of favorites of her own so the others do not get much exercise. Well Saturday morning you may be sure that at least a dozen or fifteen of the visitors will come down all togged out for riding and will begin to talk about how they were obliged to give up keeping horses theirselves for one reason or another, but how they never lose an opportunity when it is offered them for that kind of amusement. So Mr. Carter orders up the saddle horses and about 10.30 or 11 o'clock a whole string of grooms from the stables will lead them up and the equestrians start out, and the trouble begins right at the block for only about one out of a hundred can ride at all and most of them has not been on horseback since they was little children and took lessons in a ridin'-school at twenty-five dollars a quarter. I do not pretend to know anything about horses myself but I fancy I should have sense enough not to pull a horse's head off the minute I got on him. But most of the visitors grab the curb rein and pull on the horse's mouth as hard as they can to keep from falling off, and the first thing they know they are going down the road at about forty miles an hour and you can hear them shouting to the horse to stop and be quiet, and steady there, and very much worse things which it is not necessary to write down. But they usually stick on and make out as if they was having a perfectly fine time, and when the horse is all tired out they turn him round and ride home again. But I know they have been in agony, and Sunday morning they either go to church or are so lame they do not get up at all.

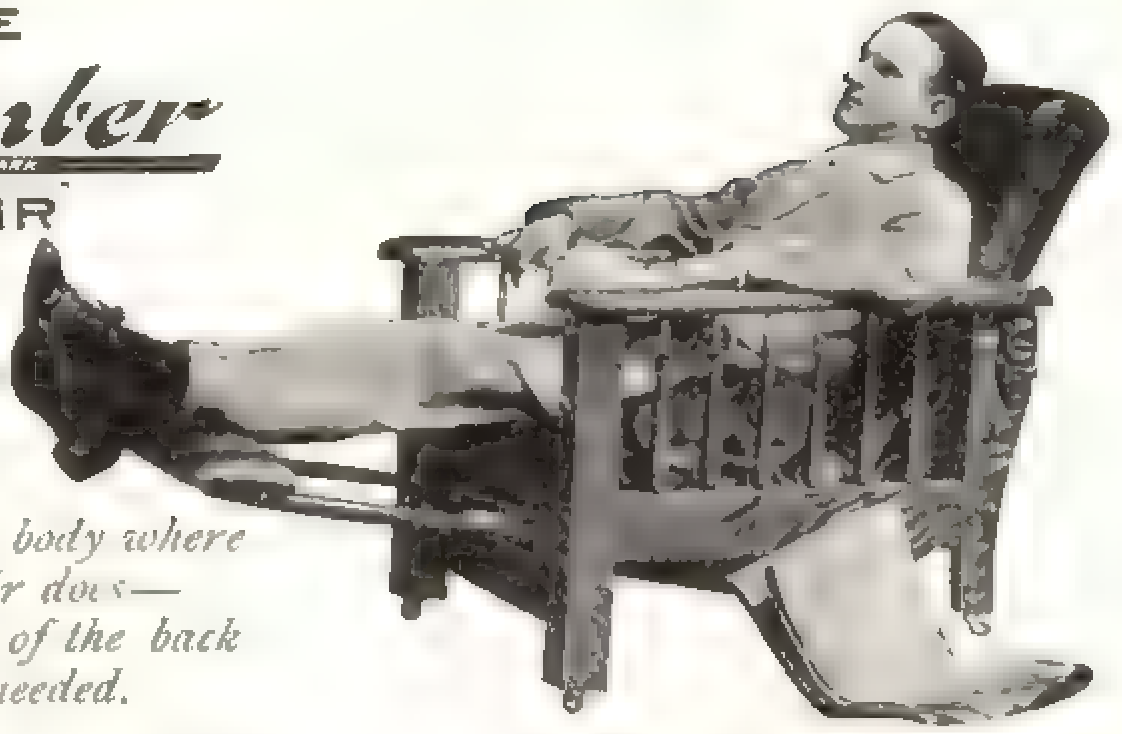
Now it is a curious thing that everybody, whether he is a man or a woman, thinks he looks well on a horse. The fattest woman and the tallest man think if they can once get into ridin'-clothes that every spot and blemish is concealed, but I know of nothing sillier looking than a fat woman in a tight ridin'-habit or a very tall man with his knees hitched up under a horse's ears. There is one woman who wears a good deal of hair of her own who always gets some gentleman to ask her to ride and manages to have her hair come down arfter she has gone about a mile, then she says she doesn't care anyhow and it is too much bother to go home and put it up so she rides with her hair flying out behind and thinks that she looks like Bowadicia or an Amazon and that she is making a great impression on the gentleman with her, which sometimes she does for a fac until the next time her hair comes down in about the same place.

For my part I do not understand why house parties is so popular unless it is to be able to say that you have been on them and tell about the people you have met, because everybody who comes to our house from Saturday to Monday are people who never do anything during the week and yet who work so hard during the two days they are here that you think they would burst, and sit up all night in addition, to say nothing of getting up at 6:30 Monday morning to go into town, which is an hour and three-quarters in the train. Mr. Amos says that he would be hanged if he would go anywhere if he had to get up at harf arfter six in the morning and ride an hour and three-quarters before he got to the subway.

House parties is all right for people who gives them if they is keen on it, and for the people who have nothing else to do but to go to them, but there is nothing in it for anybody else that I can see, unless two people is sweet on each other and can't meet elsewhere.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Editor's Note — This is the fifth of six chapters selected by Mr. Train from the diary of a butler in the employ of a wealthy family.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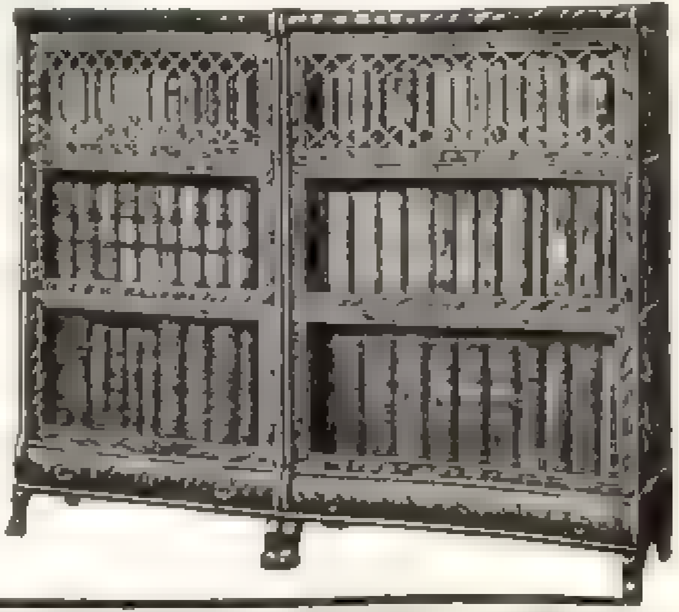

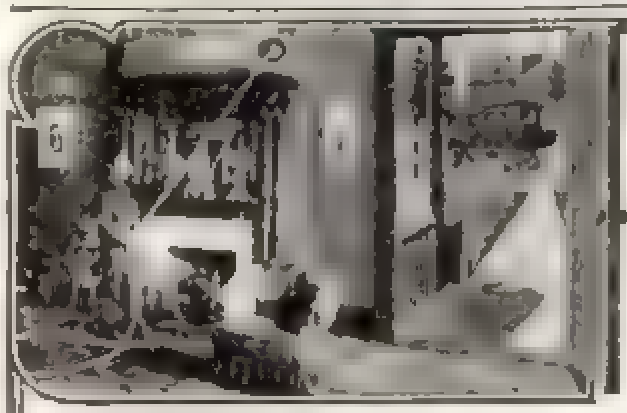
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At this particular time there are exceptional money-making opportunities in Eastern Oklahoma, where restrictions have recently been removed from the Indian lands.

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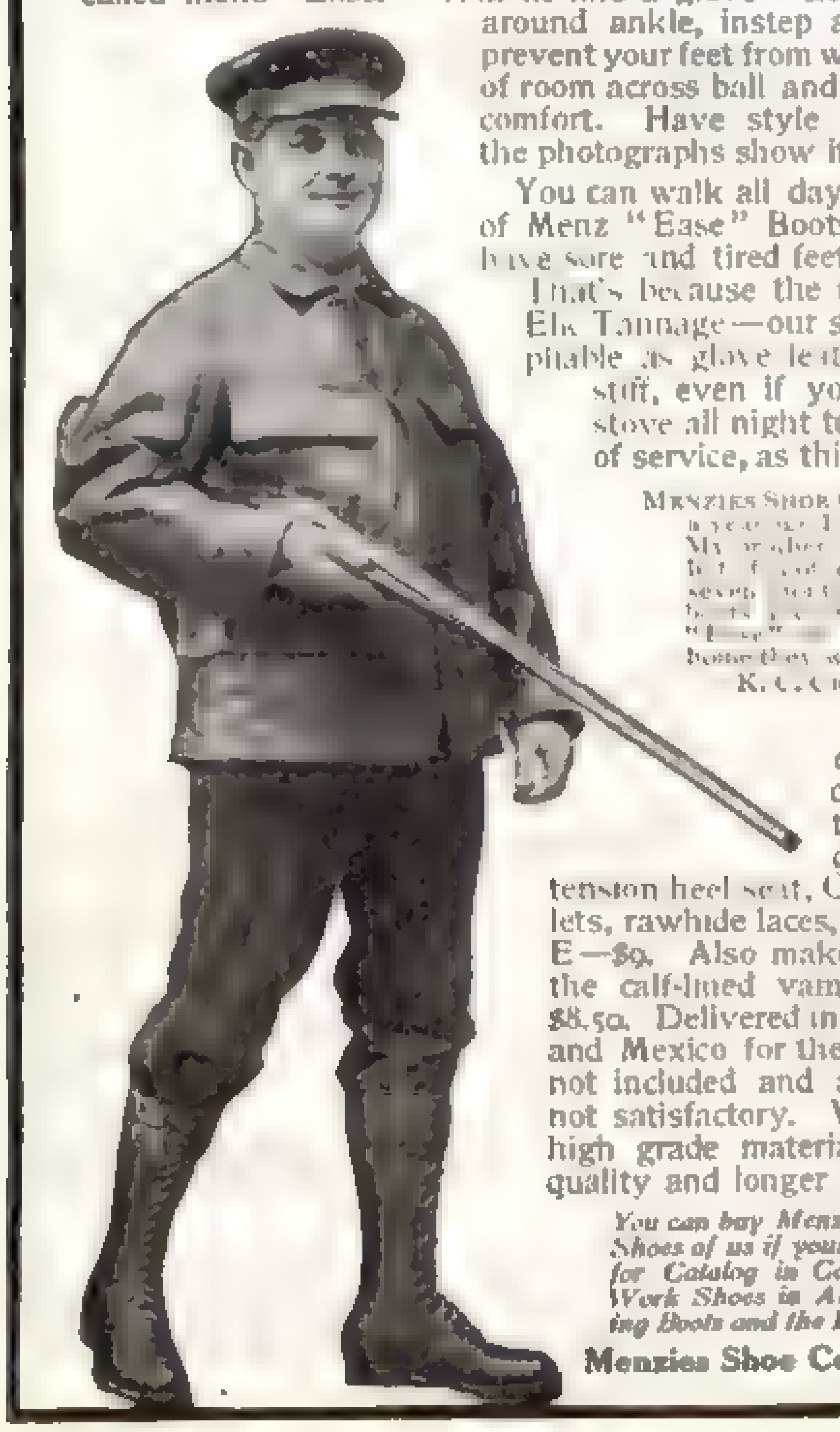

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AN ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT

(Continued from Page 9)

his mind, with strange swiftness, went back five years to a courtroom. It was silent—the tense quiet which comes just before the pronouncement of sentence; the sun came through a west window; the lawyers sat motionless; on the raised platform, a canopy above his head, he sat, and he was looking down upon another—a thief. He saw that face, looking up into his face, set, white, ugly with resistance to an ordeal.

Shimmo, leaning forward with a lithe motion, snatched up the revolver. The black mask fell from it and settled on the breast of the dead conductor. Weapon in hand, the crook stood crouching, eyes narrowed

"Well?" he demanded.

Judge Elliott stared at him. "I remember you," he gasped.

Between them lay the body of the conductor, and the dim, green light of the lantern sickened the hue of the waxlike, blackened face.

"What're ye goin' to do about it?" Shimmo demanded, and bent his narrowed eyes into the eyes of the judge. They flew open.

Suddenly he shouted: "I remember! I know you!"

"The last time I saw you," Judge Elliott said quietly, "was when I sentenced you to two years in the penitentiary, and I ——"

"And ye told me to mend me ways," Shimmo interrupted, "because," he sneered, "ye didn't throw the book at me." He straightened his back: "And now, what about it, Judge? What d'ye think yer goin' to do about it?"

The other did not heed the inquiry. He was dwelling on what had gone before. "Yes," he said slowly, "I told you to mend your ways." He half-smiled wearily. "Apparently," he went on, "you didn't heed the warning." He looked a long time into the face of the thief, carefully, as though he were trying to find something there. They were silent. The flames of the wreckage billowed high, sank, then rose again until the faces of the three men—the safe-cracker, savage, suspicious, with furtiveness lurking back of the eyes; the dead conductor looking uncompromisingly at the sky; the judge thoughtful, tight-lipped, masked scarlet with the blood of the thief—showed sharply in its glow. The glow receded again and the green lantern mantled them weirdly. A stab of pain made Judge Elliott's head droop; he groaned and the pain racked him for some minutes. Sweat came in round drops to his forehead and to his upper lip. "Please get me a drink," he begged finally.

Shimmo peered at him curiously a moment, then thrust the revolver into his overcoat pocket and was gone. He was back shortly with a battered tincup full of dirty ditch water. This he pressed to the lips of the judge, kneeling beside him. And the judge, when his lips had touched the cup, suddenly drew back a little. The thief's eyes flashed. "Go to hell, then!" he shouted, and threw the cup from him.

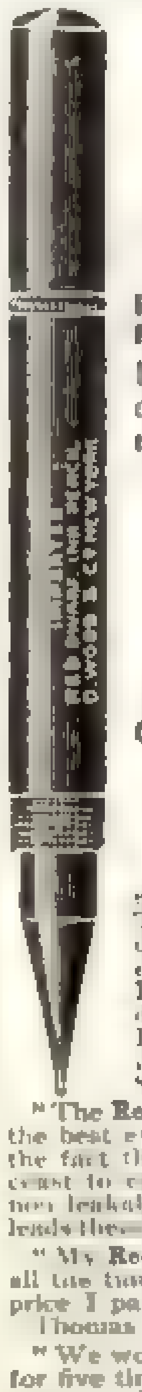
"I beg your pardon," Judge Elliott said gently, and his voice was that of an old man now. "We are here together, and you have been a brave man, a better man than I."

The last words were addressed, half-absently, to the dead conductor, for Shimmo had vanished again. When he returned again with the refilled cup Judge Elliott drank gaspingly. "I thank you," he said, and then: "You did not reform."

"How could I?" Shimmo growled.

"And yet"—the judge still talked as though it were to himself—"and yet there must be much good in you. You were a very brave man to-night, brave and quick to act, as few men would have been. Why, you made me do what you said; you led me and you have served me. And you are a common thief. Let me see, you cracked a safe, wasn't it?"

"I done no such thing," said Shimmo; "and I'm no stiff, no 'common thief'; I punched the lock, that's what I done—a clean job. An' if a Jew fence hadn't turned me up to a crooked detective he was doin' business wit' they'd never got me. At that, they jobbed me wit' framed-up evidence; but they made it stick wit' the jury, an' you was good enough to let me off wit' a two-spot."



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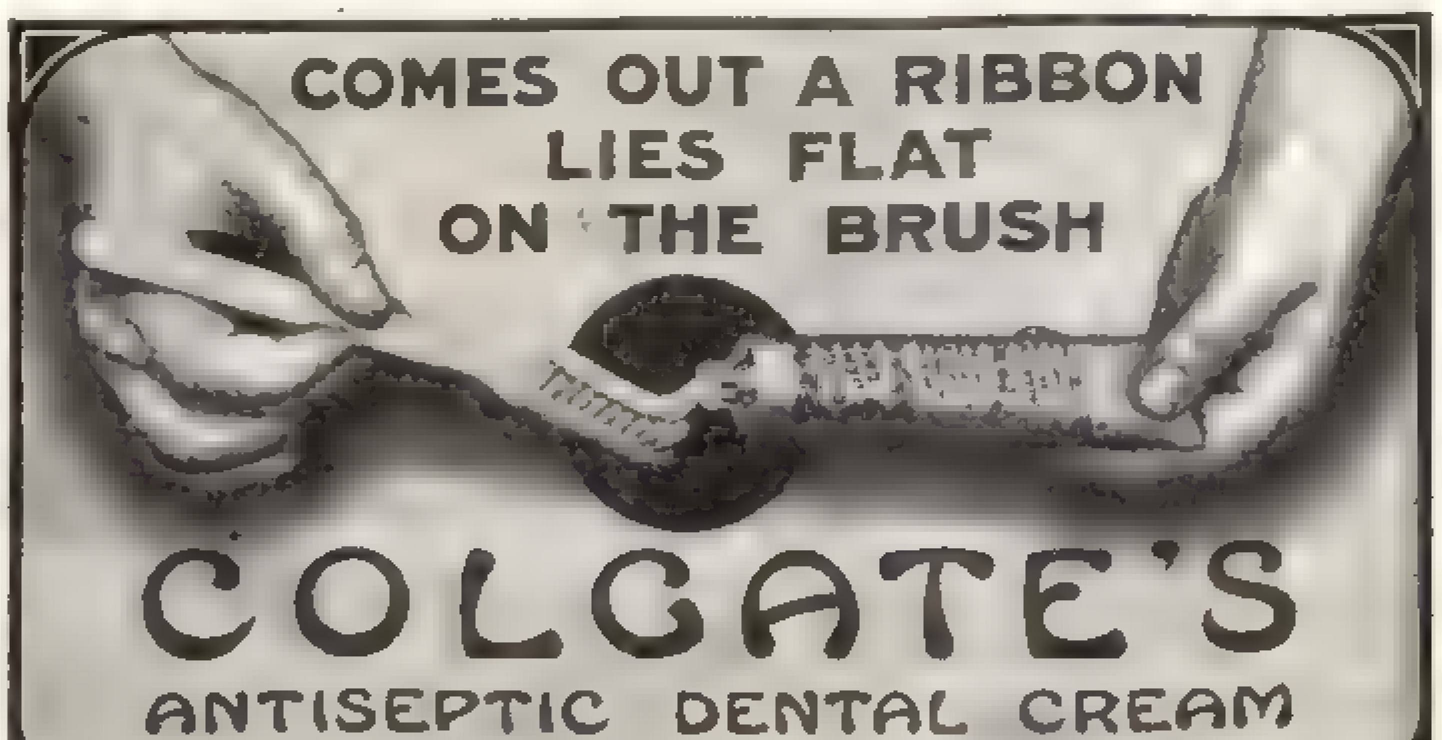

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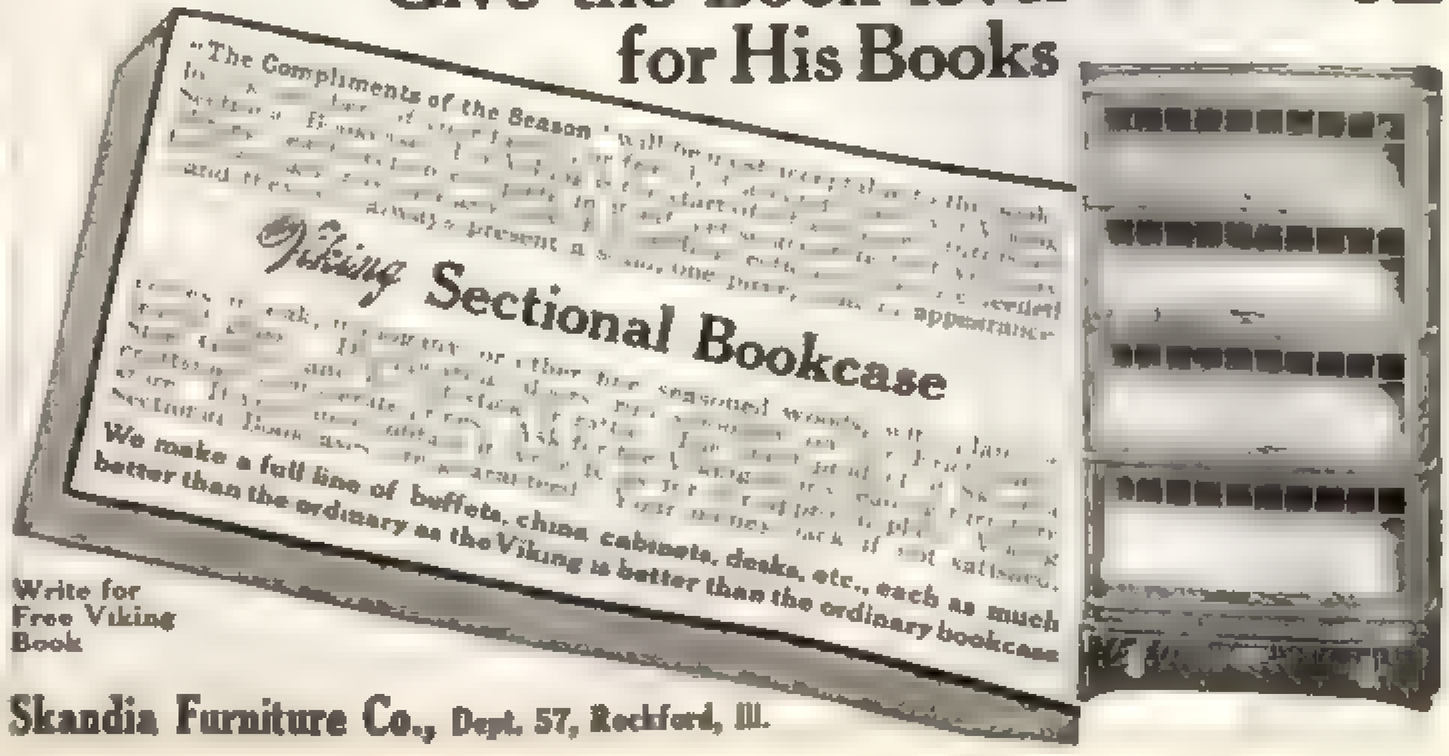
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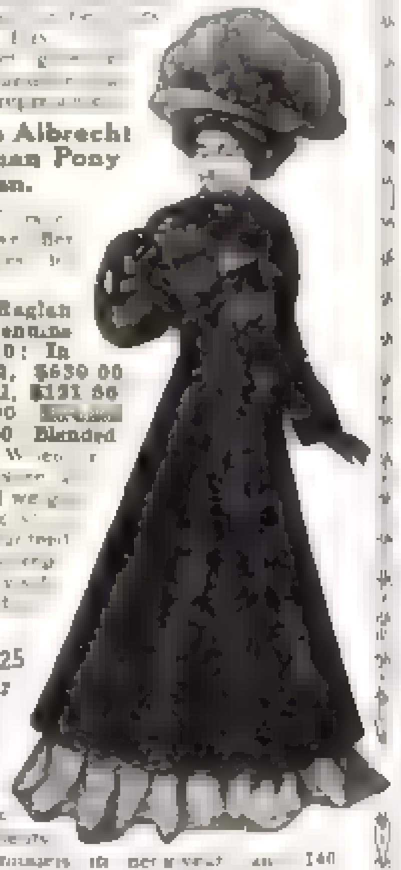

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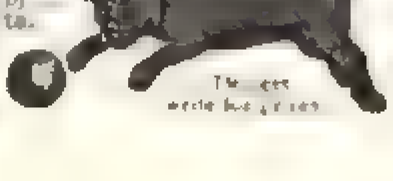

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"Because," the other said gravely, "you seemed to have some promise, to be no murderous thug; and you had used no violence."

They were talking now in ordinary tones, discussing this as though it were an ordinary matter and as though they were ordinary men. It began to seem quite natural to Judge Elliott. Finally he said:

"You are an ex-convict, and you carry a revolver and a mask—and to-night you saved a man at risk of your own life, enduring pain and facing death. How is that? You may be—I suppose you are—fresh from some crime, and you do a deed like that! And you act as I could not act. And you made me act. Please, get me another drink!" he ended in a weak voice.

"Lemme see that arm," Shimmo demanded when he had brought the drink. He bandaged it rudely. The process took a long time; and Judge Elliott groaned much, though the thief was gentle. They were silent afterward, Judge Elliott leaning wearily back, Shimmo sitting in his old place.

Judge Elliott broke the silence finally. "I feel much better," he said. Then they sat again without speech; and again the judge was first to talk.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "I sha'n't tell them about you. I know of nothing you have done, save good, this night." He looked curiously at Shimmo. "You live by breaking the laws," he said with a note of repugnance in his voice, "and you act as you have to-night; you, a lawbreaker by profession ——"

"A lawbreaker," Shimmo broke in. "Ye've called me that twice; an' I am. I am that and"—he rose; a burst of flame lit up the three, the two living men and the dead man between them—"and who are you?"

"I," said the judge, "administered the law for years and, even now, I practice it, sworn as a lawyer to uphold it."

Shimmo looked at him through narrowed lids and spoke slowly: "You're an old man, Judge, an old man; an' ye think yerself a just man. Ye were kind to me once an' ye sat in judgment on me. But yer no better man than me! Wait a minute, I'm talkin'; I'm goin' to tell ye something, Judge. Want another drink?" he concluded abruptly. The other nodded.

When he had drunk, Judge Elliott spoke. "I do not understand you," he said slowly. "You are in your senses and you mean what you say. You say you are as good a man as I. You are ——"

"A crook," said Shimmo tersely, "and was since I was big enough to steal."

"A crook!" the other echoed wonderingly, "and you talk ——"

"Yes," said Shimmo between his teeth, "I talk. Listen. We got two hours ahead of us, anyhow, yet, and I'm goin' to show you what I mean. A crook I am: a crook I been, because me father was a common drunk an' me mother was a common drunk"—his eyes shot fire as he said it—"an' I was smart enough to steal. See? When you grow up between the car tracks ye got to cop what ye can. An' I could. I was wise at ten, an' I was fly at fifteen. An' I never fell for the mill till I was sent up by you. An' when I come back from the mill every bull that knowed me pinched me on sight—an' most of them knew me—so I had to be a thief. I couldn't be nothin' else if I wanted to, an'"—he jerked back his head—"I don't want to."

"You are frank," said the judge.

"What's the use of stallin'?" Shimmo demanded between sneering lips. "I'm known for what I am; that's all the difference between us two; an' this: you go stronger than ever I would go."

"I—what?" exclaimed the judge.

"You do what I would not do," said Shimmo calmly. "Listen. I told you what I am an' what I was; an' bein' what I am, a crook, I never stood for rough work—killin'," he explained in response to the look of inquiry on the other's face. "Breakin' the laws, I never stood fer killin'. Now, how about you?

"Went to school?"

The judge nodded.

"College?"

Another nod and a half-quizzical look from the cold, gray eyes.

"An' practiced the law? then a judge? How many years was you a judge?"

"More than fifteen years," Judge Elliott answered quietly.

"More than fifteen years," Shimmo repeated evenly. "An' ye left the bench —'twas about the time I left the mill; I remember readin' of it in the papers—ye

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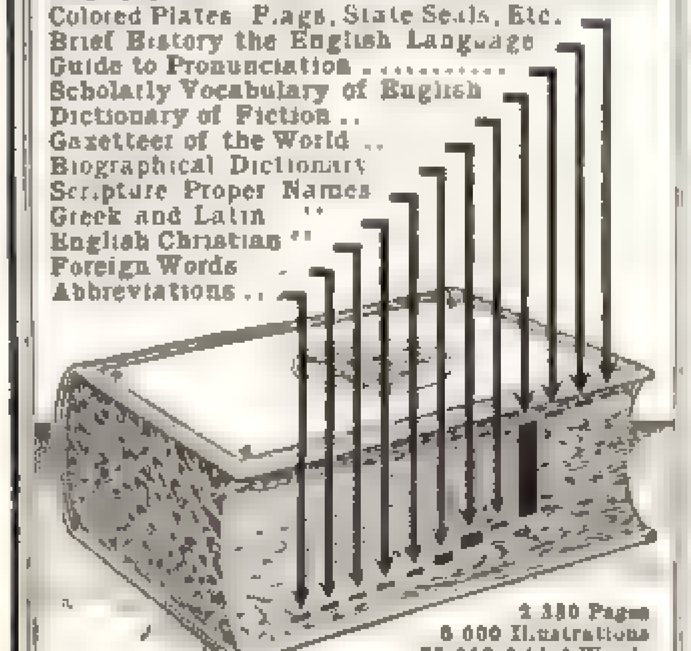

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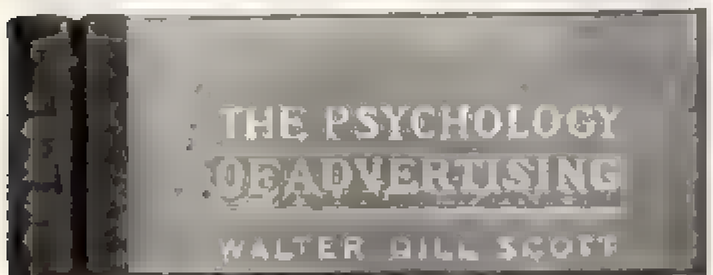

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left the bench to take the L. P. practice - this road here. Is that right?" He took the green lantern and held it close to the face of the judge, peering at him.

"Good raisin', good schoolin', an' years teachin' men that they must mind the law," he said thoughtfully when he laid down the lantern. "I knew the taste of whisky before I could walk, an' learned to read in the reform school—I'm gettin' to what I want, Judge." He fumbled in his pockets, brought forth brown papers and tobacco and rolled a cigarette. Suddenly he pointed at the corpse. "*I* never killed a man," he said with the movement. "Murder's where I stick." He smiled cynically.

"Lemme see, where was I at? Yes—ye took the L. P. practice. Get good money, don't ye? Ye should; it's raw work."

Judge Elliott looked at him and there was something of contempt in his eyes. "You don't like corporations?" he queried. "Probably you are in sympathy with recent movements—a reformer?"

"I voted the Reform ticket last election," said Shimmo gravely; "three times," he ended with a lilt of pride in his voice. "But that ain't here nor there. We're not talkin' politics, you an' I. I'm tellin' ye something ye don't know. This here road"—he shook his fist at the twisted rails and the coaling wreckage—"has made some men rich—an' how?" He leaned forward. "By bein' run cheap; an' to run cheap an' do some other things it done it had to break every law in this State an' other States. The road couldn't do that flat-footed; it had to hire some one to destroy them laws. See?

"Now, there's lots of men makes their livin's by destroyin' the law—doin' just what a bunch of these street-corner anarchists would like to do if only they knowed how. Some does it fer crooks—like Johnny Murphy did." Judge Elliott started, for Shimmo had named the thick-jawed man of the evening before; but Shimmo did not notice. "Johnny Murphy used to be what we call a mouthpiece; that was before he got strong enough to handle bigger things. He worked for us crooks. We turned the tricks, an' if he couldn't square the cases he habeas-corpussed us or got us sprung by some other way he knew. He got his bit for it out of the swag.

"When a railroad wants to break the law it goes one stronger than we did. It doesn't want things squared afterward. It hires a wise guy like you to kill off the law fer it beforehand. The road wants to do something. The law says no. The road tells one of you wise guys, an' you set down an' rake up a lot of bum, fergotten laws from somewhere else that got nothin' to do with the case; an' you manage to break down this statute. That's what the L. P. hired you to do after you left the bench. An' that ain't all."

He rose and extended a long arm across the body of the conductor, pointing his lean forefinger into the face of the judge.

"I said I wouldn't stand for no rough work; wouldn't have nothin' to do wit' a job where there was apt to be murder done." He whirled and pointed into the sand-dunes. "See that bit o' timber there?"

Following the finger Judge Elliott saw a half-dozen charred planks thrusting from the ground and among them a piece of twisted steel. "That," said Shimmo, "is all there's left of the Fonda wreck.

"Remember when you put the Railroad Commission on the bum? The State made a law. It give the Commission the right to say something of how the railroads should be run. The Commission got fussy, an' the L. P. wanted it put out of business so it could go ahead as it pleased. So you done it. It was the Cartwright decision. You got that, didn't you?"

"You seem to read the papers closely," said Judge Elliott.

"It's part of me business," said Shimmo. "I got to know all I can.

"You got that decision. You raked up some old opinions from fifty years ago back in Missouri or some other State, an' not meant fer this place or time; an' the Commission went down an' out. You'd destroyed the law beforehand so that the road could—well, I'll tell ye what it done: The road wanted to run the Coastline cheap. It did, then, an' the track become two streaks of rust because there was no Commission to say no. Two streaks of rust!" He waved his hand toward the charred timbers. "I was ridin' the rods when that come. The engine climbed a split rail. An' I see what come because you had killed the Commission so that the

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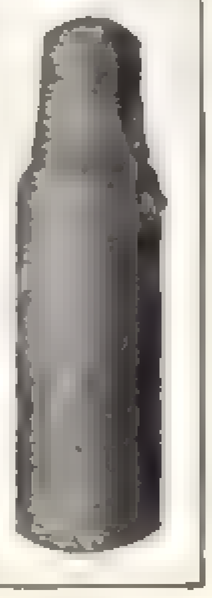

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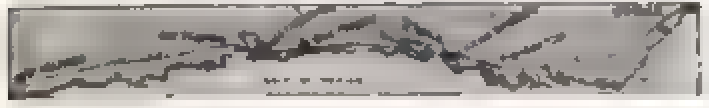

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directors could make money. There was a lot of women tourists in the diner: it telescoped on the engine. When we that was left got to it them women was bein' cooked; steamed! Most of them alive—at first. I seen things I don't like to think of." He paused and he pointed his lean finger at the judge: "*Accessory before the fact,*" he said.

"Look at him!"—he jerked his thumb toward the dead conductor—"because of a busted rail, because there ain't no law to stop bum rails. *You* put that law out of business by killin' the Commission. *You* done it. Fer why? Because the L. P. pays ye to do it. Me a lawbreaker? You can bust laws that I couldn't understand!"

Shimmo stopped talking. He rolled another cigarette and he smoked it, and as he sucked in the fumes the glow of the end lighted his wan face, still stern with accusation.

Judge Elliott did not answer. He was thinking. This was the second unpleasant thing he had faced that night. One in the supervisors' committee-room, the other here. He had heard things such as Shimmo had said; they had no weight with him. But the brutality, the directness of this had hurt him somewhere. He felt a measure of scorn for the thief because he used this sort of argument. But he could not help thinking. And he could not talk. It was the first time, this night with its two experiences, the first time he had ever thought of the existence of a purpose which lay behind his tracings of the law's intricacies. He could not help thinking of this. He could not help thinking how the road would send some one to pay the thick-jawed man his price, and of how the safe-cracker had compared him to the thick-jawed man; of the scalded, shrieking women, and of the long, lean finger thrust into his face with the words: "*Accessory before the fact.*" It was not pleasant.

When dawn's first whiteness was showing, a locomotive, drawing a single, ungainly, top-heavy car, came to a stop before them. "The wrecker," said Shimmo.

Men ran from it toward them. And they went to meet these men.

They went to meet them—the safe-cracker and the judge—and at once, with the appearance of these others of the world, from which it seemed as though he had been separated a long time, Judge Elliott felt the return of something—something which had vanished when Shimmo delivered his first command and he had obeyed blindly, working with this thief, man beside man. He felt the return of this something, and his head went straight back, proudly. His eyes became cold gray. And Shimmo felt it, too. His head went forward and he walked almost stealthily, on the balls of his feet, his eyes shifting furtively hither and thither.

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 5)

and he could afford it. Where could he find a more ladylike person—or where one who was at the same time so attractive? He studied, with a certain personal interest, her delicate face, her figure, slim and gracefully curved, as her evening dress fully revealed it. Yes, a charming, most ladylike figure. And the skin of her face, of neck and shoulders, was beautifully white, and of the texture suggesting that it will rub if too impetuously caressed. Yes, a man would hesitate to kiss her unless he were well shaved. At the very thought of kissing her Grant felt a thrill and a glow she had never before roused in him. She had an abundance of blue-black hair, and it and her slender black brows and long lashes gave her hazel eyes a peculiar charm of mingled passion and languor. She had a thin nose, well shaped, its nostrils very sensitive; slightly, charmingly-puckered lips; a small, strong chin. Certainly she had improved greatly in the two years since he had seen her in evening dress. "Though, perhaps," reflected he, "I only think so because I used to see her too much, really, to appreciate her."

"Well, why didn't you?" she was saying, idly waving her fan and gazing vaguely around the room.

"Why didn't I—what?"

"You were trying to decide why you never fell in love with me."

"So I was," admitted Arkwright.

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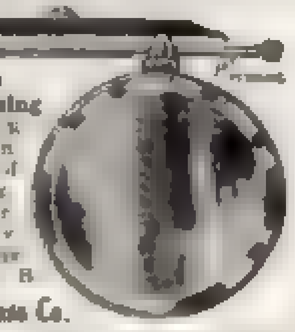

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"Now if I had had lots of cash," mocked she.

He reddened, winced. She had hit the exact reason. Having a great deal of money, he wanted more—enough to make the grandest kind of splurge in a puddle where splurge was everything. "Rather, because you are too intelligent," drawled he. "I want somebody who'd fit into my melting moods, not a woman who'd make me ashamed by seeming to sit in judgment on my folly."

"A man mustn't have too much respect for a woman if he's to fall utterly in love with her—must he?"

Arkwright smiled constrainedly. He liked cynical candor in men, but only pretended to like it in women because bald frankness in women was now the fashion. "See," said he; "how ridiculous I'd feel trying to say sentimental things to you. Besides, it's not easy to fall in love with a girl one has known since she was born, and with whom he's always been on terms of brotherly, quite unsentimental intimacy."

Rita gave him a look that put this suggestion out of countenance by setting him to thrilling again. He felt that her look was artful, was deliberate, but he could not help responding to it. He began to be a little afraid of her, a little nervous about her; but he managed to say indifferently, "And why haven't *you* fallen in love with *me?*"

She smiled. "It isn't proper for a well-brought-up girl to love until she is loved, is it?" Her expression gave Grant a faint suggestion of a chill of apprehension lest she should be about to take advantage of their friendship by making a dead set for him. But she speedily tranquilized him by saying: "No, my reason was that I didn't want to spoil my one friendship. Even a business person craves the luxury of a friend—and marrying has been my business," this with a slight curl of her pretty, somewhat cruel mouth. "To be quite frank, I gave you up as a possibility years ago. I saw I wasn't your style. Your tastes in women are rather—coarse."

Arkwright flushed. "I do like 'em a bit noisy and silly," he admitted. "That sort is so—so *gemütlich*, as the Germans say."

"Who's the man you delivered over to old Patsy Raymond? I see he's still fast to her."

"Handsome, isn't he?"

"Of a sort."

"It's Craig—the Honorable Joshua Craig—Assistant *to* the Attorney-General. He's from Minnesota. He's the real thing. But you'd not like him."

"He looks quite—tame, compared to what he was two years or so ago," said Rita, her voice as indolent as her slowly-moving eagle feathers.

"Oh, you've met him?"

"No—only saw him. When I went West with the Burkes, Gus and the husband took me to a political meeting—one of those silly, stuffy gatherings where some blatant politician bellows out a lot of lies, and a crowd of badly-dressed people listen and swallow and yelp. Your friend was one of the speakers. What he said sounded ——" Rita paused for a word.

"Sounded true," suggested Grant.

"Not at all. Nobody really cares anything about the people, not even themselves. No, it sounded as if he had at least half-convinced himself, while the others showed they were lying outright. We rather liked him—at the safe distance of half the hall. He's the kind of man that suggests—menageries—lions—danger if the bars break."

"How women do like that in a man!"

"Do you know him?"

"Through and through. He's a fraud, of course, like all politicians. But beneath the fraud there's a man—I think—a great, big man, strong and sure of himself—which is what can't be said of many of us who wear trousers and pose as lords of creation."

The girl seemed to have ceased to listen, was apparently watching the dancers. Arkwright continued to gaze at his friend, to admire the impressive, if obviously posed, effect of his handsome head and shoulders. He smiled with a tender expression, as one smiles at the weakness of those one loves. Suddenly he said: "By Jove, Rita—just the thing!"

"What?" asked the girl, resuming the languid waving of her eagle fan.

"Marry him—marry Josh Craig. He'll not make much money out of politics. I doubt if even a woman could corrupt him that far. But you could take him out of

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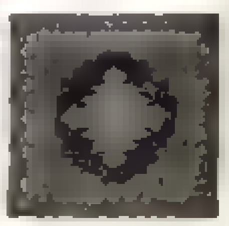

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politics and put him in the law. He could roll it up there. The good lawyers sell themselves dear nowadays, and he'd make a killing."

"This sounds interesting."

"It's a wonder I hadn't thought of it before."

The girl gave a curious, quiet smile. "*I* had," said she.

"*You* had!" exclaimed Arkwright.

"A woman always keeps a careful list of eligibles," explained she. "As Petie Burke told me he was headed for Washington, I put him on my list that very night—well down toward the bottom, but, still, on it. I had quite forgotten him until to-night."

Arkwright was staring at her. Her perfect frankness, absolute naturalness with him, unreserved trust of him, gave him a guilty feeling for the bitter judgment on her character which he had secretly formed as the result of her confidences. "Yet, really," thought he, "she's quite the nicest girl I know, and the cleverest. If she had hid herself from me, as the rest do, I'd never for one instant have suspected her of having so much—so much—so much calm, good sense—for that's all it amounts to." He decided it was a mistake for any human being in any circumstances to be absolutely natural and unconcealingly candid. "We're such shallow fakers," reflected he, "that if any one confesses to us things not a tenth part as bad as what we privately think and do, why, we set him—or her—especially her—down as a living, breathing atrocity in pants or petticoats."

Margaret was of the women who seem never to think of what they are really absorbed in, and never to look at what they are really scrutinizing. She disconcerted him by interrupting his reflections with: "Your private opinion of me is of small consequence to me, Grant, beside the relief and the joy of being able to say my secret self aloud. Also"—here she grew dizzy at her own audacity in the frankness that fools—"Also, if I wished to get you, Grant, or any man, I'd not be silly enough to fancy my character or lack of it would affect him. That isn't what wins men—is it?"

"You and Josh Craig have a most uncomfortable way of answering people's thoughts," said Arkwright. "Now, how did you guess I was thinking mean things about you?"

"For the same reason that Mr. Craig is able to guess what's going on in your head."

"And that reason is——"

She laughed mockingly. "Because I know you, Grant Arkwright—you, the meanest-generous man, and the most generous-mean man the Lord ever permitted. The way to make you generous is to give you a mean impulse; the way to make you mean is to set you to fearing you're in danger of being generous."

"There's a bouquet with an asp coiled in it," said Arkwright, pleased; for with truly human vanity he had accepted the compliment and had thrown away the criticism. "I'll go bring Josh Craig."

"No, not to-night," said Miss Severence, with a sudden compression of the lips and a stern, almost stormy contraction of the brows.

"Please don't do that, Rita," cried Arkwright. "It reminds me of your grandmother."

The girl's face cleared instantly, and all overt signs of strength of character vanished in her usual expression of sweet, reserved femininity. "Bring him to-morrow," said she. "A little late, please. I want others to be there, so that I can study him unobserved." She laughed. "This is a serious matter for me. My time is short, and my list of possible eligibles less extended than I could wish." And with a satiric smile and a long, languorous, coquettish glance, she waved him away and waved the waiting Jackie into his place.

Arkwright found Craig clear of "Patsy" Raymond and against the wall near the door. He was obviously unconscious of himself, of the possibility that he might be observed. His eyes were pouncing from blaze of jewels to white neck, to laughing, sensuous face, to jewels again or to lithe, young form, scantily clad and swaying in masculine arm in rhythm with the waltz. It gave Arkwright a qualm of something very like terror to note the contrast between his passive figure and his roving eyes with their wolfish gleam—like Blücher, when he looked out over London and said: "God! What a city to sack!"

Arkwright thought Josh was too absorbed to be aware of his approach; but

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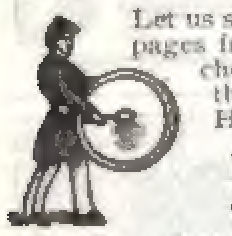

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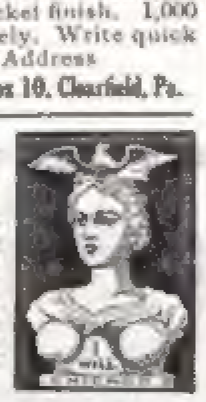

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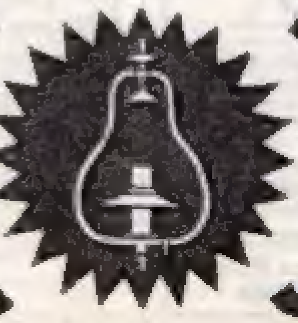

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The Nabob

New Short High Toe, Pat. Cheral Colt Blucher

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as soon as he was beside him Josh said: "You were right about that apartment of mine. It's a squalid hole. Six months ago, when I got my seventy-five hundred a year, I thought I was rich. Rich? Why, that woman there has ten years' salary on her hair. All the money I and my whole family ever saw wouldn't pay for the rings on any one of a hundred hands here. It makes me mad and it makes me greedy."

"I warned you," said Arkwright.

Craig wheeled on him. "You don't—can't—understand. You're like all these people. Money is your god. But I don't want money, I want power—to make all these snobs with their wealth, all these millionaires, all these women with fine skins and beautiful bodies, bow down before me—that's what I want!"

Arkwright laughed. "Well, it's up to you, Joshua."

Craig tossed his Viking head. "Yes, it's up to me, and I'll get what I want—the people and I. . . . Who's *that* frightful person?"

Into the room, only a few feet from them, advanced an old woman—very old, but straight as a projectile. She carried her head high, and her masses of gray-white hair, coiled like a crown, gave her the seeming of royalty in full panoply. There was white lace over her black velvet at the shoulders; her train swept yards behind her. She was bearing a cane, or rather a staff, of ebony; but it suggested, not decrepitude, but power—perhaps even a weapon that might be used to enforce authority should occasion demand. In her face, in her haughty eyes, however, there was that which forbade the supposition of any revolt being never so remotely possible. As she advanced across the ballroom, dancing ceased before her and around her, and but for the noise of the orchestra there would have been an awed and painful silence. Mrs. Burke's haughty daughter-in-law, with an expression of eager desire to conciliate and to please, hastened forward and conducted the old lady to a gilt armchair in the centre of the dais, across the end of the ballroom. It was several minutes before the gayety was resumed, and then it seemed to have lost the abandon which the freely-flowing champagne had put into it.

"*Who* is that frightful person?" repeated Craig. He was scowling like a king angered and insulted by the advent of an eclipsing rival.

"Grandma," replied Arkwright, his flippancy carefully keyed low.

"I've never seen a more dreadful person!" exclaimed Craig angrily. "And a woman, too! She's the exact reverse of everything a woman should be—no sweetness, no gentleness. I can't believe she ever brought a child into the world."

"She probably doubts it herself," said Arkwright.

"Why does everybody cringe before her?"

"That's what everybody asks. She hasn't any huge wealth—or birth either, for that matter. It's just the custom. We defer to her here precisely as we wear claw-hammer coats and low-neck dresses. Nobody thinks of changing the custom."

Josh's lip curled. "Introduce me to her," he said commandingly.

Arkwright looked amused and alarmed. "Not to-night. All in good time. She's the grandmother of a young woman I want you to meet. She's Madam Bowker, and the girl's name is Severence."

"I want to meet that old woman," persisted Josh. Never before had he seen a human being who gave him a sense of doubt as to the superiority of his own will.

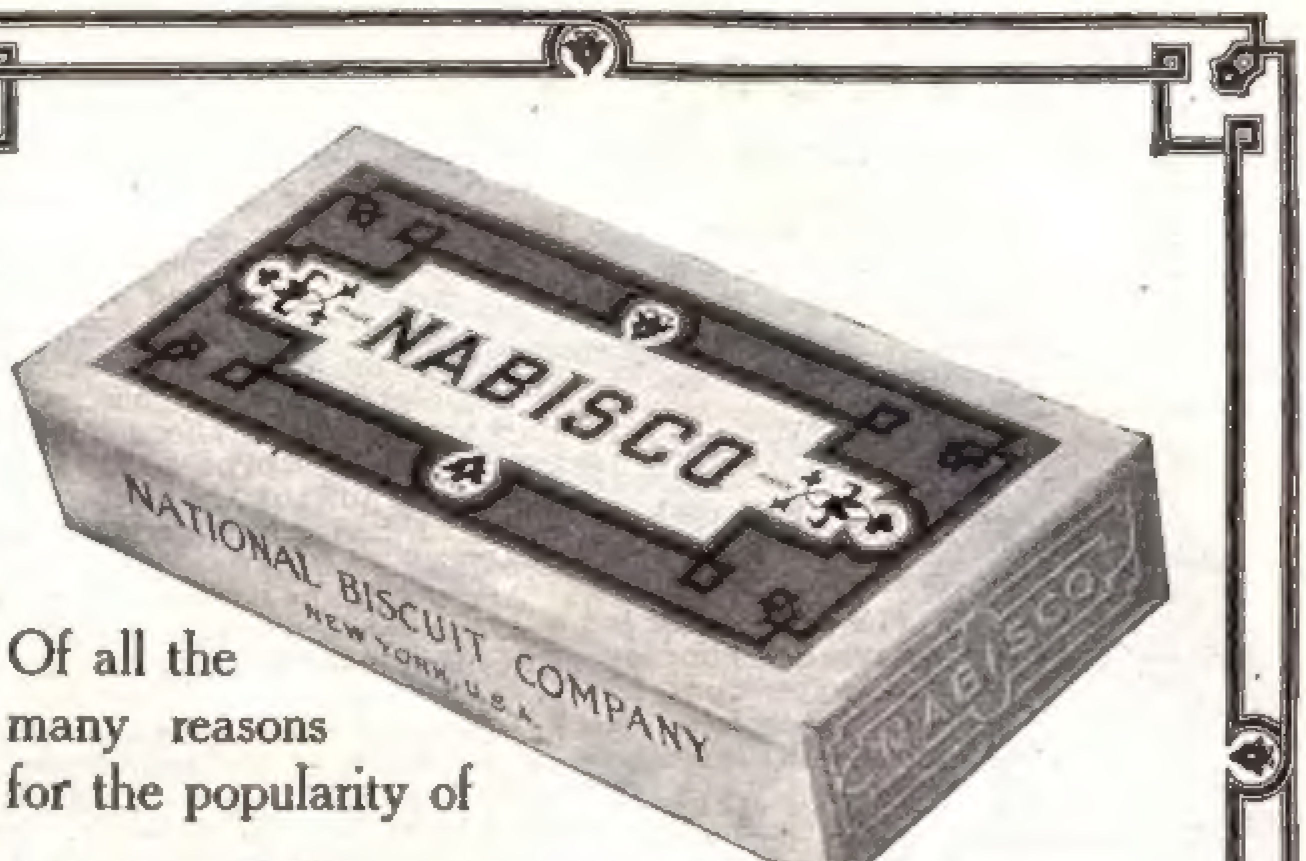
"Don't be in too big a hurry for Waterloo," jested Arkwright. "It's coming toward you fast enough. That old lady will put you in your place. After ten minutes of her, you'll feel like a schoolboy who has 'got his' for sassing the teacher."

"I want to meet her," repeated Craig. And he watched her every movement; watched the men and women bowing deferentially about her chair; watched her truly royal dignity, as she was graciously pleased to relax now and then.

"Every society has its mumbo-jumbo to keep it in order," said Arkwright. "She's ours. . . . I'm dead tired. You've done enough for one night. It's a bad idea to stay too long; it creates an impression of frivolity. Come along!"

Craig went, reluctantly, with several halts and backward glances at the old lady of the ebon staff.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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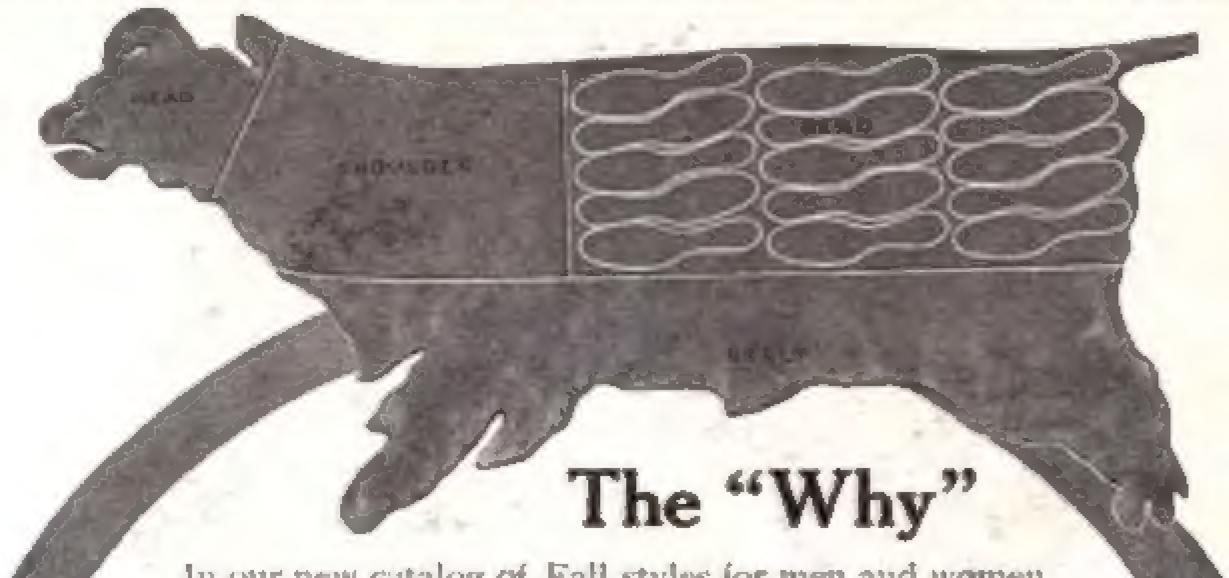

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are better in all details—uppers, vamp, soles, etc.—than other $4.00 shoes. The genuine Oak bark tanning is the main factor in the production of the most dependable soles. The second factor is the portion of the hide from which the soles are cut. The illustration shows a hide marked for the cutting of Ralston Soles. Only the portion called the "bend" is sufficiently uniform in toughness and grain to be used in Ralston Shoes. The remaining portions go to the remnant dealer. That's the foundation—the "Ralston Oak" Sole—on which Ralston quality is built. Ralston style is abreast of the fashion without sacrificing the comfort of the wearer. "Foot-print fit" guarantees your comfort from the first moment of wear.

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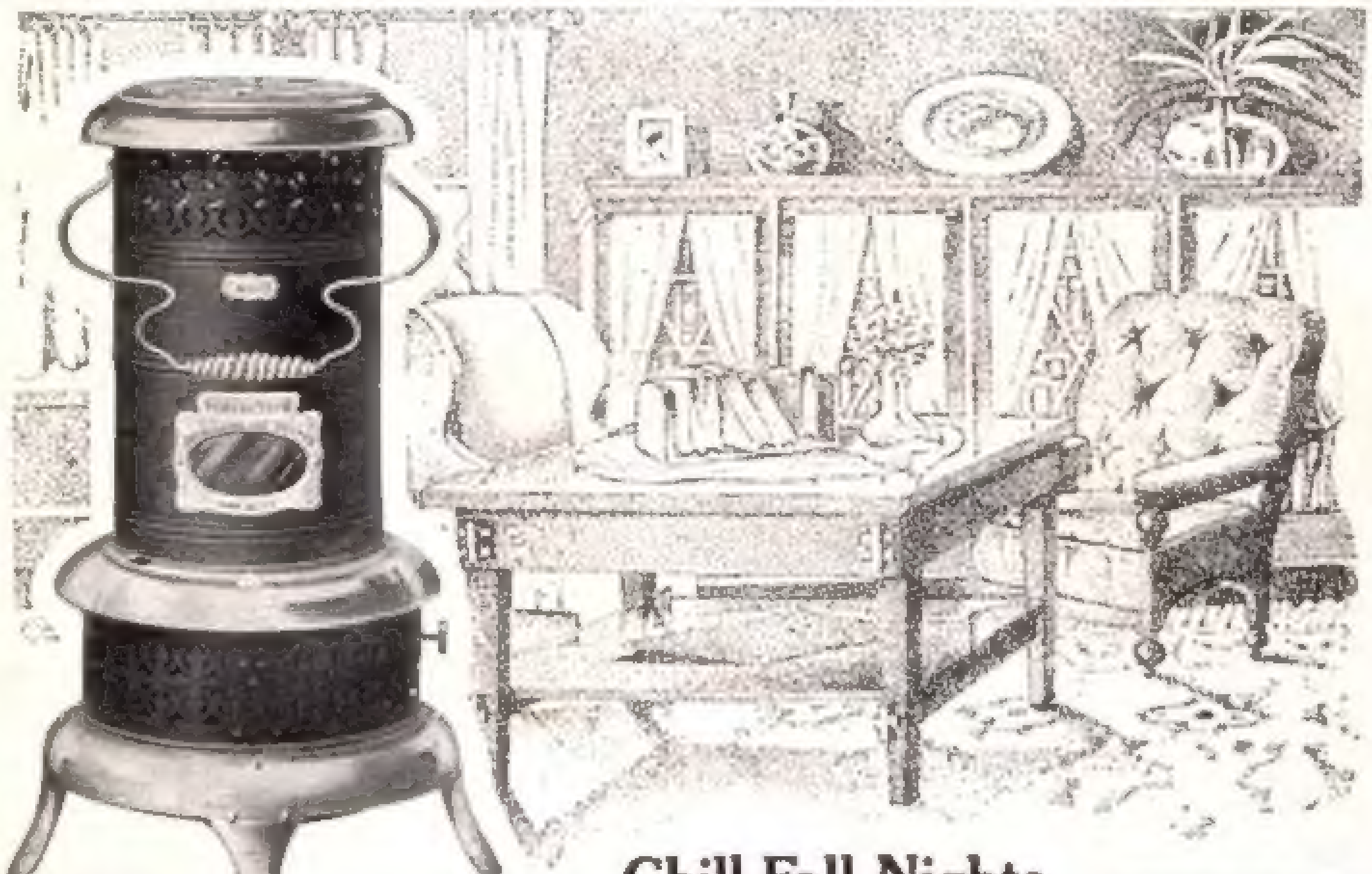

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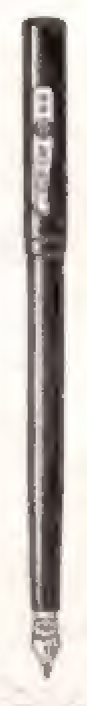
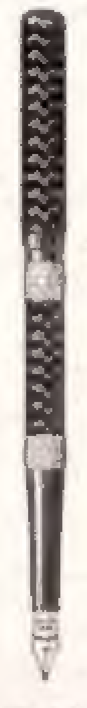
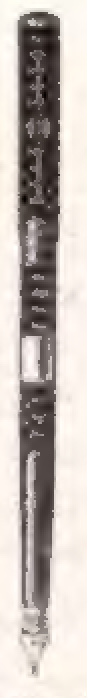


No. 12
Plain
Price $2.50

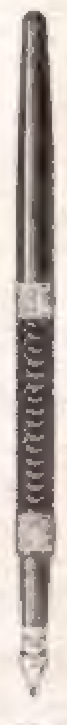


No. 12
Gold Mounted
Price $3.50

No. 412 Sterling
Silver Filigree
Price $5.00



No. 12 Gold
Middle Band
Price $3.50



No. 22 G M
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German Silver Clip-Cap adds to all costs 25 cents

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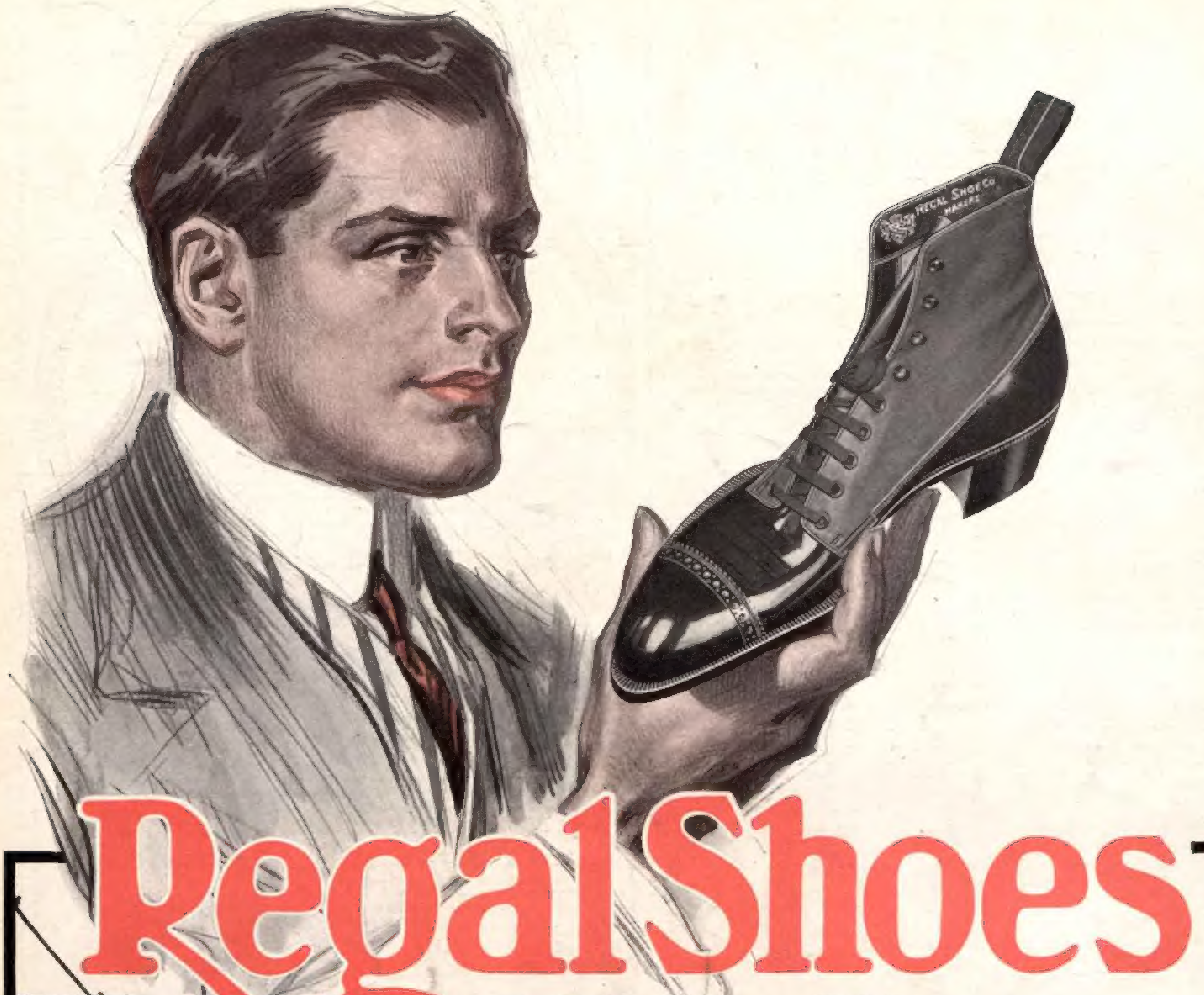

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